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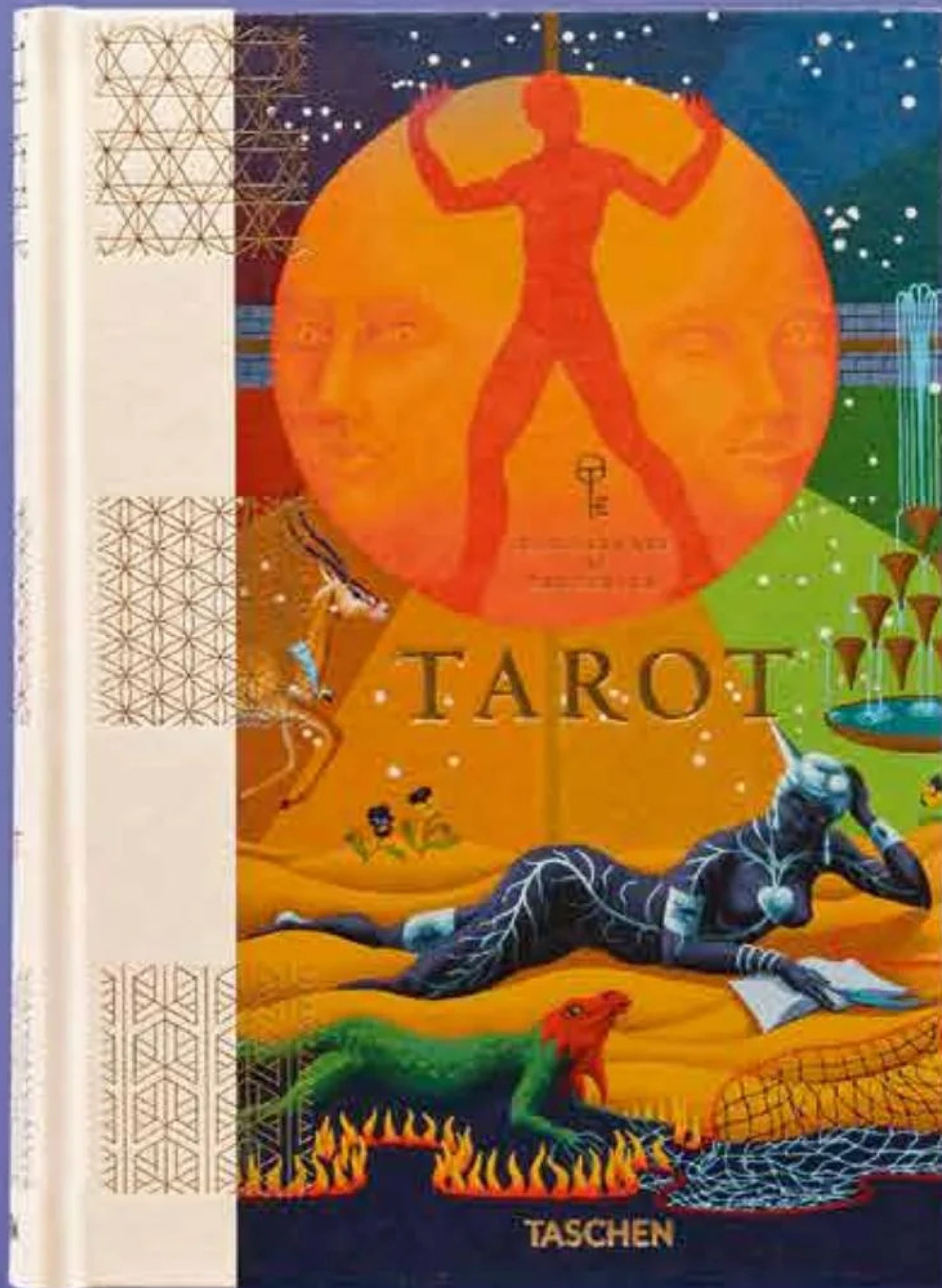
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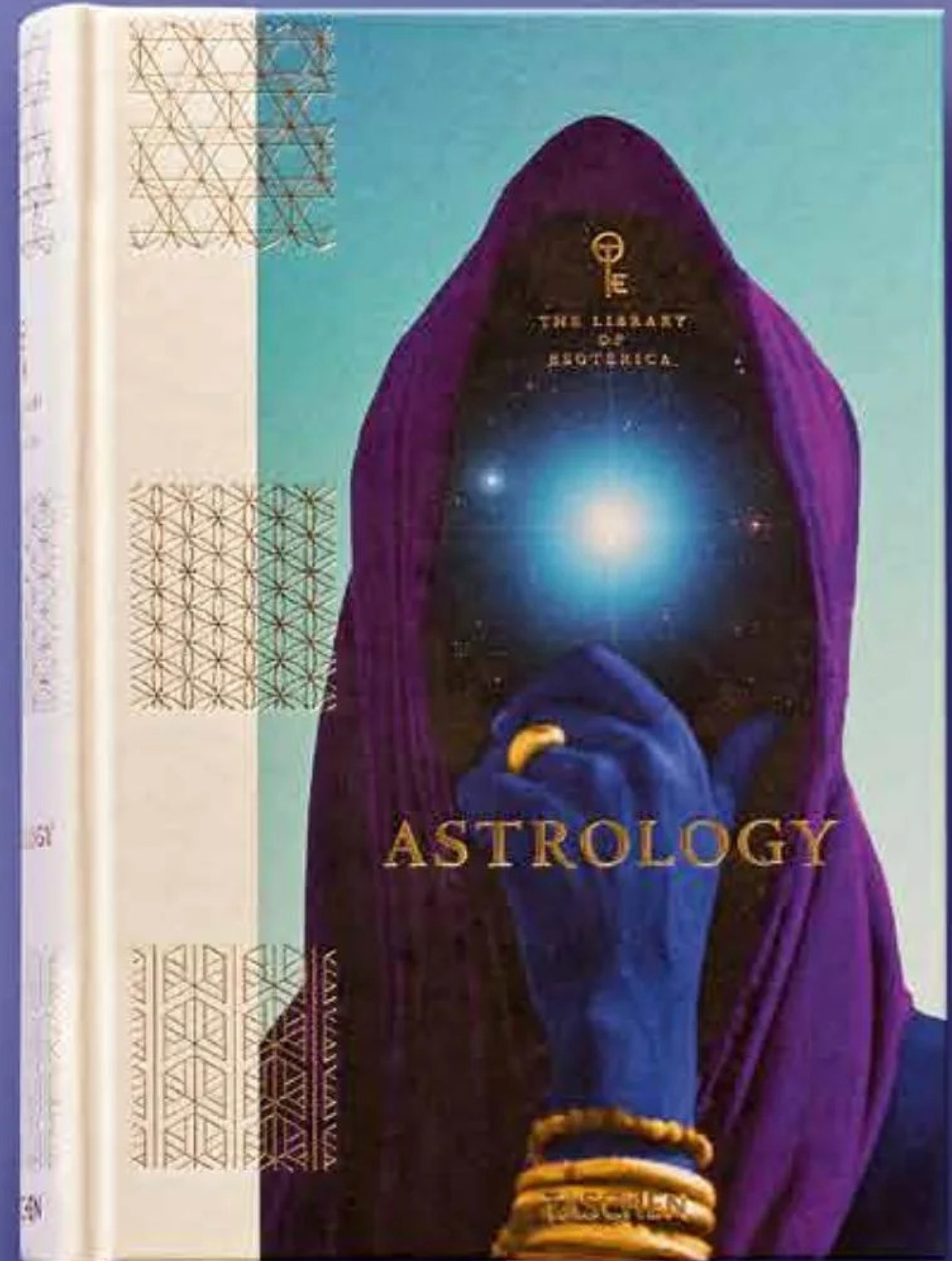
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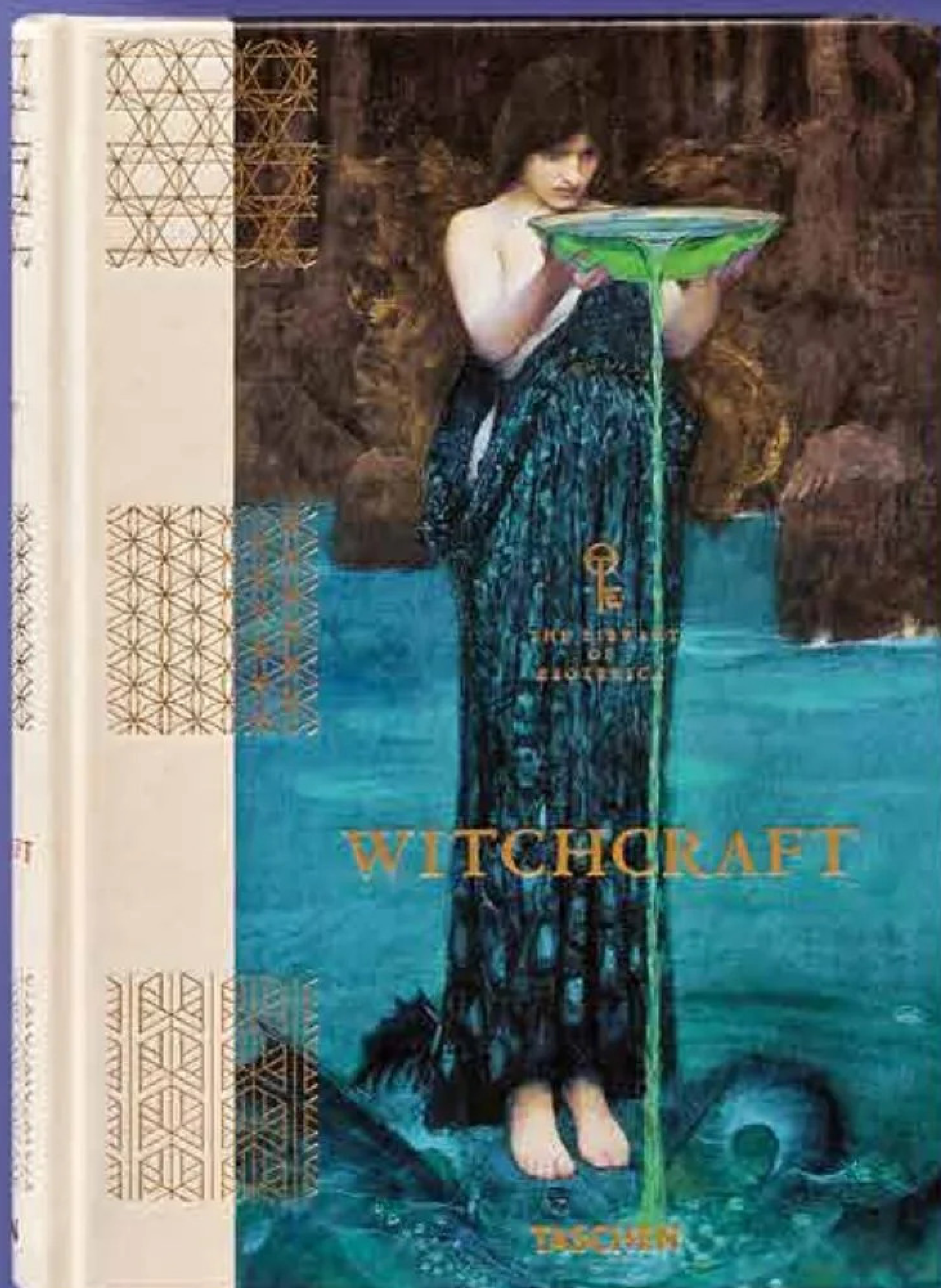
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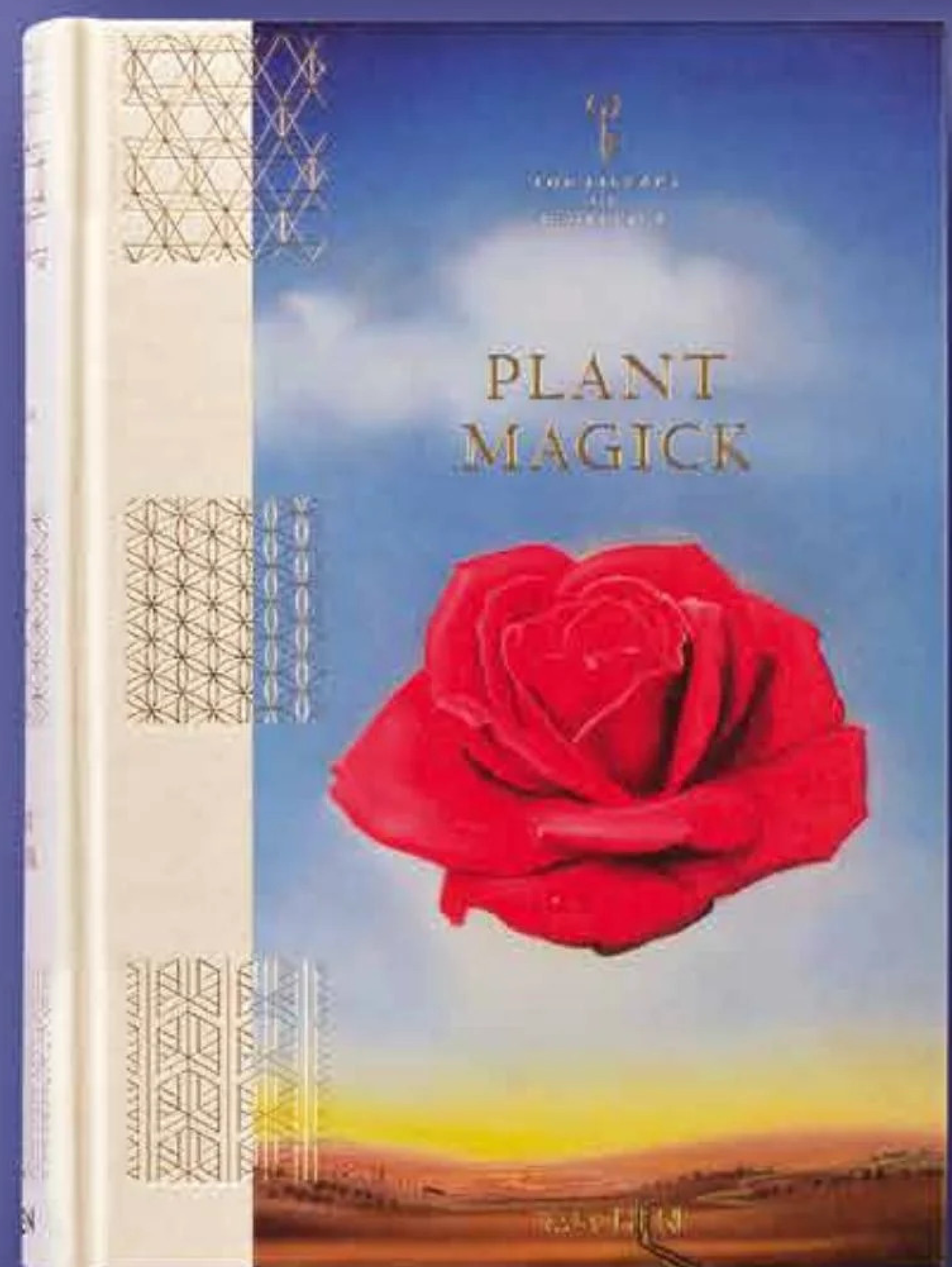
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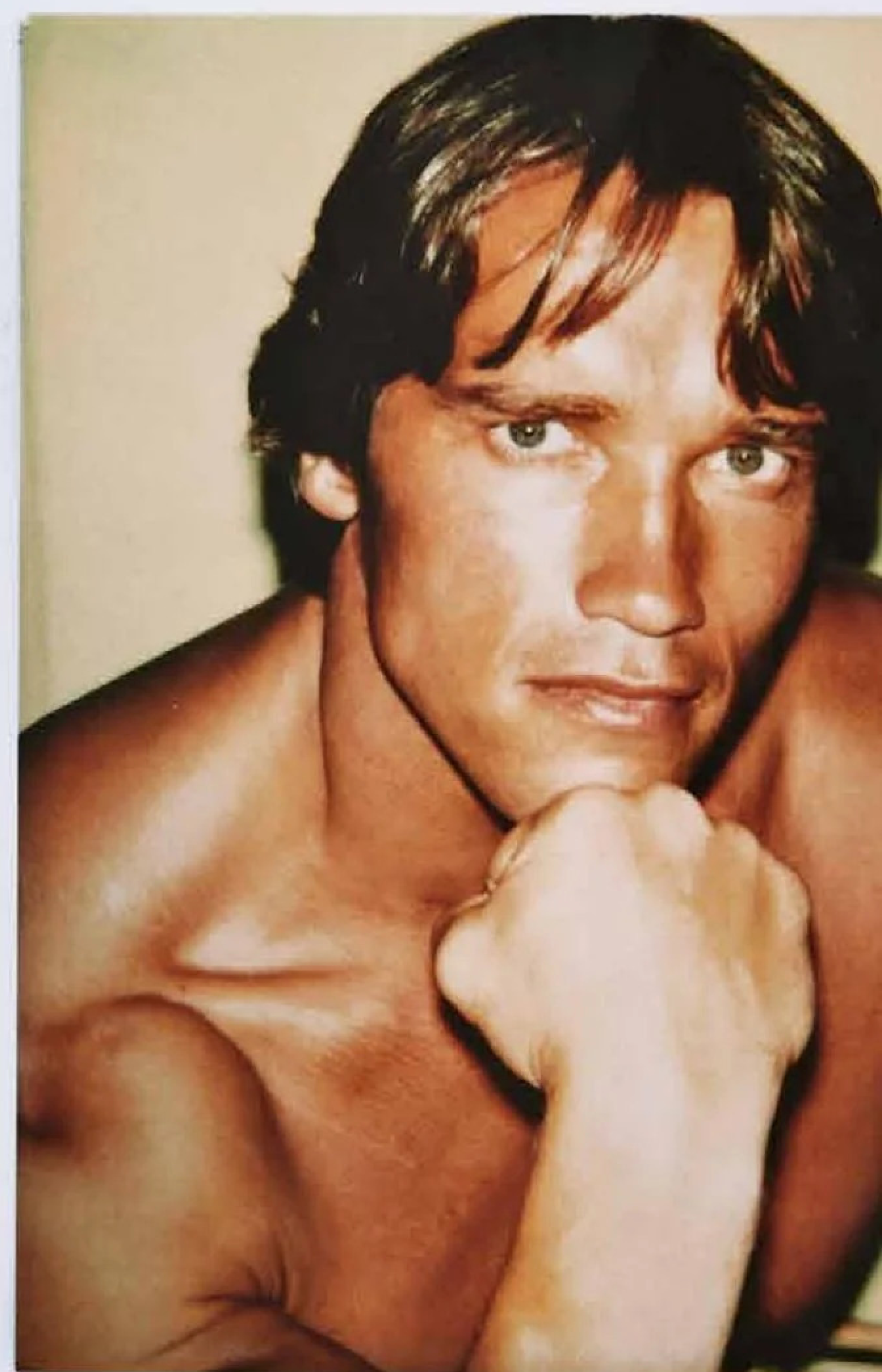
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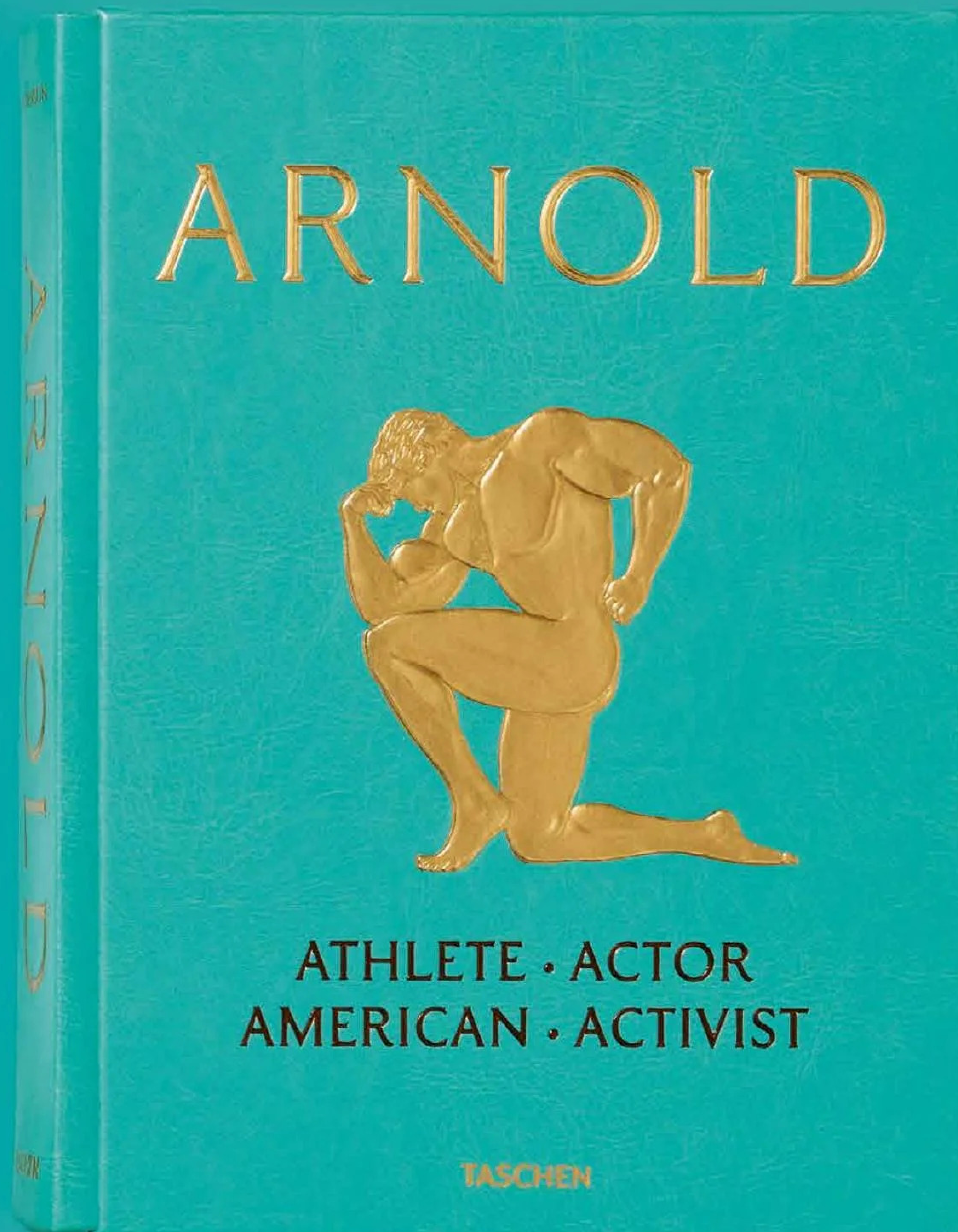




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"I was like a sponge when I came to America, Joe Weider had a profound impact on this education."

Arnold Schwarzenegger

Arnold Comes to California

By Arnold Schwarzenegger as told to Dian Hanson

I WAS 21 when I left Munich for Santa Monica, California. Weider sent his top photographer, Artie Zeller, to shoot me arriving at the airport, and Artie became a friend, documentarian and guide to my new life. He took me to Muscle Beach, and there was a long row of chess tables, like a movie shot. Bobby Fischer was there one day, running back and forth, playing against 10 people who were all hunched over, trying to figure out a move. Fischer would come up, glance at the board, and boom, take a piece away and move on. Then there was Wilt Chamberlain, playing volleyball with his gang, big guys and girls, leaping around. And over there were the acrobats and bodybuilders, doing balancing acts, building human pyramids, lifting girls overhead on one arm. Meanwhile, Gypsy Boots, the original Nature Boy, was running around throwing a football. Here, the chess players and strength of the mind; there, the strength of the body, and all of it very entertaining with these weirdos and outcasts and creative people.

Which group did I fit in? It depended on who was looking. I didn't think I was weird, but I always wanted to be different from everyone else. Someone might say, "Jesus, this guy's huge. This looks freaky," and think I was one of the weirdos. All I knew then was that it felt really good to fit into that environment, and to be accepted by all those people.

And I became part of the Weider world, and quickly discovered that there was no Weider airplane flying around the world delivering food supplements to poor countries, like the Berlin airlift I'd envisioned. There were no fucking trucks with "Weider" emblazoned on the side. There was no Weider Research Clinic, where the Master Blaster, with a white coat and clipboard, studied bodybuilders to develop his Weider Training Principles. The "research clinic" was really Vince's Gym in North Hollywood, and Gold's Gym in Venice, where top bodybuilders trained. The Weider Principles were in fact Larry Scott's principles, Dave Draper's principles, Steve Reeves' principles, and eventually, Arnold Schwarzenegger's principles. Weider's genius was to observe, identify and articulate what was unique about each bodybuilder's training method, give it a name that would appeal to a teenage boy, and add it to his growing encyclopedia of bodybuilding knowledge. I was the only guy then to train twice a day, so Joe Weider says, "So you're splitting your workout. We should write an article about this split routine." And in print it became the Joe Weider Double Split Routine, and he claimed I was doing exactly what he recommended in 1946. I didn't mind, because in the end people gave me the credit, and the Weider fantasy worked on me, and inspired me to become who I am. Equally important, it inspired millions of others.

I was like a sponge when I came to America, eagerly taking in everything around me, and Joe Weider had a profound impact on this education. He taught me how businesses were run, about art, took me to auctions, inspired my own interest in collecting, and also taught me not to see anyone for their color or their religion. "When you look at the bodybuilding stage," he would say, "With Blacks and whites and Koreans and Chinese, who knows who the hell is up there? You can't tell what country they're from, what god they worship. The judges just say, 'Who has the best body?' This is exactly how you have to see everything in life." That's why Black bodybuilders came to the IFBB, founded by Joe and his brother Ben: because the Weiders were not prejudiced, and would not allow prejudice in the magazines, or the contests.

Joe made me feel included in the Weider family, but the Weiders were like the weather. You have rain and wind, two separate elements, and singly they're not much, but you put them together and suddenly you have lightning and thunder and madness, right? And now I was part of that madness.

Opposite:
A spring shoot in Los Angeles. Photographers used the distant Santa Monica Mountains as a backdrop to maximize Arnold's massive physique.
Artie Zeller, 1969.

Peanuts West, pro power lifter, takes on Arnold at Gold's Gym.
Artie Zeller, circa 1970.

Following page:
At their peak Arnold's biceps measured 22 inches when pumped, about the diameter of an adult's head.
Artie Zeller, circa 1974.



The ’60s started my bodybuilding career and propelled me into absolute dominance in that world. One decade, 1960 to 1970, saw a scrawny little kid from Thal become a five-time Mr. Universe winner, Mr. Europe, Mr. World, and Mr. Olympia, the top crown in bodybuilding. In 10 short years my vision was all coming true.

> “One decade saw a scrawny kid from Thal became five-time Mr. Universe, Mr. Europe, Mr. World, and Mr. Olympia.”

There was one thing I missed when I came to California, though, and that was Franco [Columbu]. I said to Joe Weider, “You have to bring Franco over.” He says, “Who is Franco?” I say, “He’s my friend, he’s my training partner, and he’s the strongest guy in the world, pound for pound. Just wait until you see his physique.”

“Ah.”

Franco began as a powerlifter, but had switched to bodybuilding, and started winning in 1968. In 1969 he won IFBB Mr. Europe. That convinced Joe to bring him over, and he was delighted with Franco, but…

Columbu: Arnold went up to $80 a week. I got $70. Ridiculous. Friday night, we went to Safeway, by Monday we ate everything we bought. [LAUGHS] You know?

So we started working construction. We put this ad in the *Santa Monica Outlook*. The ad was, like, two lines. You couldn’t even find it. And then the phone was ringing all day, with 10 to 20 phone calls a day. We don’t even have enough time to answer the phone. [LAUGHS] That’s how much work we got instantly. And then the earthquake came.

We rebuilt all the chimneys and fireplaces and walls that fell down in the 1971 San Fernando earthquake, and made a profit with our unique negotiation technique. We always had a violent argument when making the deal. In German. The people were like this [shudders in terror]. Franco would say “$2,700.” I would turn to the homeowner and say, “Look, Franco says $6,000, but I’m trying to hammer him down to $5,000, so just stay with me.” Then Franco and I started yelling again, and taking all our measurements in centimeters that no American could follow. They’d look at my paper and say, “What is this? This is not 360 inches.” I’d say, “No, we’re European craftsmen. We work only in centimeters.” And then all kinds of bullshit diagrams, right?

But we’d get the job, because Franco finally agreed to do it for $5,000, and the homeowner was grateful for my intervention. We had a successful business for a few years, with 16 bodybuilders working for us, all lazy bums, of course, more interested in getting a tan than building a chimney. We’d see them lying like this [puts his hands behind his head, closes his eyes] in the wheelbarrow. I’d say, “Andy, what are you doing in the wheelbarrow? You’re supposed to mix the cement.” “Yeah, but I got to get some tan on my abs.” Jesus, what a scene.



To augment the meager salary paid by Weider, Arnold and Franco Columbu started a construction company in 1970, billing themselves as European bricklayers. Less than a year after starting their business, an earthquake hit the nearby San Fernando Valley, knocking over chimneys and smashing walls. The two had so much business they hired 16 bodybuilder friends to help out.
Bill Dobbins.



Columbu: We got so much work we hardly had time to train, but for Arnold, everything was training. He would horseback ride. Ski. Always activity. At the same time we were going to Santa Monica College, then he went on to study business, and I went to chiropractic school. After dinner, smoke a cigar and right back to work, or homework, or some other activity. Watching TV would only be because we had to learn something. There was no wasting time like that, ever, for Arnold.

For example, I say, "I'm going to go to Fiji, Arnold, to visit Hiro's Island." And Arnold says, "Oh, good. You go there. Why I have to go to a place that takes three days to get there?" So, we go in the morning to Catalina Island, afternoon we are back home. We get ice cream there. Go up the mountain, come back, and go home. Done. [LAUGHS] And when it got exhausting, he slept right then and there. Could be in the chair.

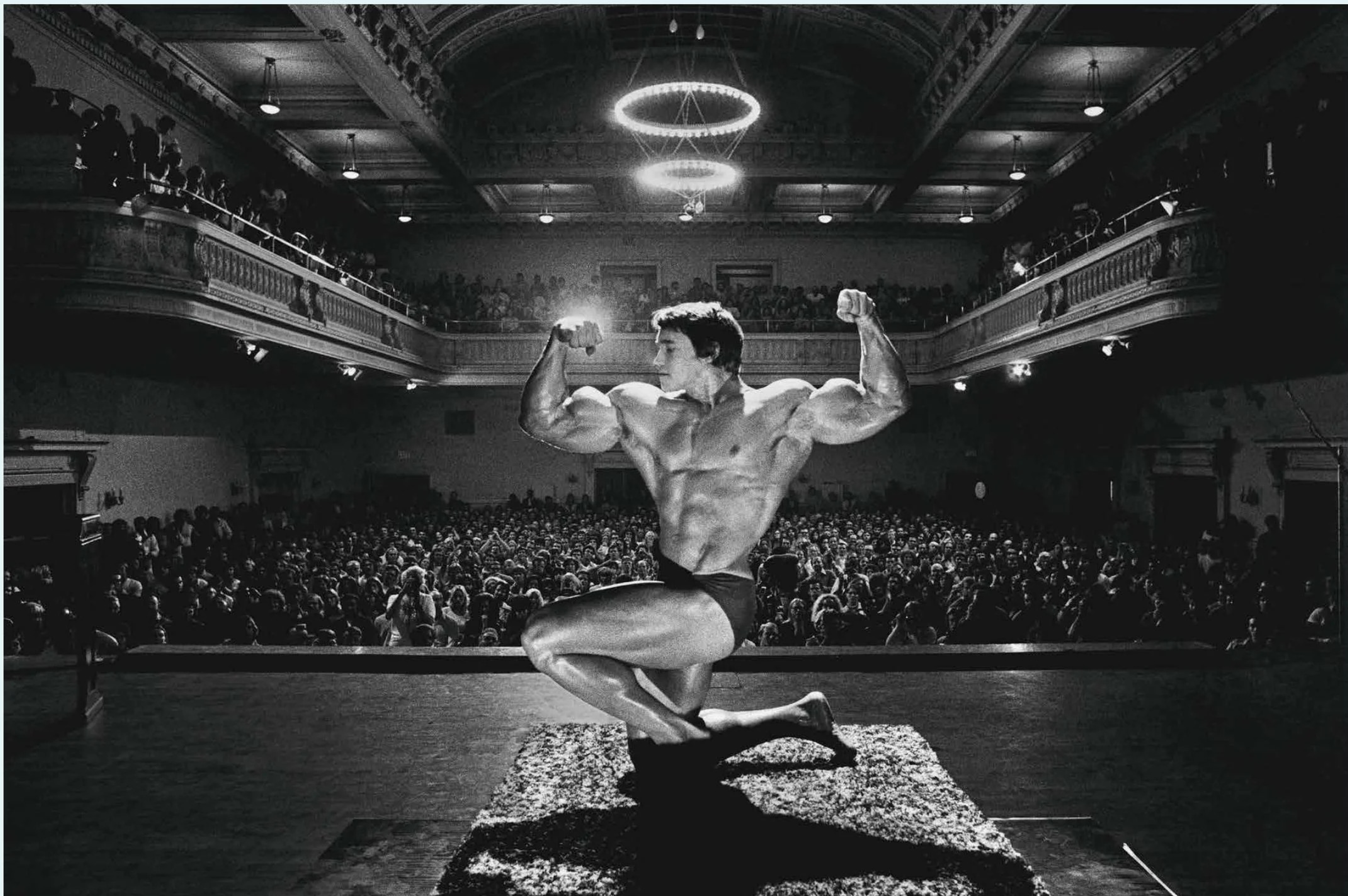
Bodybuilder Frank Zane: Arnold says, everything he learned to do well, he learned in bodybuilding first. I remember I was over there. He had a math lesson. We'd go about an hour; then he'd be working on these problems. And I said, "Well, that's it for today, Arnie." And he says, "Oh, I'm going to stay another half hour and work these problems. Forced repetition." He'd always force himself to do stuff. He's training in the gym and it's sunny outside. He wants to go to the beach, but another half hour, forced repetitions. Because he wants to get out there, he's going to train extra hard. Same with the math. Forced reps. Forced reps is his way of life.

I was always overtraining. When others did 20 sets per body part, I did 35 sets. I worked out five hours a day, while most of the guys worked out three hours. I think it was because of this overtraining that I got away with so much overeating; I just burned more calories. In fact, Franco and I went to the House of Pies two days before one Mr. Olympia. No one else would do that, but I was very instinctive; I never studied nutrition as some did, because one year drinking quarts of cream was the secret, next year it was desiccated liver pills, then soy protein and dehydrated fish powder, followed by raw eggs, but then it was only the egg whites, and finally everyone drank gallons of liquid amino acids—we called it gorilla piss—that made you fart like a sick dog. Next year, all of that caused cancer. I didn't want to get tied up with all of this crap, all this dialogue. I always said, "Less talking, more training." I just listened to my body. If my body told me I should eat an apple, I would eat a big apple. If I were thirsty, I would go and get a drink, instead of running around all day long with a water bottle in my hand like some idiots.

Columbu: Everyone in the gym, too, like Frank Zane, they went on this crazy diet. And then they used to come up to our place—Arnold and I used to live together—and all the guys used to come for protein drinks.

I was in charge of making the protein drinks, and they were very popular because I always put rum or schnapps in there. Why? Because alcohol goes directly to the bloodstream, dilates the vessels and delivers the protein to the muscle more quickly. I added enough that you could taste it, but not enough to make you too drunk to go to the gym. It made you feel good, relaxed, and delivered the protein needed for a good workout.

Zane: It's been said that I was the marijuana cookie baker, but that was Zabo. Zabo Koszewski was one of the guys that built Gold's Gym. He and Joe Gold actually built the building, the first place, in 1965. That whole former generation was great to us, including, basically, Zabo showed us all about marijuana and hashish and all that stuff when we first got to California [LAUGHS]. I was talking to Arnold one



time about drinking versus smoking weed, and he said, "You know, weed is much better, because there's no calories."

Bodybuilder Dave Draper: Arnold added heat and fuel to the already flaming embers of muscle and might. Arnold was a well-muscled and carefree European youth with a brash personality who was invited to play in America by Joe Weider in his well-stoked muscle empire. Arnold was, among other things, uninhibited, uninebriated, unindebted, unobligated, uncomplicated and indomitable.

I found the sweet spot with Weider that enabled us to use each other for mutual benefit. Joe wasn't interested in paying out cash. Others complained, but I said to myself, "Do I need cash? Is he the only source of cash? No. So what does he have that is actually more useful than cash? Space in the magazine." I said to Joe, "I like posing for your products; you sell more products; I have my name and picture out there. All good. In return I'd like to have a double-page ad in every issue of the magazine." "Oh, Christ. Why are you doing that to me, Arnold?" But eventually, as always, he said yes. I got my double-page ad, and was soon making $10,000 a month selling booklets of my training courses through mail order. Which is equivalent to $45,000 today. Not bad for a 25-year-old immigrant.

As the sport gained popularity in the '70s, as the mail order business took off, the seminars took off, the posing exhibitions took off; I lived simply and saved every dollar. In 1971 I had saved $27,000. I borrowed $10,000 from Joe Weider, made a $37,000 down payment, and invested in my first apartment building in Santa Monica. I continued to invest in real estate. The six-unit building was traded for a 12-unit and then for a 36-unit. I lived in the owner's apartment and learned business management while collecting rents, because that rent paid the mortgage and there was no chance of losing money. It wasn't until 1980 that I bought my first house; today I advise my children that it's always best to invest in income property first.

These plans to make money were already there in the '60s, as part of the vision. I just knew that I had to concentrate on developing my body first. Then I had to build my sport as well as myself. This led eventually to my greater vision to bring fitness to the world, to see more gyms than supermarkets across America, to where we now have gyms in every town, in every hotel, weight rooms in hospitals, and Arnold Classic competitions in six countries around the world. Yes, I wanted to make money, but my vision has always been far, far bigger than a fat bank account.

Dian Hanson is a senior editor and writer for TASCHEN, with over 50 books to her credit.

Above:
Halo, shot while peeking through the stage curtain of San Francisco's California Hall during a posing exhibition that accompanied the Mr. San Francisco Contest. From the permanent collection of The Museum of Modern Art, New York. © Max Aguilera-Hellweg, 1975.

“Where my drive came from and why I was different than my brother and from all the other boys in my town, I cannot tell you. I was simply born with the gift of vision.”

Arnold Schwarzenegger



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The World Seen Upside Down

"I always want to present people with something crazy—that's certainly my intention. I don't want to keep still."
Georg Baselitz




G.B.

Genius Down the Drain: Georg Baselitz as a Painter

Excerpt from the essay by Jonathan Jones

Opposite:
Der Dichter, 1965.
Oil on canvas.
Photo: Jochen
Littkemann, Berlin.



THE WIZENED DWARF holds his Pinocchio nose of a male member in both hands. Clad in black shorts, he has a skull behind his bare legs, drawn in harsh black lines, a death's head from a Renaissance print. Another incised skull hangs above his face. That face itself is an unmistakable caricature. A small square moustache. Flat black hair with a side parting. A face from the past.

Remix im Eimer (Remix down the Drain, 2007) belongs to a series of works painted by Georg Baselitz in the early years of the twenty-first century that revisit some of his paintings from the mid to late twentieth. In it he plays with a picture that got him in trouble in West Berlin in 1963, when Galerie Werner & Katz staged his first solo exhibition. *Die große Nacht im Eimer* (The Big Night down the Drain), a meaty, mottled figure, hewn out of darkness, of a hydrocephalic, dead-eyed, masturbating youth in military-looking shorts was confiscated by the police, along with *Der nackte Mann* (The Naked Man), in which a rotting corpse on a table has a huge erection even as all its other flesh collapses into yellow pus and exposed viscera.

What did these furious, horrible, hilarious paintings look like in the early 1960s? They were let loose on a West Germany still dominated by a generation shaped by Nazism and the war, where capitalist economic discipline and a mix of conformism and hypocrisy muffled dissent. To those who were shocked and scandalized they were nothing but obscene chaos. The police, to judge from their censorship of Baselitz's show, saw some kind of decadent pornography posing as "art." Degenerate art, even.

Georg Baselitz in
his studio, Schloss
Derneburg, 1984.
Photo: © Daniel Blau.

Previous spread:
Nachtessen in Dresden,
1983. Oil on canvas.
Photo: © Kunsthaus
Zürich, 1991.

> “It is not abstract just because it is upside down. It still has meaning, but the meaning is approached in a different way. You approach the meaning through the act of painting.”
>
> Georg Baselitz

Fingermalerei – Adler, 1972. Oil on canvas. Photo: © bpk/ Bayerische Staats-gemäldesammlungen.

Opposite: *Das Motiv: Giraffe*, 1988. Oil on canvas. Photo: Jochen Littkemann, Berlin.



In remixing his own youthful shocker, Baselitz nudges us toward a more historically informed interpretation. *Die große Nacht im Eimer* was never just a sensationalist piece of grotesquery, he suggests. It was an apocalyptic vision of a Germany plunged “down the drain” by Hitler’s big night. Looking at the original 1962–1963 painting in the light of its explicit remix you can see that everything Baselitz uncovers in his later work was there to begin with. The boy already had that slicked hair, even if any hint of a moustache was lost in the puffy gray mud pie of a face. And all around him blackness, the night. [...]

Having melted the human figure, Baselitz needed to recast it. The extreme violence of his neo-degenerate paintings gave way to a more refined irony. His *Heroes* paintings of the mid-1960s literally gather up the carnal wreckage of the previous works and configure it into the noble shapes of young men and women marching into the future. Some of them have red flags, all are dressed in quasi-military garb, many walk stirringly forward. Except something is wrong. Quite a few things.

Their heads are too small for their bodies, their hands and arms outsized and mismatched. They are like Frankenstein’s monsters, stitched together from disparate parts, reanimated and enrolled in the Hitler Youth or Communist Pioneers. The comedy and contempt of these paintings is a liberation. They don’t so much parody Communist and Nazi images of strong healthy heroes as transfigure totalitarian kitsch into something oddly profound. For there’s a sadness to these loping fools. *Der Hirte* (The Shepherd, 1965) depicts a man in ill-fitting clothes resting near a ruined city surrounded by spiky flames. The soldier in *Mit roter Fahne* (With Red Flag, 1965) carries his proud red flag through a wasteland where a single farmhouse stands bereft. And the flag has mysterious patches of white and black melded into its redness, suggesting a fusion of the Communist and Nazi flags in a landscape flattened by inhuman ideologies. In two other paintings from 1964–1965, a burning city is held in the palm of a hand. Like the Hitlerian tyrant playing with the globe in Charlie Chaplin’s *The Great Dictator*, this is an image of out-of-scale power, arbitrary decisions that kill millions of the little people in their tiny charred houses. But these are also definitive paintings of the 1960s, capturing—however ironically—a decade of youthful revolt. These “New Types” bizarrely and comically merge memories of Communist Pioneers and even the Hitler Youth with the new western youth cult of sex, drugs, and rock ’n’ roll.

It is in Baselitz’s *Heroes* paintings that the German forest, first written about as a vast shadow beyond the edge of empire by the ancient Roman historian Tacitus, makes its potent appearance in his art. The flag bearer in *Rotgrüner* (Redgreen One, 1965) carries his totemic red banner through a wood of tall birches. In *Vorwärts-Wind* (Headwind, 1966) a soldier, his jacket opened to bare his chest, spreads out his arms as if crucified on a tree. And in two paintings from that year a tree is bandaged and bleeding, dripping red gore from its wounds onto the pale earth. The bloodiest tree has a knife stuck in the ground beside it.

Human violence haunts the forest. *Zwei Meißener Waldarbeiter* (Two Meissen Woodsmen, 1967) depicts dogs cut in two, still loyally serving their uniformed masters as they dangle from trees. Nature is bloodied and trashed. Dogs, axe murderers, gunmen and cows are sliced and spliced by distortions of the picture plane in paintings from this period like cinematic montages in a director’s head. A man chopped in half at the waist is nailed to a tree. He might be a Roman, killed in the forest by barbarians familiar with Goya.

Then suddenly the world coheres. A woodland is seen whole, unspoiled, with dappled clarity. No blood or dogs. Just dark bare trees in cold winter air. Above the trees, the snowy ground. Below it, patches of blue sky through the wood. *Der Wald auf dem Kopf*



From existential paintings and motifs painted upside-down to rough-hewn wooden sculptures and remixes of earlier paintings—the art of Georg Baselitz is consistently challenging. With 400+ pictures from 1960 to the present, this XXL monograph presents the full range of his work in stunning depth and detail.

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Collector's Edition No. 126–1,125, each numbered and signed by Georg Baselitz
Hardcover in clamshell box
604 pages €/£ 1,500/$ 1,750

(The Wood on Its Head), painted in 1969, is a tantalizing pastoral. Baselitz offers one of the simplest artistic joys: an escape into nature. His winter wood is a place you would like to go. But the wood stands on its head, the world has no floor. Walk here and you would never stop falling. By turning a perfectly real and ordinary scene upside down Baselitz makes the normal abnormal, the reasonable quite mad.

This is one of the first examples of a topsy-turvy twist that has become his most famous effect. It might seem a curiously simple subversion compared with the earlier experiments of modern art. Where Cézanne and Picasso dissected the way we make "pictures" of an infinitely complex reality, Baselitz in 1969 started to paint landscapes, still lifes, and portraits that are perfectly recognizable, even sentimental, were it not for their mysterious inversion. And that is their power. He offers the mind a hearty meal, then pulls the tablecloth away. Should you crane your neck or put your head to the ground to see correctly? Or is upside down the right way up? You are the problem. Your own physical nature stops you seeing correctly.

In his early paintings Baselitz violently transformed human bodies. When he inverts the picture he instead puts the body of the beholder into question. You have been trained to stand up straight, like the people in the *Heroes* paintings. But what if you had a body with a head the other way up and between your legs? Maybe then you could see things as they truly are.

Jonathan Jones is The Guardian*'s art critic and has written for the same newspaper since the 1990s.*



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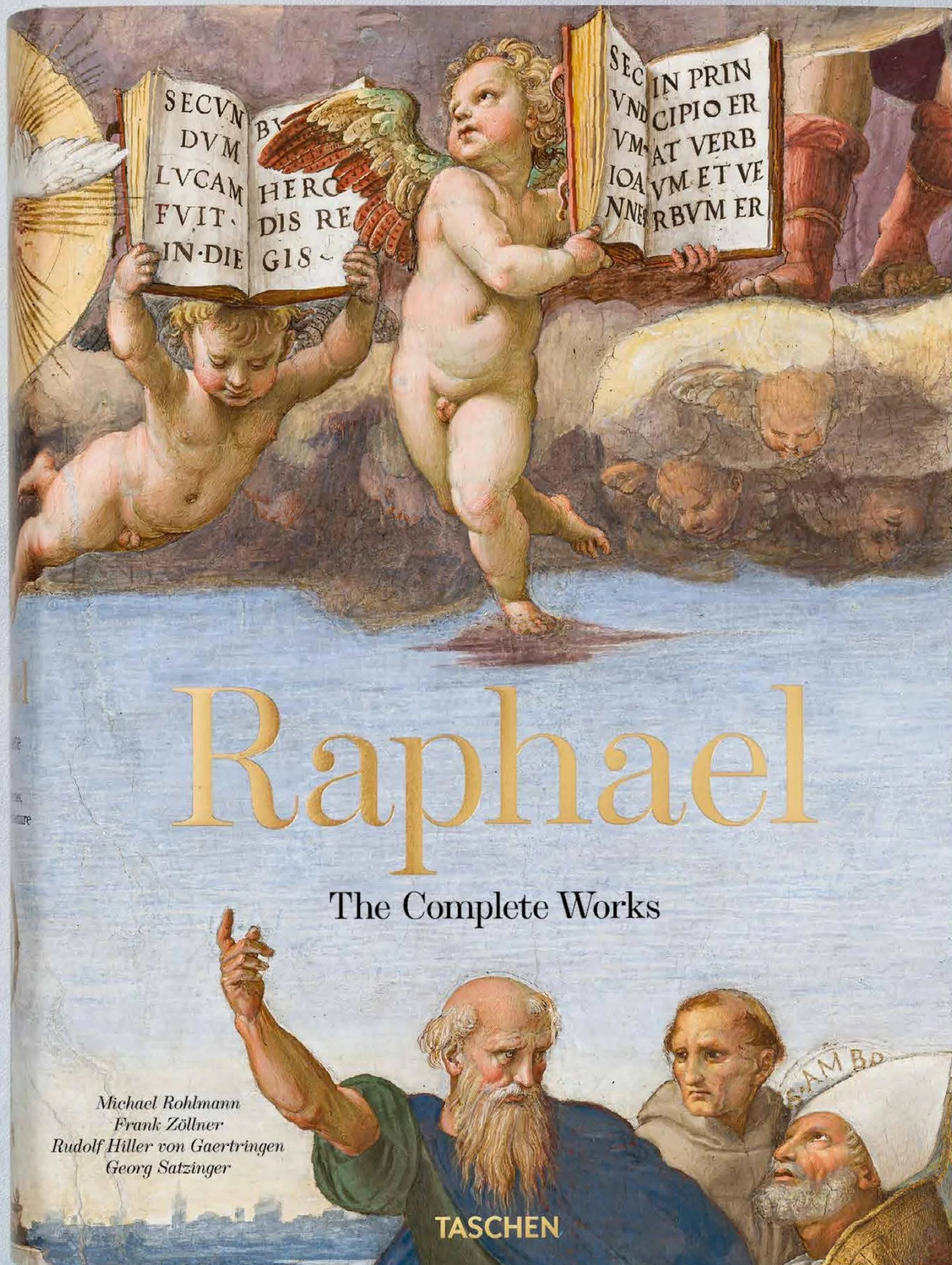


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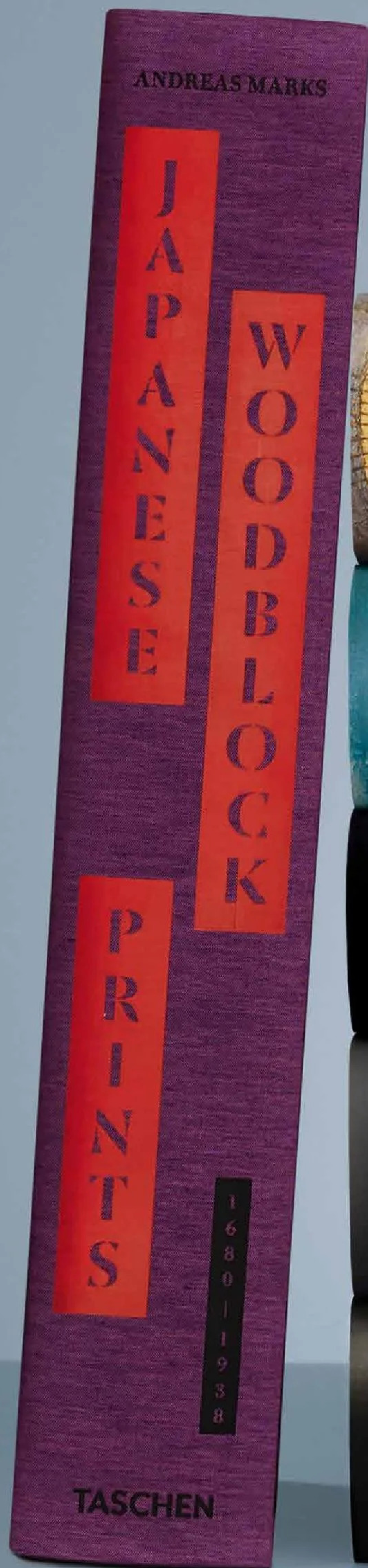
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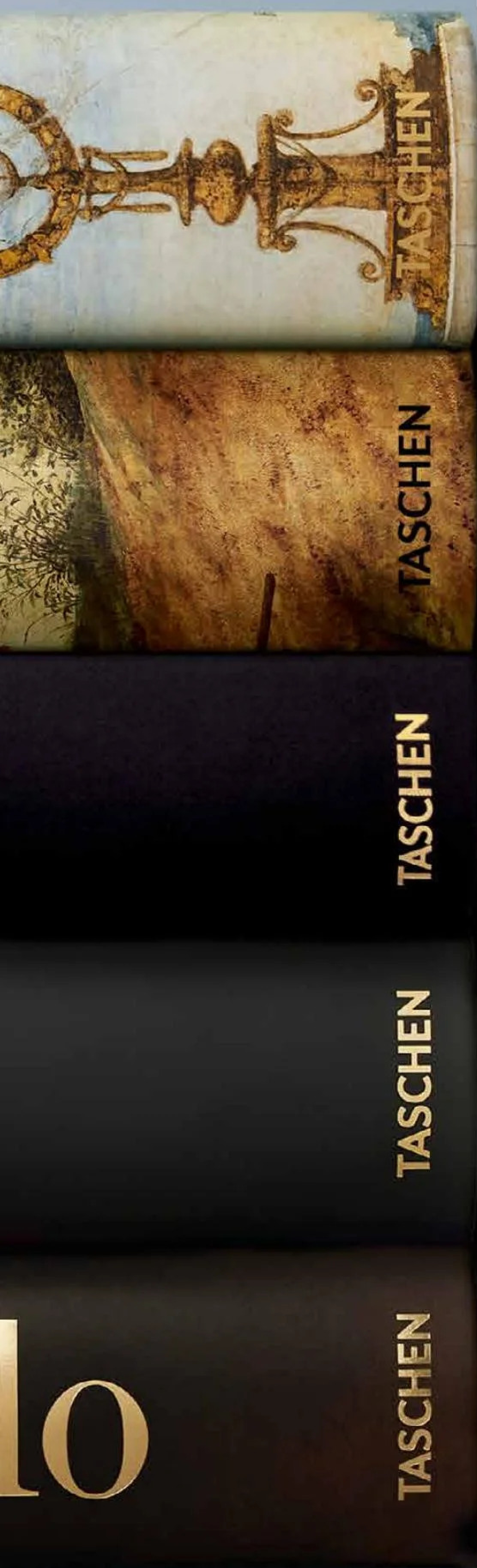




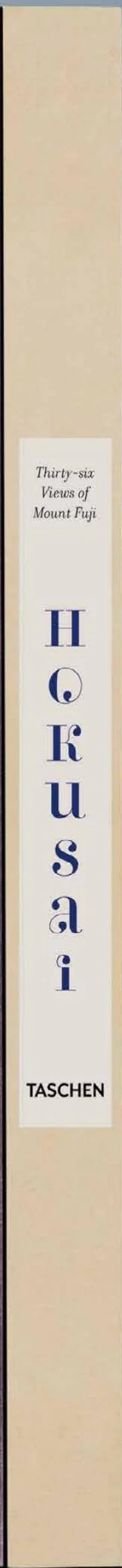




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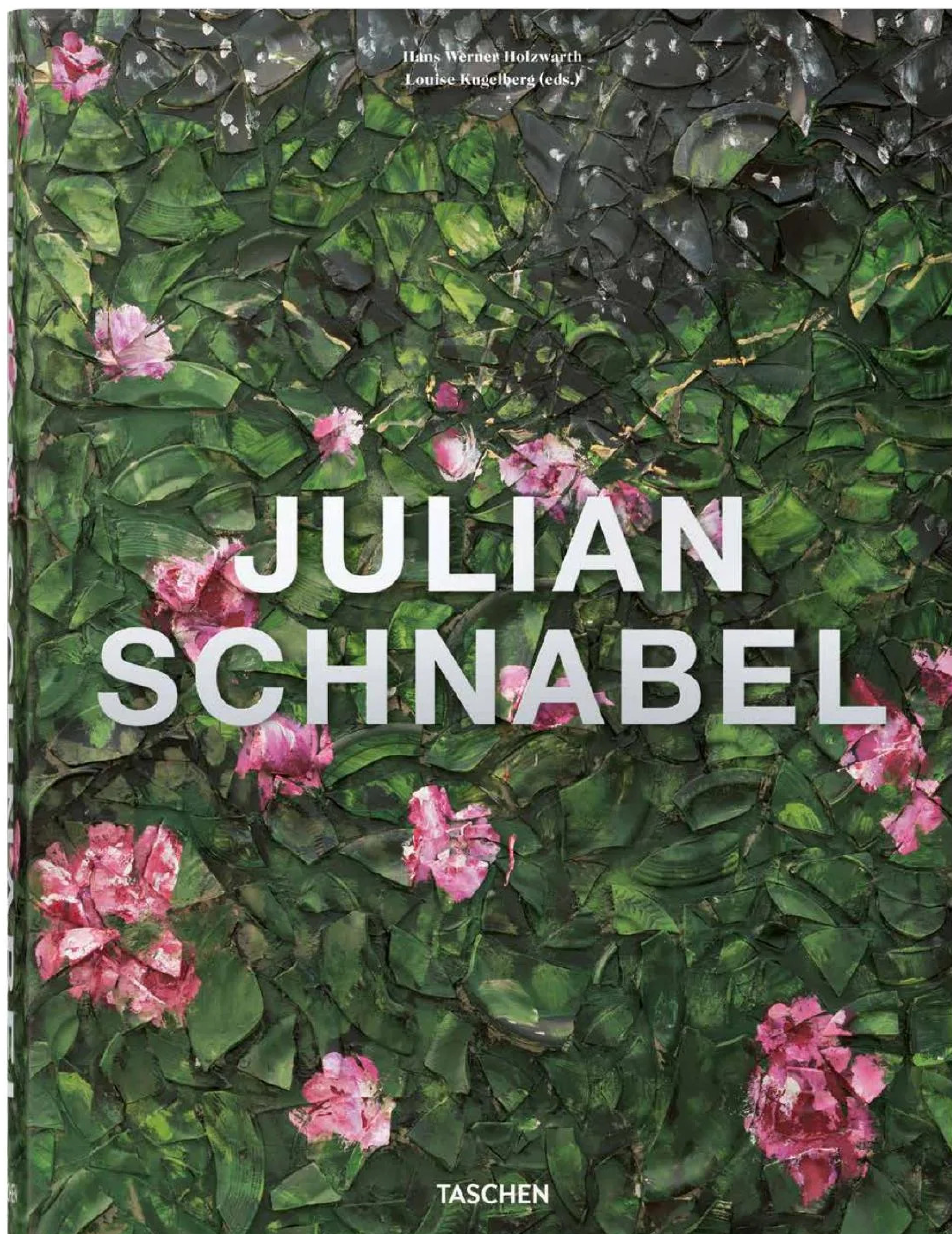
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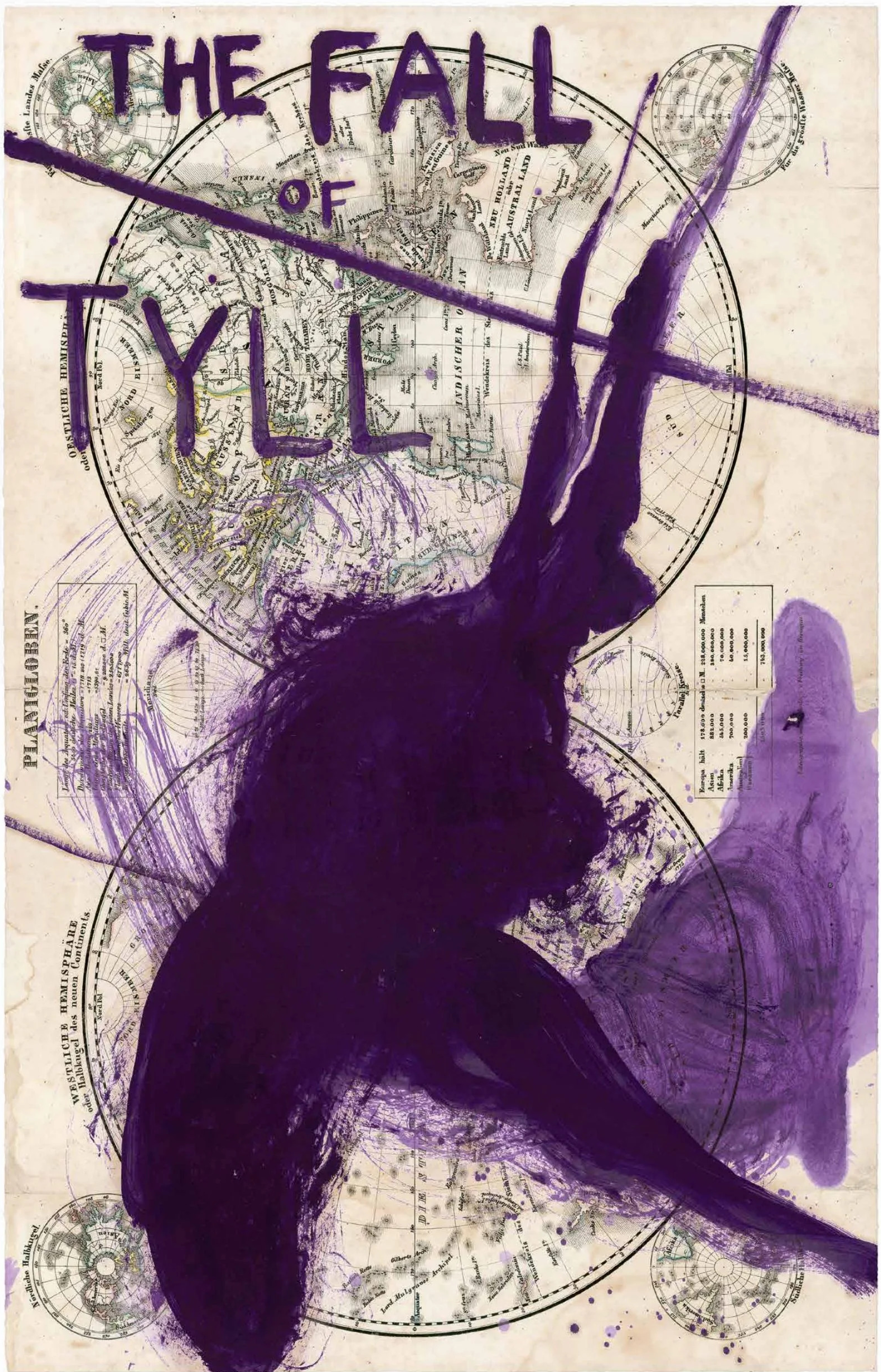


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PLANIGLOBEN

The History of Press Graphics. 1819–1921
The golden age of graphic journalism



What the Papers Say

By Alexander Roob

ALONGSIDE THE BEGINNINGS of modern journalism, the use of illustration in the press developed gradually in the course of the 16th and 17th centuries, during the Wars of Religion and the Age of Enlightenment. It was a genuinely democratic art form, and also developed as a complement to the academic styles of high art. As such its place was not in the sacred temple of the Muses or the salons of the elite, but in the public space, the domain of the *res publica*. However, before the works of graphic artists could appear in news kiosks or on billboards, the restrictions of taxation and censorship had first to be overcome, as well as obstacles to distribution, and these struggles would last several decades.

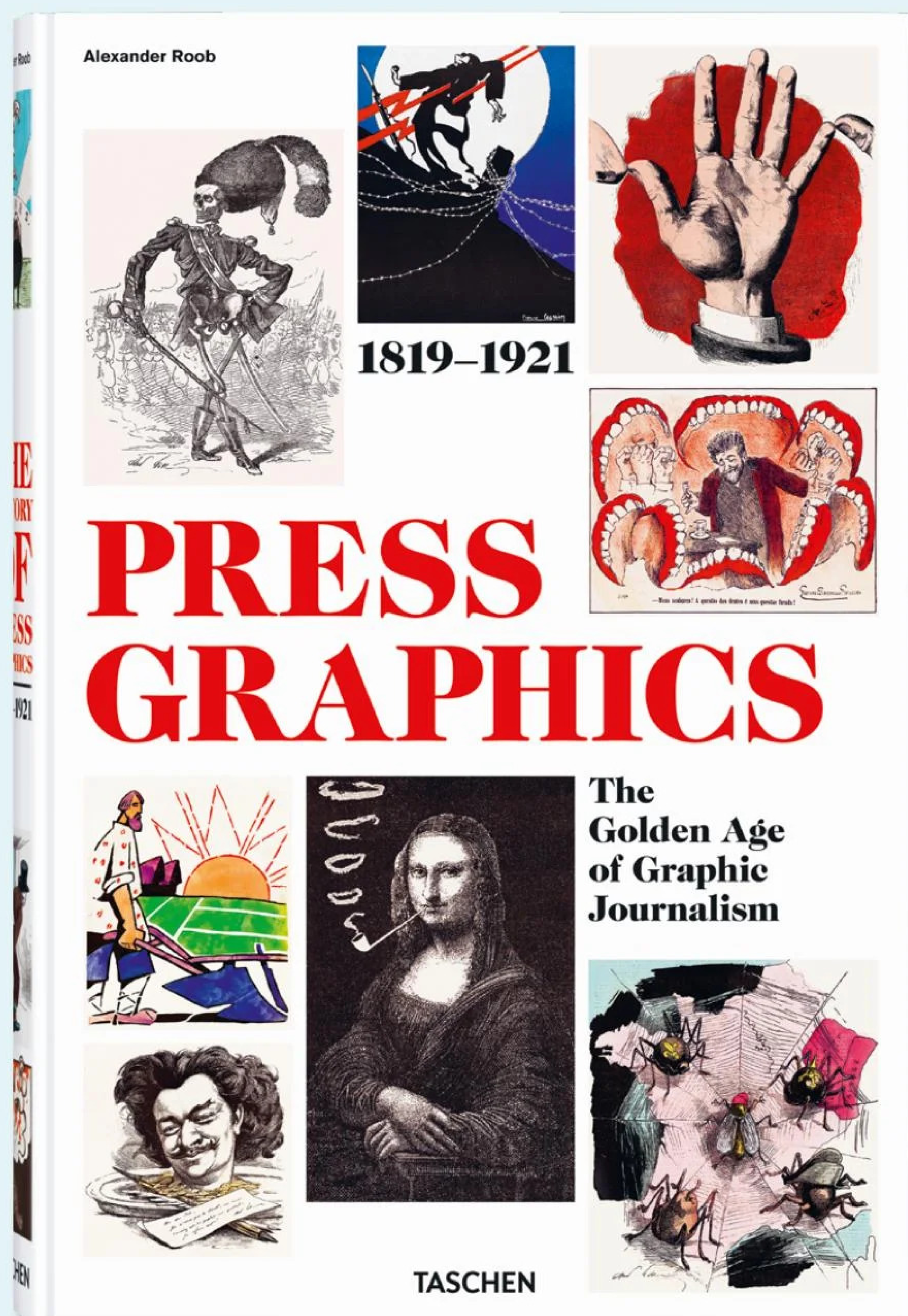
The period during which press graphics were at their most influential lasted for about a hundred years, from the satirical campaigns of William Hone in the late 1810s through until the First World War. After that date, illustration was used less and less often for images printed in newspapers as the result of improvements in photomechanical reproduction techniques. In terms of politics, the initial rise of the illustrated press was closely linked to the actions of English radicals agitating for parliamentary reform and the freedom of the press. The illustrated pamphlets they distributed in great numbers inspired Republicans in France to use caricatures in their attacks against the corrupt July Monarchy in 1830, and also, a little later, led to the creation of *The Penny Magazine* in England, the first mass-market illustrated review. The launch of this liberal-conservative cultural magazine was intended to break the hegemony of the radical reformers in popular journalism and their influence on the working class, but it also marked the first widespread, and indeed international appearance of press graphics when it was followed by the advent of the first major illustrated newspapers in the 1840s. For more than 50 years, this new form of historical art—which was quick to produce in response to events and was ideally suited for voicing criticism—remained the principal visual medium for printed news. It set the standard for modern times, and against it the revolutions in the arts of the 19th and early 20th centuries found their points of reference.

The same qualities that were strengths for press graphics, however, their topicality and diversity, have also proved to be obstacles when trying to present a general overview of the material. Moreover, within the hierarchical system used for classifying art history, which is traditionally based on the Platonic ideal of eternity, press graphics have tended to be consigned to the bottom drawer with various kinds of ephemera, the lowest category that is relevant for no more than a day, and left there to be forgotten. Cultural studies, meanwhile, have filed them according to theme and interpreted them from narrow regional or national perspectives, in spite of the international connections that were established early on between illustrated magazines and the developments that naturally followed. The fact that historians of photography and comic strips from an early date set out to distinguish individual areas within their field and treat them separately has also contributed to a distortion rather than a greater understanding of the context of press graphics. To make matters worse, the heyday of press graphics coincided with the most energetic phase of Eurocentric imperialism, an era that still has many unanswered questions, while the racial and social stereotypes that marked this period of uncertainty and discovery were to a large extent shaped by magazine illustrations. For a long time, the 19th century was understood as being determined by competing nationalisms and a dynamic drive for globalisation that was primarily characterised by colonialism, while 19th-century studies were seen as an anachronism. More recently though, such misgivings have been replaced by an awareness that these very aspects are in fact increas-

XL

THE HISTORY OF PRESS GRAPHICS. 1819–1921
Alexander Roob
604 pages €/£60/$80

Gustave-Henri Jossot
All Is Lost, even Honour...
Colored relief etching
From: *L'Assiette au Beurre*, Paris, June 1, 1907.



ingly relevant for our understanding of current political developments. Many of the war zones from which early journalists sent their images and reports are the hot spots of today's world politics, while the social conflicts described in a previous age have lost much of their historical remoteness. Even the key theme, in terms of emancipation for the press, of the fight against censorship seems more topical today than ever.

The illustrators for the press were known as *special artists*, or *specials* for short. Their particular duties included not only supplying on-site illustrations to accompany reports but also journalistic research, which at times might extend to full-scale investigations into details of geography or ethnography. Some of these early pictorial journalists became celebrated in their own right, and became adept at presenting themselves as bold adventurers. As such they became known for their contributions to illustrated magazines, but also through travel books, autobiographies and public lectures. Many of them had trained as painters of historical subjects. However, unlike their academic colleagues they were much more exposed to the level of competition in the new media, and some of them developed their own specific style of improvisation in response to the pressure of continually having to depict current events. The mobile methods of documentation developed by these early pictorial journalists were in turn a source of fascination to Impressionist artists.

Generally speaking, the reporting activities of the *special artist* were distinct from those of the *home artist* or editorial draughtsman, although the two roles often overlapped and particularly so in the case of the most popular illustrators. The most noteworthy feature of press graphic art was not so much its openness to specialisation as its stylistic flexibility and broad range, which could include political or humorous cartoons, genre illustrations and excursions into science fiction and fantasy, alongside its basic documentary function. Histories of illustration that typically treat pictorial journalism and caricature as separate genres not only ignore the overlaps in the works of individual artists but also fail to acknowledge the close genealogical connections which can be traced back to such pioneers of social reportage as Pieter Bruegel, Jacques Callot and William Hogarth, whose caricature-styled works shaped the classic, formative phase of press graphics. The proliferation of grotesque imagery in these early graphic works had a significant influence on the period novels of Dickens and Balzac, as well as the development of social realism in art, which in France found great success with *caricatures*.

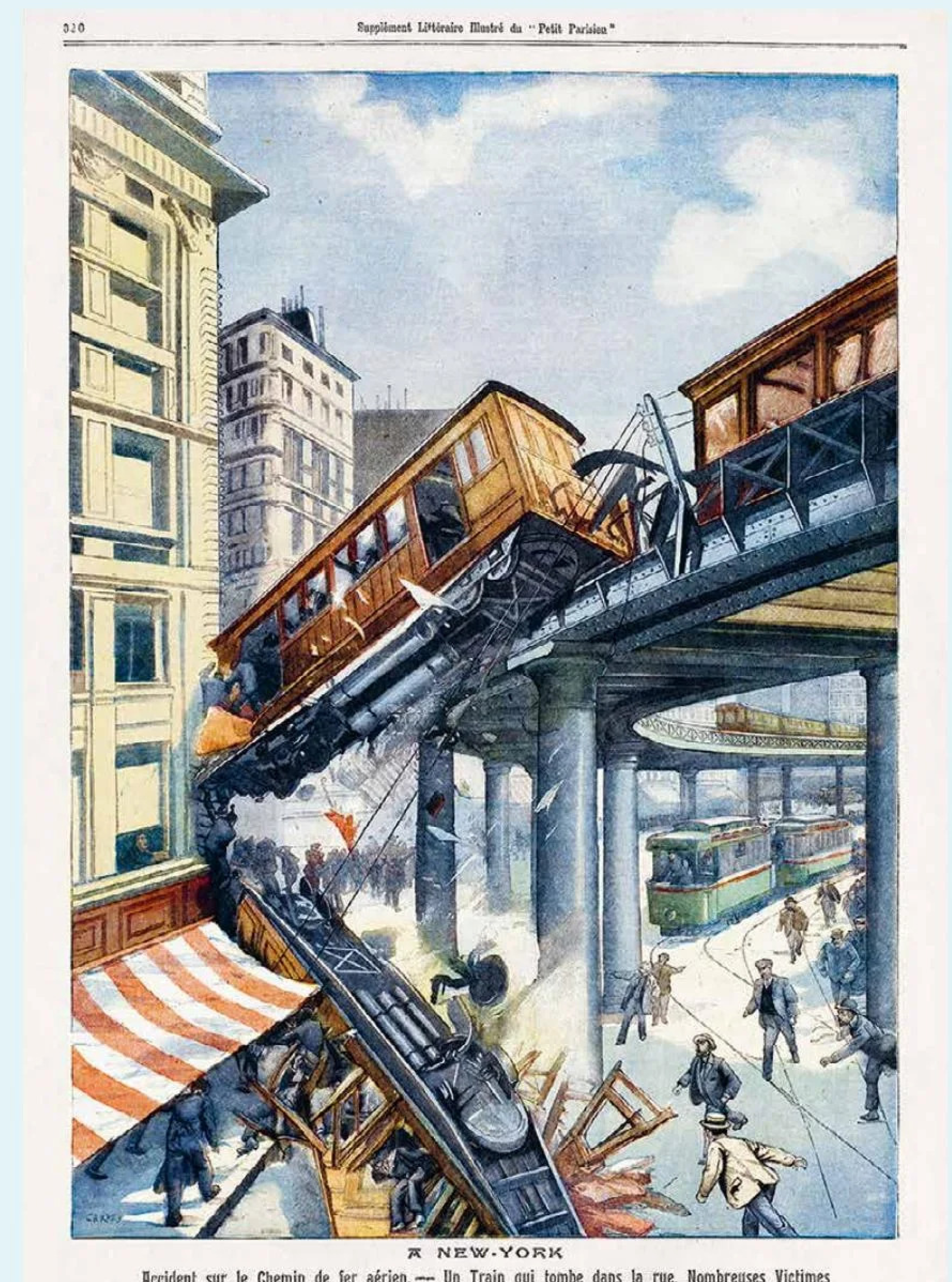
Documentary press illustration and caricature did not in fact begin to develop along separate lines until the late 1860s, when the introduction of new methods for reproducing graphic works also coincided with new generations being recruited to the staff of magazines, which together resulted in a paradigm shift for the design of illustrated magazines and a permanent change to their visual presentation. The uniform appearance of classic press graphics began to lose its hold and was replaced by a spectacular variety of individual styles. In documentary illustration, the fine lines of a new photographic realism were combined with expressive, individual techniques. The impact of the motifs and structural graphic elements of this expressive pictorial journalism can be demonstrated by their influence on Vincent van Gogh's paintings and drawings, and indeed a whole chapter is devoted later on to this artist who was also a keen collector of engravings and an advocate of contemporary illustrated graphic works.

Another innovation in modern press graphics was the use of illustrated articles on politics and other topics in the new medium of popular journalism, and from the 1880s the ghostly forerunners of Surrealism made an early appearance in the illustrations accompanying

"Before the paparazzi, before photojournalism, certainly before smartphone footage, there was the illustrated press. [*The History of Press Graphics*] bridges the gap between the largely forgotten field of press graphics and firmly established art figures and movements."
Creative Review

Opposite:
Winsor McCay
Confusion
Relief etching
From: *Life*, New York,
April 27, 1899.

Carrey
New York. Accident on the Elevated Railroad
Colored relief etching
From: *Le Petit Parisien*,
October 1, 1905.





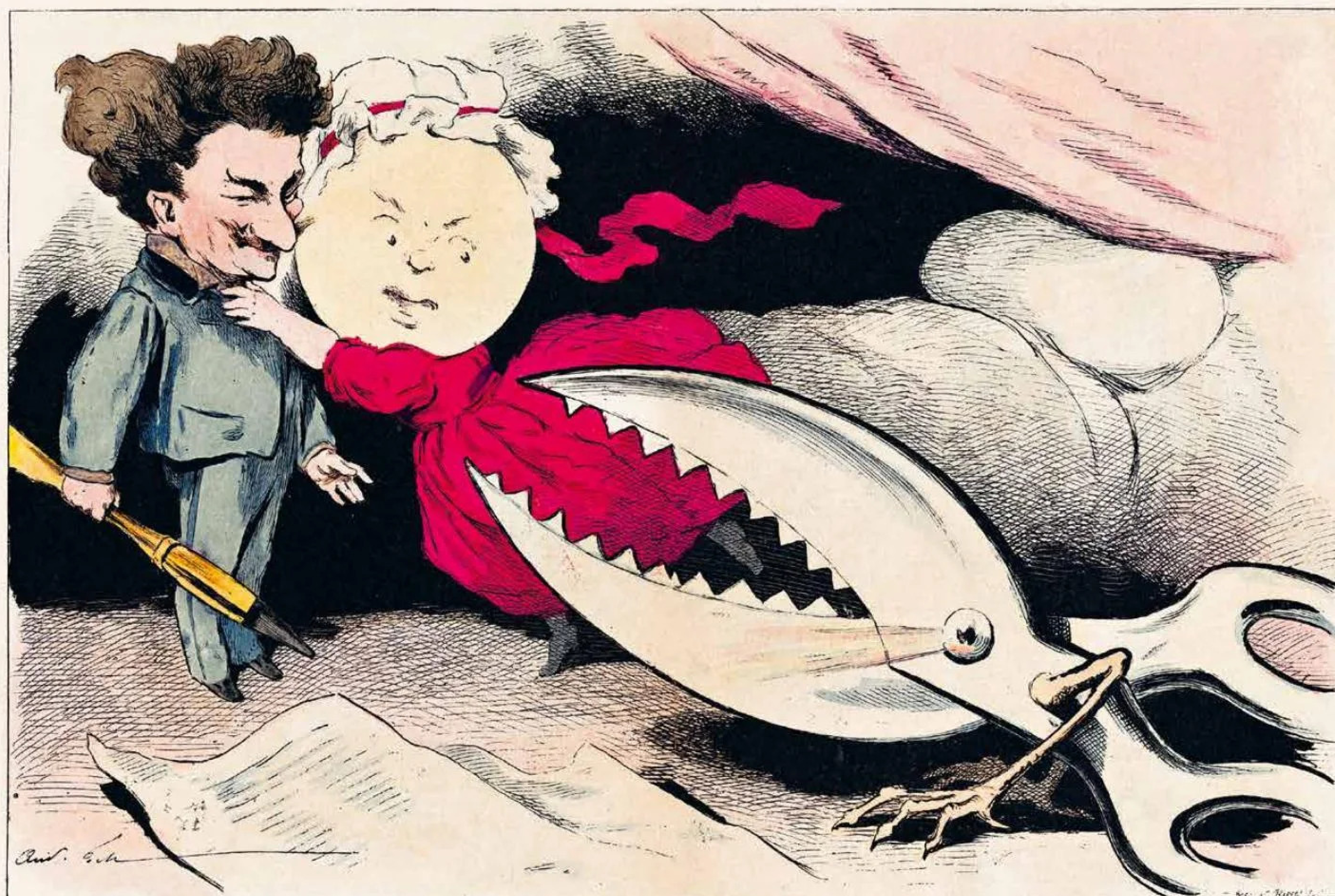
Above:
André Gill
Monsieur X…?
Stencil-colored relief etching. From: *L'Éclipse*, Paris, August 9, 1868.

André Gill, Yves & Barret
Hold on Tight, Silly Billy, It's Starting Again!
Stencil-colored relief etching. From: *La Lune rousse*, Paris, March 4, 1877.

sensationalist reports. However, the break with reality that became evident in a variety of different ways in the hybrid imagery of illustrated magazines around the turn of the century was not an unknown phenomenon in the context of the press. A degree of fragmentation and lack of coherence had been associated with printed images in newspapers from the beginning, and the chance encounter of the most diverse news items or their unconnected juxtaposition in the columns on the page corresponded to a tendency in press illustration towards multiple images in pictorial formats that were arranged like patchwork. In England in the early 18th century there had already appeared a disjunctive form of graphic collage known as *medley prints*, which was closely linked to the rise of journalism.

When the use of caricatures in France became prominent once again at the end of the 19th century, this random method of structuring press graphics was given a systematic boost which had significant consequences. Incoherence was now the rallying cry of a group of artists, many of whom supplied works to illustrated magazines, who took up arms against the bastions of academic art through parody and experimental methods. In later decades the caricatural anti-art of this Incoherents art movement was taken up by Dada and Surrealist artists. At the turn of the century in the thriving art capital of Paris, there was scarcely any artist with innovative ideas who was not also working for illustrated magazines, and likewise almost every modern "ism" in the arts benefited from interchanges with press graphics. In terms of the history of illustration though, it can be said that there was no Big Bang in modernism after the First World War. Instead, and viewed within this complementary perspective, the artistic avant-gardes of the 20th century represented a sort of rearguard action of the age of press graphics.

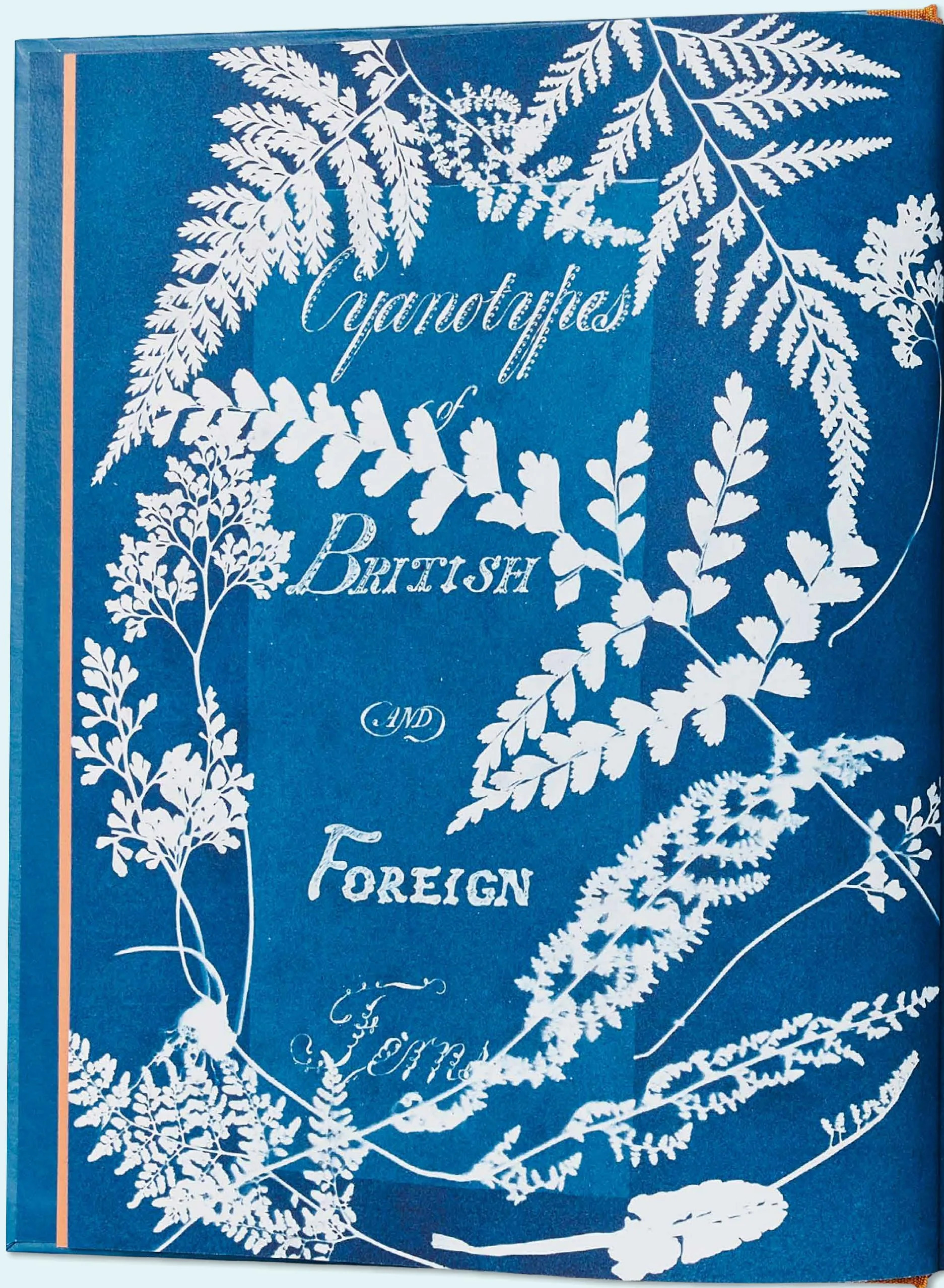
Alexander Roob taught graphics and painting at the University of Fine Arts in Hamburg and the State Academy of Fine Arts in Stuttgart. He is the author of Alchemy & Mysticism, *published by TASCHEN.*



Opposite:
Syd B. Griffin & J. Ottmann
The Evil Spirits of the Modern Daily Press
Tinted lithograph.
From: *Puck*, New York, November 21, 1888.



THE EVIL SPIRITS OF THE MODERN DAILY PRESS.


Cyanotypes
of
British
and
Foreign
Ferns

Botanical Blueprints

Peter Walther (Ed.)

Anna Atkins
Cyanotypes

Directed and produced by Benedikt Taschen

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TASCHEN


Sargassum plumosum.

Anna Atkins. A Female Pioneer of Early Photography

By Peter Walther

Opposite:
British Algae, Vol. 1, 1849–1851: *Sargassum plumosum.* New York Public Library.

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of

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TASCHEN

DURING THE REIGN of Queen Victoria (1819–1901), Halstead Place, a manor house south-east of London in the county of Kent, was set in an idyllic park, surrounded by elm trees. The front of the house overlooked open countryside. In fine weather it was here that wooden shelves were erected, designed to hold contact printing frames containing botanical specimens neatly close together. Algae and ferns were pressed under glass and exposed to the sun for up to 15 minutes, during which the sunlight traced the plants' outlines on to paper coated with light-sensitive chemicals. Between 1843 and 1853 some 10,000 images were created. This open-air photographic laboratory was the workplace of Anna Atkins (1799–1871), a woman to whose creativity and determination we owe one of the most extraordinary accomplishments in the early history of photography.

This book offers, for the first time, a complete overview of Anna Atkins' photographic oeuvre. It includes her two major works, *British Algae* (1843–1853) and *Cyanotypes of British and Foreign Ferns* (1853), the latter of which was produced in collaboration with her friend Anne Dixon (1799–1865). The importance of these volumes is hard to overestimate, for they are milestones in the history of science and media. Even so, independent of their historic importance, the filigree forms of the algae and ferns, interwoven against the blue background of the cyanotype, have created images of timeless aesthetic appeal.

A LOVE OF BOTANY

In 1825 Anna married John Pelly Atkins (1790–1872), a prosperous merchant, Sheriff of Kent, and a close friend of her father's. Some of the time the couple resided at Halstead Place, but they also maintained a home in London, thus enabling Anna's close relationship with her father to continue. At Halstead Place, the rural manor, they enjoyed a prosperous way of life. John Pelly Atkins was devoted to extending their fine art collection, which already included paintings by Correggio, Caravaggio and Bruegel. Also, with his interest in the sciences, he encouraged his wife's ambitions.

Now married, Anna broadened her interests in botany. In 1835, she began by creating a herbarium. She collected, dried, and flattened samples and, when her friends went travelling, she asked them to bring her back plants from the places where they had stayed. However, she was not content with simply collecting and assembling examples, and was also interested in botanical classification techniques. In an era of masculine domination, botany was one of the few disciplines open to women as a field of scientific activity.

As a discipline so well equipped to adapt to a newly established approach to scientific knowledge, botany attracted increasing interest thanks to its exemplary way of offering terminology that could be used by encyclopaedia compilers throughout the world. In his book *Species Plantarum,* published in 1753, Carolus Linnaeus (1707–1778) offered a system for naming plant species, thereby paving the way for categorization still in use today. Numerous books with systematic lists of plants followed, in addition to elaborately designed volumes with botanical illustrations.

On 7 January 1839 the photographic process of Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre (1787–1851), the French painter and inventor of the diorama, was presented to a session of the Académie des Sciences in Paris. It was an event that triggered hectic activity among Europe's scientific communities.

In England it was a good friend of Atkins' father John George Children, William Henry Fox Talbot (1800–1877), who on 31 January 1839 presented his paper, *Some Account of the Art of Photogenic Drawing*, to the Royal Society. By March of the same year, at a meeting

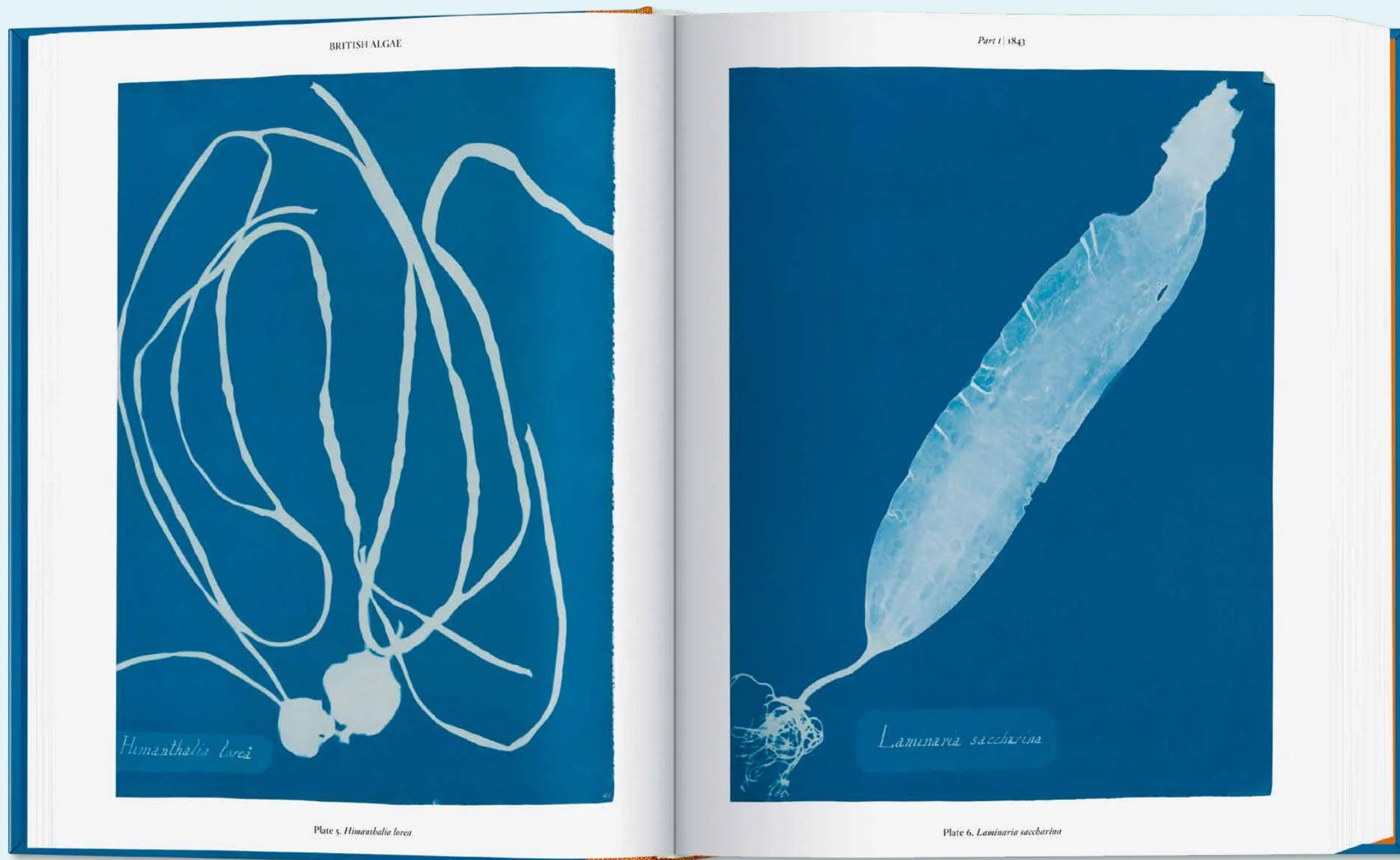
of the Botanical Society in London, there was the first small exhibition showing images produced "by the photogenic process of Mr Talbot". The earliest years of the art of photography saw the development of calotype, a process invented by Talbot which was used to create images of the amateur botanist's favourite subjects: leaves and moss.

TALBOT, HERSCHEL, AND CYANOTYPES

On 21 February, 1839 when Talbot presented in person his research and his specimens to the Royal Society—the session was chaired by Children—details of Daguerre's invention were as yet unknown. Talbot was convinced that Daguerre's methods were identical to his own. In fact, the daguerreotype and Talbot's calotype process differed in more than details. Daguerre's use of a polished metal sheet resulted in vibrant, sharp images which left Talbot's paper prints a long way behind. However, daguerreotypes were expensive, unique pieces, while Talbot's negative process belonged to the future, allowing as it did the reproduction of photographic images. In September 1841 Children asked the miniature portrait painter Henry Collen (1797–1879), a friend of Talbot's and the first person to be licensed by the latter as a professional calotypist, to take his portrait using the camera. Printed on salt paper, on which today only the tracing of the outline is visible, it is among the oldest surviving calotype portraits.

Even so, Children was not only interested in results, but also in the calotype process, which in its early days was still associated with many uncertainties. He wrote to the inventor telling him that he and his daughter would themselves adopt the method and that he had already ordered a camera for Anna from the optician Andrew Ross (1798–1859). Unfortunately, no photos taken by Anna Atkins' camera have survived, in contrast to an ironic poem by her father which recounted the failure to take a calotype portrait.

In 1841, the same year in which Anna and her father were experimenting with the calotype process, there appeared *A Manual of the British Algae* by the Irish algae specialist William Henry Harvey (1811–1866). Although he was a gifted artist whose publications occasionally included his own illustrations, his book on British algae was without visuals. Anna Atkins used *A Manual of the British Algae* as a prototype for the classification and description of her plant specimens. At the same time, she looked for a way to enhance Harvey's book with pictures of the plants he described. Talbot's calotype process proved to be too complicated for such purposes. More stable and simpler was a process which Talbot's friend John Herschel (1792–1871) was to develop the following year. Herschel was a scientist whose interests ranged far and wide. He was an astronomer, mathematician, chemist, and philosopher, who also studied botany. Inspired by Daguerre's announcement in January 1839, Herschel concentrated on photochemical issues. He had sent a letter to Harvey, the algae specialist, in which some of the pages had been coated with an emulsion containing silver so that plants might be photographed. In September 1839 he succeeded in fixing an image of his father's 40-foot-telescope on to glass. However, his most decisive step towards the advancement of photography was the development of a photochemical process which simplified fixing the action of light in an unprecedented way, namely the invention of the cyanotype process. The process was so easy to master that it soon became a leisure activity in the Herschel family. It only needed two chemicals which, in subdued light, were spread over a backing paper with a paint brush or sponge. Objects were arranged on the prepared paper and exposed to sunlight, only becoming visible when the salt loaded with iron was washed away. The longer the paper was exposed to the sun, the deeper the blue to which the illuminated areas turned, while the covered areas stayed white, creating a negative image of the object.



Commercial reproduction of calotypes by William Henry Fox Talbot and Nicolaas Henneman, 1846. Salted paper print from paper negative. Los Angeles, J. Paul Getty Museum.



Herschel not only invented the cyanotype process, he also coined the terms "negative" and "positive" to describe photographic images, and was also credited with introducing the word "photography". In an article he immediately sent to Children, the inventor outlined the new photochemical process. Perhaps this was how Anna learnt about its invention. It might have been during one of Herschel's frequent visits to Halstead Place—the two families had become friends—that she first heard the word "cyanotype". In any case, learning about this process enabled Anna Atkins to bring together her botanical interests and her artistic inclinations for practical purposes.

BRITISH ALGAE

When Anna Atkins had begun producing cyanotypes of algae, she chronicled her endeavours in one of her few surviving letters. In October 1843, in a letter to her friend Sophia Bliss, she wrote: "I have lately taken in hand a rather lengthy performance, encouraged by my father's opinion that it will be useful—it is the taking photographical impressions of all (that I can procure) of the British algae and confervae, many of which are so minute that accurate drawings of them are very difficult to make."

For her photographs, Atkins—like Talbot and nearly all British photographers in the pioneer age of the medium—used writing paper branded "J. Whatman, Turkey Mill". As early as Part 1 of the album, the company's watermark showing the years 1842 and 1843 could be found on single sheets. The paper's surface, absorbency, color, weight, and strength all played a role in deciding whether it increased the quality of the picture. Small holes on the edge of the cyanotypes suggest that after Atkins prepared the sheets, then washed and dried them, she had attached them to a wall.

Anna Atkins herself had collected and dried most of the plants included in *British Algae*. At harvest time, the algae were immediately rinsed in water, then taken home where she used dissecting forceps and camelhair brushes to remove extraneous matter, before finally pressing and drying them. Since the backs of many of Atkins' images are pale blue in color, we can assume that she did not always sensitize the paper with a brush or sponge. Instead, she immersed it in chemical solutions. To create a cyanotype, Atkins placed the plants on to the suitably prepared paper set into a copy frame, which she then covered with a glass plate so as to guarantee the closest possible contact with the support surface. The result was a lavishly detailed outline image. Areas only partly permeable to light appeared brighter in the image than those fully exposed, while denser algae were less distinctly visible.

"These beautifully detailed images show the remarkable legacy of Anna Atkins, a 19th-century botanist who left her stamp on science and photography with her signature 'cyanotype' prints."

New Scientist

Alongside the specimen, a label showing the name of the plant was placed on the paper. The label indicating the plant's name was first dipped in oil to make it transparent, so that when exposed to the light only the script remained. Depending on the weather and the intensity of the sun the copy frames were left in the sun for between five and 15 minutes. After a time, the paper would turn a yellowish green color which, after the sheets were rinsed in water, turned a more or less intense blue.

> “Matte-soft paper, illustrations in original size, printing of the highest quality, a noble, iridescent spine, a thick-walled slipcase; all work of the highest quality from TASCHEN, documenting for the first time the photographic oeuvre of Anna Atkins…the significance of these albums can hardly be overestimated, they are landmarks in the history of science and photography. And…simply beautiful.”
>
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October 1843 saw the publication of around 15 copies of the first volume of *British Algae*, which Anna Atkins dedicated to her father. In a foreword, she reflected on the reasons why she had produced the book. “The difficulty of making accurate drawings of objects so minute as many of the algae has induced me to avail myself of Sir John Herschel’s beautiful process of cyanotype, to obtain impressions of the plants themselves, which I have much pleasure in offering to my botanical friends.” In the subsequent years leading up to the spring of 1849, a total of ten volumes, each containing 12 prints were produced, which Atkins sewed together by hand. The recipients were responsible for collating and binding the sections together. No copy of a book looked the same as another. In some cases, plates delivered separately were never correctly matched. Sometimes recipients would follow Anna Atkins’ instructions and exchanged and rearranged plates to their own satisfaction. This meant it was impossible to correctly number the plates as listed. Counting the different images delivered to different destinations, in some 15 copies of *British Algae,* Anna Atkins exposed more than 450 cyanotypes of various specimens of algae. The sheer scale of this venture made it the most significant application of the cyanotype process.

Little is known of how the recipients of Anna Atkins’ gift reacted. Talbot reciprocated by sending a copy of *The Pencil of Nature,* the first commercially published book to be illustrated with photographs. The list of addressees confirms that Atkins did not only send the book as a token of friendship. She also wanted it to help to draw attention to a practice that both served as a scientific tool and opened up new methods in applying photographic techniques in the world of publishing.

Peter Walther has edited various publications on literary, photographic, and contemporary historical themes. He is the author of the TASCHEN publications The First World War in Colour *and* Lewis W. Hine: America at Work.



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Peter Walther
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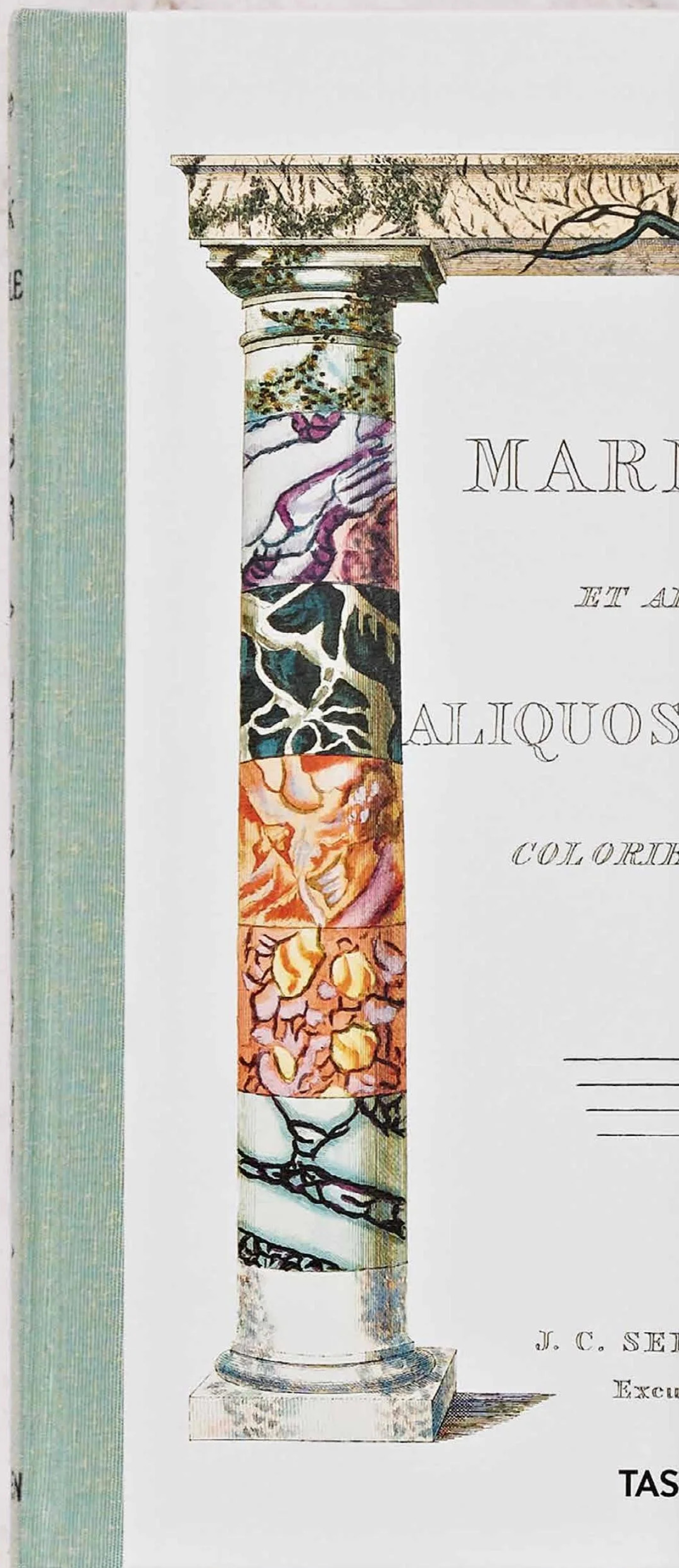
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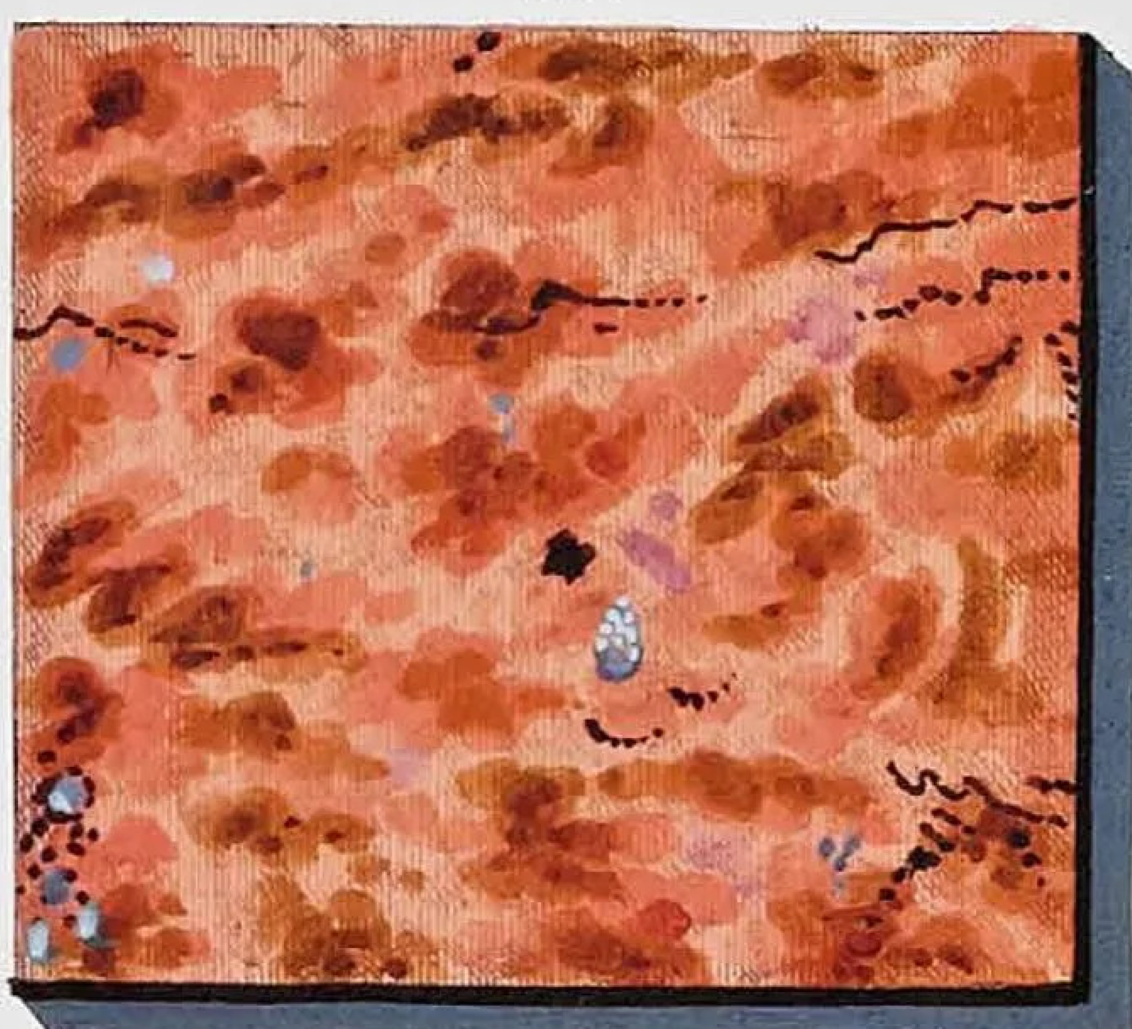
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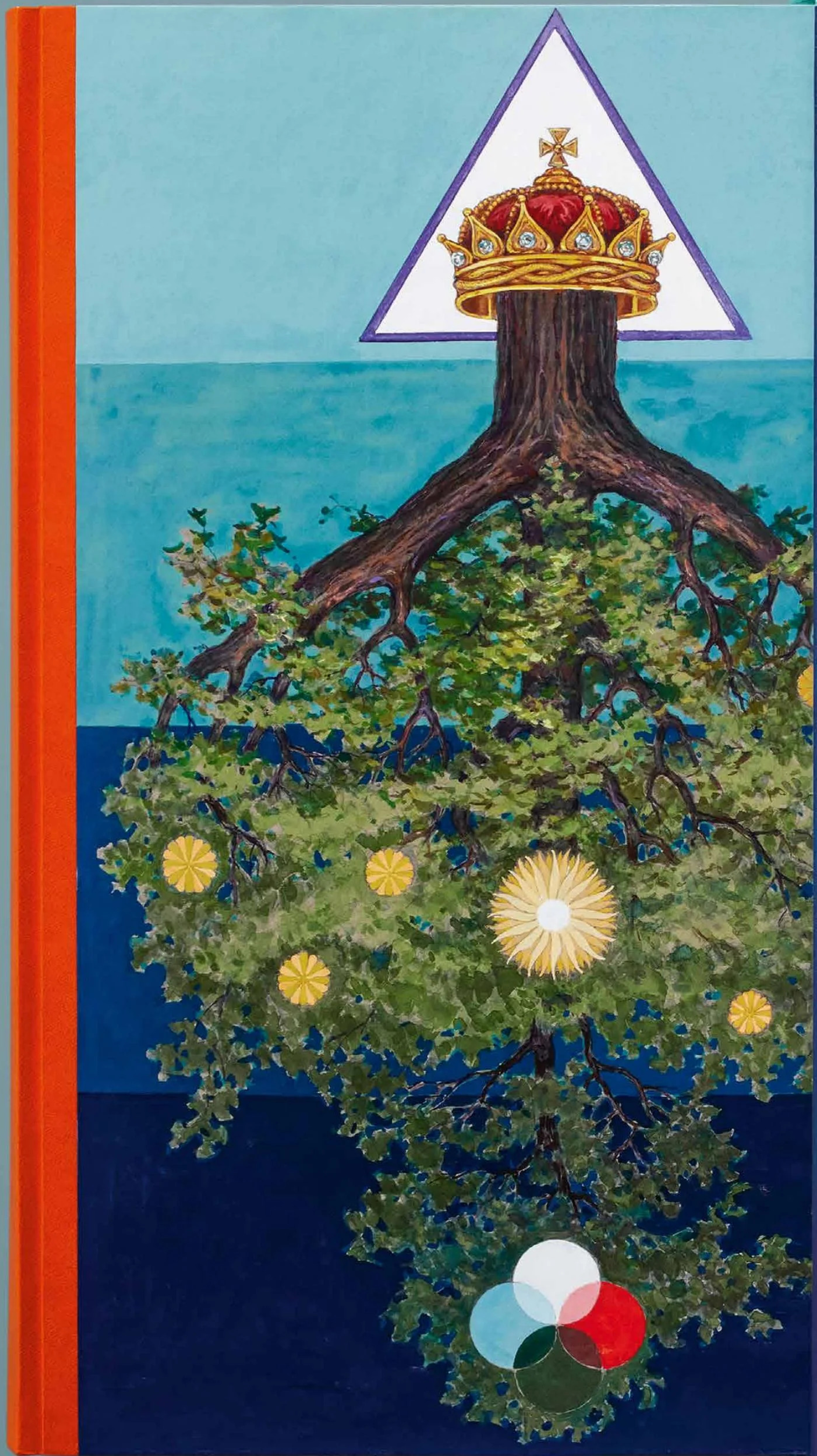
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BAB SUMO

MANLY PALMER HALL. SECRET TEACHINGS OF ALL AGES
Jessica Hundley (ed.)
Hardcover with fold-outs in slipcase, 356 pages, with companion book of 256 pages, both with leatherette-bound spine and gold foil embossing; 4 prints in a portfolio, each h 47.5 × w 33.5 cm (18.7 × 13.2 in.)
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New Dawn

The Story Behind the *Secret Teachings of All Ages*

By Jessica Hundley

IN 1923, 22-YEAR-OLD Los Angeles-based philosopher Manly P. Hall set out by ship to explore sacred sites around the globe. He would stand at the feet of the Sphinx, climb the Great Wall, and sit at the feet of Sufi holy men. Returning home, Hall set out to write his magnum opus, a massive compendium of philosophy and myth, entitled *The Secret Teachings of All Ages*. As he explained in a letter his "It is a volume to be used in interpreting the philosophic, scientific, and religious allegories of the ancient and modern worlds. This book has a definite message for those in every walk of life who are interested in the deeper problems of their divine origin and destiny."

Embracing an expansive range of occult teachings, from Astrology and to the building of the pyramids, from Tarot to Pythagorean philosophies—*Secret Teachings of All Ages,* is one young man's attempt to unveil the arcane myths and furtive mysteries of thousands of years of human civilization. First published in a limited edition of only 500 in 1928, the original *Secret Teachings* was a wonder to behold, a massive tome encompassing an array of esoteric topics and featuring vividly cinematic artwork. To bring his densely researched chapters to vivid life, Hall relied on of two talented artists of the era, each taking their own unique approach to occult subject matter.

The first was the California-based, Armenian-born Mihran Kevork Serailian, whose contributions were inspired by and in reference to much of the source material Hall had brought back from his world travels. Among Hall's treasures were a number of traditional Tantric painting from Rajasthan, India—abstracted spiritual art that Hall and Serailian translated into vibrant works of mystical realism. For the bulk of the artwork created for *Secret Teachings*, however, Hall enlisted the prodigious talents of his close friend and fellow seeker, the artist J. Augustus Knapp. A Freemason and Scottish Rite member, Knapp had arrived in Los Angeles in 1923, most likely at the encouragement of Hall, whom he had met four years prior. Knapp found work immediately in the film industry, putting his creative skills to use painting movie posters for a prominent publicity company. The two would form a fertile collaboration with *Secret Teachings*, Hall's fevered essays elevated by Knapp into vibrant visual narratives.

> "Unique among his contemporaries, Hall would utilize his charismatic persona as a conduit, remaining always an enthusiast, never a guru."

Knapp would create 54 epic watercolor paintings for the book, (48 were included) depicting figures, landscapes, and symbols inspired by ancient myth and religious and philosophical concepts. The result of Hall and Knapp's collective efforts is perhaps one of the most comprehensive encyclopedic volumes on esoterica—ever—an overview of humankind's exploration into the unknown, illustrated with all lush, hyper-realism of a fantasy film or a graphic novel. Bound in goatskin and encased in polished wood, the original Subscriber's edition of *Secret Teachings* weighed over 15 pounds and was priced at $100, a substantial sum in 1928.

It was an instant sensation. The book would make the then 27-year old Hall world famous. A brilliant, impassioned speaker, he would go on lecture on philosophy across the nation and at the Philosophical

Opposite:
M.K. Serailian
The Seven Spinal Chakras from *An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism*, published in 1929 by Manly P. Hall, 1926.



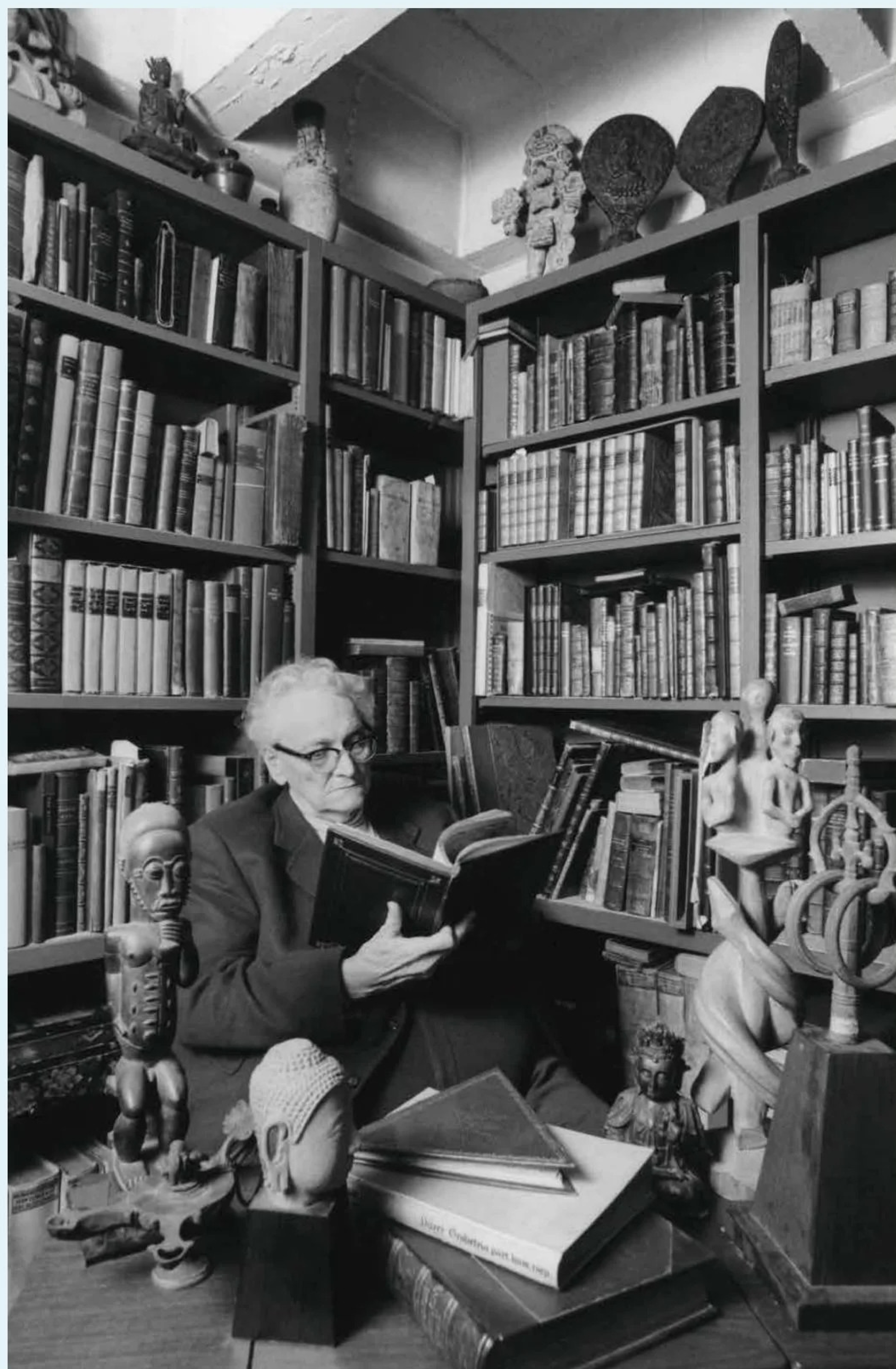
Manly P. Hall aboard the round-the-world liner SS *Franconia*, 1920s. Photographer unknown.

Research Society, the campus he would build in Los Angeles in 1935. Built by architect Robert Stacy-Judd to resemble a Mayan Temple, the space included an ornate library housing Hall's treasure trove of rare books and art. Unique among his contemporaries, Hall would utilize his charismatic persona as a conduit, remaining always an enthusiast, never a guru. His enduring conviction was that philosophy provided the true path to redemption. Enlightenment, for Hall, arrived only with the understanding of one's self. He would go so far as to dedicate *The Secret Teaching of All Ages* to "the Rational Soul of the World".

In his introduction to *Secret Teachings*, he provides a strident manifesto on the importance of philosophy in the modern world and to the modern mind. "Plato regarded philosophy as the greatest good ever imparted by Divinity to man...In this age the word *philosophy* has little meaning unless accompanied by some other qualifying term. The body of philosophy has been broken up into numerous *isms* more or less antagonistic, which have become so concerned with the effort to disprove each other's fallacies that the more sublime issues of divine order and human destiny have suffered deplorable neglect. The ideal function of philosophy is to serve as the stabilizing influence in human thought."

Portrait of Manly P. Hall at The Philosophical Research Society, 1985. Photographer unknown.

Opposite: **Robert Stacy-Judd** Architectural sketch of the Philosophical Research Society, 1934.



Perhaps one of the most comprehensive encyclopedic volumes ever created, Hall's masterpiece is now presented by TASCHEN in a new and expansive box set. Featuring never-before seen-imagery, fine art prints, and an informative companion guide, this expanded edition of *The Secret Teachings of All Ages*, brings Hall's original vision back to vivid life. An astounding overview of humankind's exploration into the unknown, Hall's work offers a potent reminder of his own enduring belief; that knowledge and philosophy "will do nothing less than save the world."

AN EXCERPT FROM *THE SECRET TEACHINGS OF ALL AGES* BY MANLY PALMER HALL

In this commercial age, science is concerned solely with the classification of physical knowledge and investigation of the temporal and illusionary parts of Nature. Its so-called practical discoveries bind one but more tightly with the bonds of physical limitation, Religion, too, has become materialistic: the beauty and dignity of faith is measured by huge piles of masonry, by tracts of real estate, or by the balance sheet. Philosophy which connects heaven and earth like a mighty ladder, up the rungs of which the illumined of all ages have climbed into the living presence of Reality, even philosophy has become a prosaic and heterogeneous mass of conflicting notions. Its beauty, its dignity, its transcendency are no more. Like other branches of human thought, it has been made materialistic, "practical" and its activities so directionalized that they may also contribute their part to the erection of this modern world of stone and steel.

The power to think true is the savior of humanity.

The great philosophic institutions of the past must rise again, for these alone can tend the veil which divides the world of causes from that of effects. Only the Mysteries, those sacred Colleges of Wisdom, can reveal to struggling humanity, that greater and more glorious universe which is the true home of the spiritual being. Modern philosophy has failed in that it has come to regard thinking as simply an *intellectual* process. Materialistic thought is as hopeless a code of life as commercialism itself.

Briefly stated, the true purpose of ancient philosophy was to discover a method whereby development of the rational nature could be accelerated instead of awaiting the slower processes of Nature, This supreme source of power, this attainment of knowledge, this unfolding of the god within, is concealed under the epigrammatic statement of the *philosophic life*. This was the key to the Great Work, the mystery of the Philosopher's Stone, for it meant that alchemical transmutation had been accomplished.

One's physical, emotional, and mental natures provide environments of reciprocal benefit or detriment to each other. Hence *right action*, *right feeling*, and *right thinking* are prerequisites of *right knowing*, and the attainment of philosophic power is possible only to such as have harmonized their thinking, with their living. *Philosophic power is the natural outgrowth of the philosophic life*. Just as an intense physical existence emphasizes the importance of physical things, or just as the monastic metaphysical asceticism establishes the desirability of the ecstatic state, so complete philosophic absorption ushers the consciousness of the thinker into the most elevated and noble of all spheres—the pure philosophic, or rational, world.

The one hope of the world is philosophy, for all the sorrows of modern life result from the lack of a proper philosophic code. Those who sense even in part the dignity of life cannot but realize the shallowness apparent in the activities of this age. It has been said that no individual can succeed until they has developed their philosophy



of life. Neither can a race or nation attain true greatness until it has formulated an adequate philosophy and has dedicated its existence to a policy consistent with that philosophy.

War, the irrefutable evidence of irrationality, still smolders in the hearts of men; it cannot die until human selfishness is overcome. Armed with multifarious inventions and destructive agencies, civilization will continue its fratricidal strife through future ages. But upon the mind of one there is dawning a great fear, the fear that eventually civilization will destroy itself in one great cataclysmic struggle.

> *"The power to think true*
> **is the savior of humanity."**

Then must be reenacted the eternal drama of reconstruction. Out of the ruins of the civilization which died when its idealism died, some primitive people yet in the womb of destiny must build a new world. Foreseeing the needs of that day, the philosophers of the ages have desired that into the structure of this new world shall be incorporated the truest and finest of all that has gone before. It is a divine law that the sum of previous accomplishment shall be the foundation of each new order of things. The great philosophic treasures of humanity must be preserved. That which is superficial may be allowed to perish; that which is fundamental and essential must remain, regardless of cost.

Through the eternities of existence, one is gradually increasing in both wisdom and understanding; our ever-expanding consciousness is including more of the external within the area of itself. Through the labyrinth of diversity only the illumined mind can, and must, lead the soul into the perfect light of unity. Philosophy would lead us into the broad, calm vistas of truth, for the world of philosophy is a land of peace where those finer qualities pent up within each human soul are given opportunity for expression. Here we are taught the wonders of the blades of grass; each stick and stone is endowed with speech and tells the secret of its being. All life, bathed in the radiance of understanding, becomes a wonderful and beautiful reality.

In this era of "practical" things we scoff at goodness. We have forgotten the path which leads beyond the stars. Nevertheless, this little earth is bathed as of old in the sunlight of its Providential Generator. Wide-eyed babes still face the mysteries of physical existence. We continue to laugh and cry, to love and hate; Some still dream of a nobler world, a fuller life, a more perfect realization. In both the heart and mind, the gates which lead from mortality to immortality are still ajar.

Virtue, love, and idealism are yet the regenerators of humanity. The path still winds upward to accomplishment. The soul has not been

deprived of its wings; they are merely folded under its garment of flesh. Philosophy is ever that magic power which, sundering the vessel of clay, releases the soul from its bondage to habit and perversion. Still as of old, the soul released can spread its wings and soar to the very source of itself.

The criers of the Mysteries speak again, bidding all welcome to the House of Light. The great institution of materiality has failed. The false civilization built by one has turned, and like the monster of Frankenstein, is destroying its creator. Religion wanders aimlessly in the maze of theological speculation. Science batters itself impotently against the barriers of the unknown.

Only transcendental philosophy knows the path. Only the illumined reason can carry the understanding part of one upward to the light. Only philosophy can teach one to be born well, to live well, to die well, and in perfect measure be born again. Into this band of the elect, those who have chosen the life of knowledge, of virtue, and of utility, the philosophers of the ages invite *YOU.*

Jessica Hundley is an author, filmmaker, and journalist. She has written for Vogue, Rolling Stone, *and* The New York Times, *and is also the author and editor of TASCHEN's* Library of Esoterica *series.*

“A lavish tome worthy of the wisdom passed down by many great teachers throughout history.”

Creative Review

Opposite:
M.K. Serailian
The Opening of the Third Eye from *An Essay on the Fundamental Principles of Operative Occultism,* published in 1929 by Manly P. Hall, 1926.



XXXVII

The Life and Writings of Thoth Hermes Trismegistus






M·K Serailian

The 12 Steps. Symbols, Myths, and Archetypes of Recovery
An illustrated history of the Twelve Step program

Addiction and Recovery

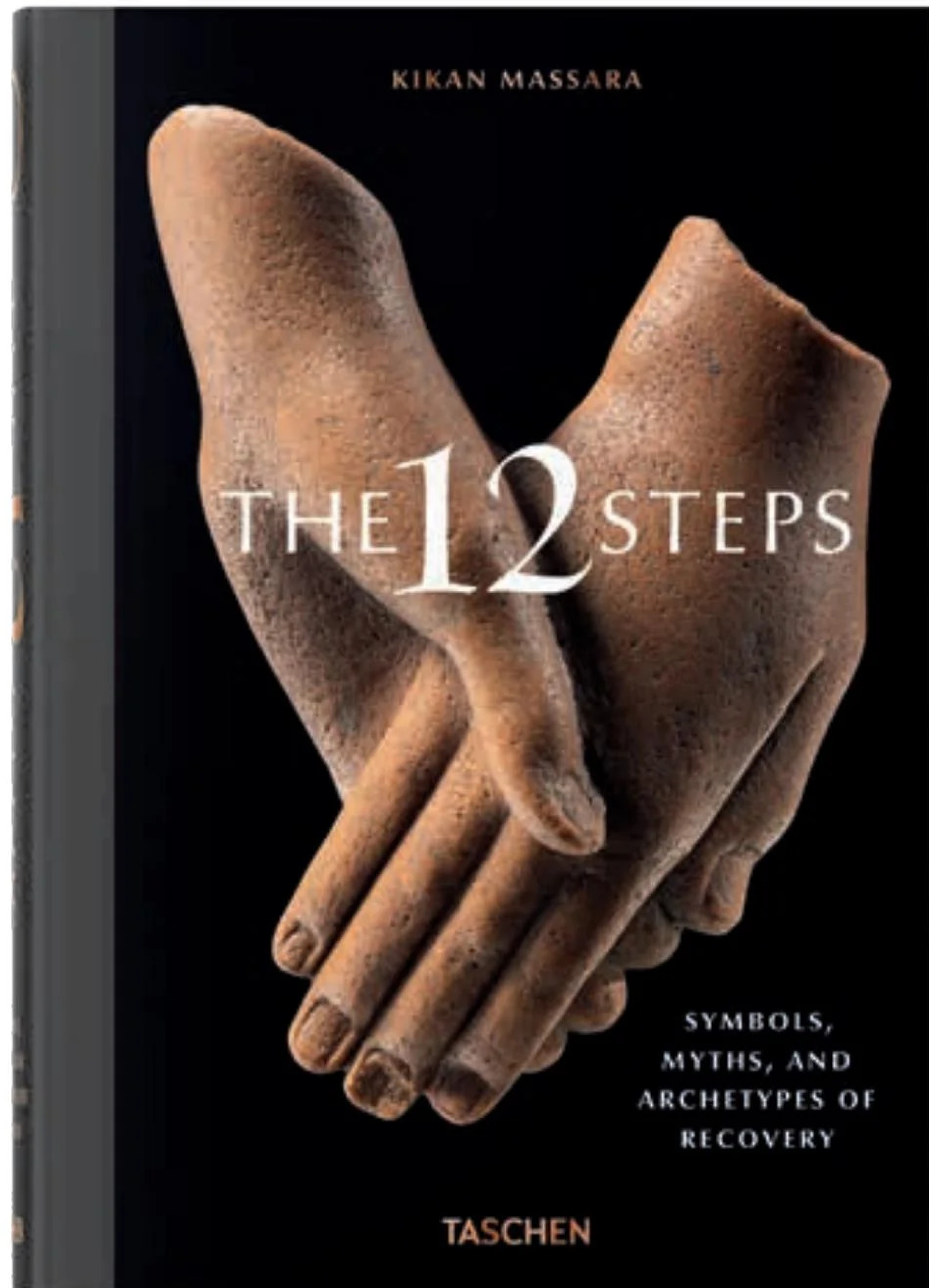
A visual journey through the Twelve Steps



Above:
"Go on a journey from self to Self, my friend. Such a journey transforms the earth into a mine of gold."—Rumi. **Katsushika Hokusai**, *Amida Waterfall on the Kiso Highway*, circa 1833.

Opposite:
Addiction is known to lead to disconnection from oneself and others, but also from the spiritual dimension of one's being. This rupture is symbolized here as an entrapped soul. **Elihu Vedder**, *Soul in Bondage*, 1891.

THE 12 STEPS. SYMBOLS, MYTHS, AND ARCHETYPES OF RECOVERY
Kikan Massara
384 pages €/£30/$40



Through art, literature, and scientific research, delve into the history of the *Twelve Steps* – the path of recovery that has helped millions radically change their lives. Using symbolism and myths, this unique visual edition honors the transformative power of these universal principles and thoughtfully explores ways of aligning with them.


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SUMO

THOMAS LAIRD.
MURALS OF TIBET
Hardcover with fold-outs, supplement book, and bookstand, 50 × 70 cm (19.7 × 27.6 in), 60 kg (132.28 lb), 498 pages
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Sustainable Gastronomy

Yoshihiro Narisawa innovates gastronomy through the eyes of nature in *Satoyama Cuisine*. Bringing foraged ingredients—wild flowers, soil, shaved bark—to fine dining, satoyama symbolizes harmony between humans and nature.

“I can’t conceive the idea of a chef separated from his own environment. I always try to build close relationships with local producers and what they produce.”

Yoshihiro Narisawa





What Is Satoyama?

By Yoshihiro Narisawa

Kombu **storage, Okui Kaisedo, Tsuruga, Fukui prefecture.** *Kombu* grows for two years in the sea, and is then aged for a number of years in the cellars, after all of which the moment arrives at last when it can be soaked in water to make *dashi* soup. It is an ephemeral yet elegant plant, and the *kombu* tradition, dutifully continued by specialized merchants, has succeeded in bringing carefully harvested good-quality *kombu* into all the cultural centers of Japan. Japanese cuisine is the only one to use *kombu dashi* as a base. And the people of Japan have, for over 1,000 years, depended on the seaweed in order to produce the special flavor of umami.



I LIKE TO call my style of cooking Innovative Satoyama Cuisine.

It's difficult to find an equivalent word for satoyama in Western languages. Translating literally, *sato* means a village or community and *yama* means forest. Japan is an island country, and approximately 67 percent of its land mass is covered by forests. The people of Japan have always coexisted with their surroundings by making the best of nature's blessings, and as such satoyama is the embodiment of sustainable living whereby people coexist with the natural world in a symbiotic relationship.

There is only limited space for cultivation in Japan since areas of land are often surrounded by mountains or stop short at the sea, and what fields there are have been largely used to grow rice. At the same time, the natural bounty of the sea has been harvested and other sources of food gathered from the forests. We cut trees only as needed, and collect just enough wild vegetables for the family to eat. This was the way we maintained our forests for centuries.

For the Japanese, humankind has always been part of nature. The culture of satoyama is based on using only what is needed from nature, and to do so effectively while tending the sources in an appropriate manner, and at the same time seeing that a healthy environment is sustained. The leaves of trees absorb carbon dioxide and generate oxygen as part of the process known as photosynthesis, which is essential for life on this planet, just as much as water. The roots of trees act like filters, adding nutrients to the water. This mountain water will ultimately reach the sea, further spreading its richness. Forests provide food for the animals that live in them, and healthier forests support a richer range of biodiversity. As such, forests are a barometer of life.

I examine this aspect of Japanese culture that is rooted in nature through my own lens and express it in the form of cuisine. My style of cooking is thus the reconstruction of satoyama cuisine.

Aside from virgin forests, of which there are extremely few left on the planet, the vast majority of forests are now maintained by human beings. However, as soon as people affect an area of forest in one way or another, the natural balance of its ecosystem may become unsettled and they must then continue to maintain it. If this is not done, trees can grow too much in places and prevent the sunlight from reaching the forest floor, and if there isn't enough sunlight the other plants, fungi, and insects will die, birds and animals will disappear, and the forest will perish.

We must all recognize the importance of forests and find a way to coexist with them that is sustainable. For even now, forests continue to disappear.

So, as a chef, what can I do?

Yoshihiro Narisawa opened his first restaurant in Kanagawa in 1996, moving to Tokyo in 2003. After pursuing a connection with French cuisine, Narisawa went on to develop his "Satoyama" style.

After 25 years in the coffee business, Sergio Coimbra became the world's leading culinary photographer, working with names such as Massimo Bottura and Heston Blumenthal.



秋 **Bread of the Forest**
Autumn



Natural Yeast from the Forest, Oak Village, Gifu

Bread of the Forest. Yeast is a tiny organism, which converts its food through the process of fermentation to produce alcohol. It is found on tree bark, in the sap of trees, in flowers, and even in the soil, and occurs abundantly in the natural world. Although a fungus such as yeast may be invisible to the naked eye, much of our food culture is built on the work it does.

In the area of Takayama, in Gifu prefecture, a forest that is more than 8,000 years old supports a large concentration of native and virgin trees. The sawdust from these trees yields a powerful yeast.

The best matcha tea leaves come from Uji, to the south of Kyoto. They are grown on a plantation that is covered to reduce the amount of sunlight that reaches the leaves. The tea plants grown in the fields around Uji are only exposed to a little sunlight, which results in a distinctive umami flavor for the leaves that are harvested when they are very young, once a year and typically in May. After steaming and drying, the leaves are then set aside until the autumn since this is believed to be the best time to grind them.

Yoshihiro Narisawa visits a tea factory (right). First dried by a machine that blows the leaves right up to the ceiling separating the individual leaves, they are dried further in a brick oven until they become crisp.



In the 16th century, a number of objects painted with *urushi* were brought to Europe, where they became known as "Japanware". *Urushi* is a type of lacquer extracted from trees that has been used to paint various domestic items and crockery in Japan for over 10,000 years. The process for producing the lacquer involves taking around 200g of sap from each tree, which is then purified and mixed with chemicals for coloring, specifically red (mercury sulfide) and black (iron oxide). The scarcity of the raw material accounts for the luxury status and usage of the finished lacquer.

“A glorious visual journey through Yoshihiro Narisawa’s edible innovations, showcasing traditional ingredients alongside wild flowers, soil, and shaved tree bark.”

departures.com



五味 **Five Flavors**

“Everthing inspires me—
the wind in my face, the noise of a brook,
temperature I feel on my skin.”

Yoshihiro Narisawa

XXL

**YOSHIHIRO NARISAWA.
SATOYAMA CUISINE**
Hardcover, printed with 6 colors and varnish, Bodonian binding in different Japanese fabrics, book block with gilded edges, in a gloss lacquered box
Collector’s Edition No. 1–1,000, each signed by Yoshihiro Narisawa and photographer Sergio Coimbra
416 pages €/£/$ 1,250



Inaugurating a New Category in Cookbooks

An immersive trip into Narisawa's recipes and culinary universe and a visual journey through Japan

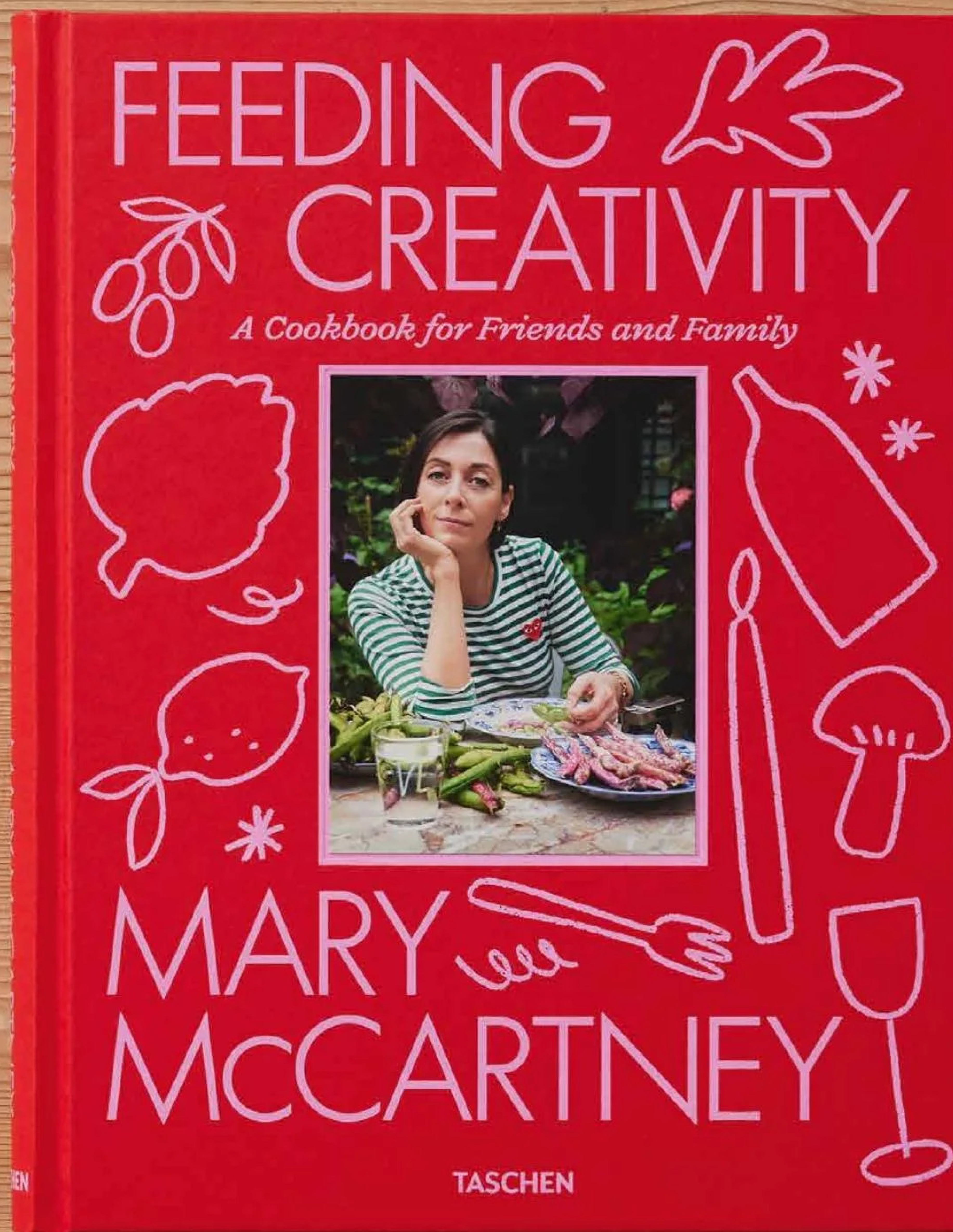


Plant-based recipes and encounters with artists, actors, and visionaries

Cook, Meet, Picture, Eat

"I decided to cook for each creative person I visited and see where the journey took me. Now I am happy to share that adventure with you."

Mary McCartney



Opposite:
Nile Rodgers enjoying Mary's Roasted and Toasted Salad, Abbey Road Studios, London.

MARY McCARTNEY. FEEDING CREATIVITY
280 pages €/£40/$50

MARY MCCARTNEY is a photographer, filmmaker, TV cook, and author. In *Feeding Creativity* she blends her passions for food and photography: cooking 60 of her favourite recipes for friends, family, musicians, actors, artists, and visionaries. Mary then takes each person a specially prepared dish to their home or studio, and photographs their culinary encounters, sharing her curated recipes and anecdotes from their time together.

Mary caters for every eating occasion on her culinary voyage, from enjoying sheet pan pancakes with Cameron Diaz for breakfast to sharing globe artichoke appetisers with HAIM. She prepares an onion, pea, and wilted spinach tart for lunch at David Hockney's L.A. studio and savors smokey dogs at home with Woody Harrelson. She meets Nile Rodgers at Abbey Road Studios with a roasted and toasted salad, makes a rainbow sprinkle cake for afternoon tea with Jeff Koons, and much more.

Feeding Creativity is a toast to easy and delicious plant-based food and a celebration of culinary conviviality.

CAMERON DIAZ SHEET PAN PANCAKES

> "Mary's book will bring joy to your palate, your eyes, and your heart."
> Stanley Tucci

CAMERON REALLY APPRECIATES food. On the occasions we get to meet up, food and drink usually play a big part in it. When she and her sister-in-law Nicole Richie were guests on my cooking show, I made them brunch and Cameron supplied her Avaline Rosé, from organic vineyards. Nicole was liberal in her pouring, and it went down a little too easily. We were having such a laugh that for a moment I forgot the cameras were even there.

I was in L.A. with my sister Stella and our family, so we planned a brunch at Cameron's place—all of us, the more the merrier. We have a mutual love of family gatherings; I had the perfect recipe for such an occasion. Heading out to her place I grabbed all the ingredients for my Sheet Pan Pancakes: the batter, berries and maple syrup. As a fellow Virgo, I knew that Cameron was a perfectionist and her kitchen was going to be organised and well-equipped. I was right, it even gave Stanley Tucci's kitchen a run for its money!

These pancakes are ridiculously quick to prepare, with no need to stand by the cooker flipping and flipping each one individually. Rather, I poured them into the sheet pan and popped them straight in the oven. Then Cameron, Stella and I had a great chance to catch up, with Cameron's brilliant sense of humour brightening up our day. We got so lost in conversation that I burnt the first batch! Second time around Cameron did the honours, getting the pancakes out, slicing and stacking, ready for the clan to get tucked in. The oozy blueberries popping with flavour, a hint of banana and cinnamon, finished off with the drizzle of maple syrup. Always a winner.



SHEET PAN PANCAKES

SERVES 4

Ingredients

Olive oil, for greasing the baking sheet

Batter
2 medium-sized ripe bananas, peeled
750 ml (3 cups plus 2 tablespoons) unsweetened plant-based milk
3 tablespoons apple cider vinegar
2 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons vanilla extract
360 g (3 cups) plain (all-purpose) flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon sea salt
1 tablespoon ground cinnamon

Topping
150 g (5 oz) fresh blueberries
2 tablespoons coconut sugar (or soft brown sugar)

To serve
Maple syrup
Handful of fresh berries (I use strawberries)
Vegan whipped spray cream (optional)

Method
Preheat the oven to 200°C/400°F.

Line a 30×40 cm (12×16 in.) baking sheet with lightly oiled parchment paper to prevent the pancake from sticking to the tray as it cooks.

Batter
Put the ripe bananas in a medium mixing bowl and mash well using a fork. Stir in the milk, vinegar, olive oil and vanilla extract.

In a separate larger mixing bowl, combine the flour, baking powder, sea salt and cinnamon. Form a well in the middle of the dry ingredients, and then, mixing constantly (to ensure a smooth batter), gradually pour the wet ingredients into the dry mixture. Whisk together well.

Pour the pancake batter into the prepared baking sheet and smooth evenly to the edges.

Topping
Scatter the blueberries over the batter and sprinkle the sugar evenly over the top. Bake for 30 minutes until golden brown and springy to the touch. Leave to rest for a couple of minutes for ease of cutting.

To serve
Cut into 12 rectangles and plate 3 pieces per person, drizzle with maple syrup, place berries on the side and add a swirl of cream (if us

15

14

Whisk together the pancake batter, pour into the sheet pan, sprinkle with blueberries – then get it into the oven to do the cooking.



The Gourmand's Egg. A Collection of Stories & Recipes
A cultural and culinary history of our favorite household ingredient



THE GOURMAND'S EGG.
A COLLECTION OF
STORIES & RECIPES
The Gourmand
288 pages €/£40/$50

"Since launching out of London a handful of years ago, *The Gourmand* has garnered a cult following for its whimsical take on contemporary food and culture."

New York Magazine

The Mighty Egg

Excerpt from *Eggs Are Everywhere* By Jennifer Higgie

AN EGG IS a deceptively simple object. It is a symbol and a shape-shifter, a food and a metaphor, an industry and an inspiration, a millennia-old, cross-cultural expression of rebirth, fertility and potential. It's also a star of literature, music, design and film.

From the Golden Egg of *Aesop's Fables* to West Egg and East Egg, the two main locations in *The Great Gatsby*; to Alice hunting Easter eggs in *Through the Looking Glass,* and the gleeful absurdity of Dr Seuss's beloved children's book *Green Eggs and Ham*; to song lyrics, from The Beatles "I am the Eggman" and Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong duetting "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket."

The egg is also at the crux of the oldest question around, "What came first, the chicken or the egg?", and an insult, "You've got egg on your face." And that's hardly touching upon it.

The creation story of the cosmic egg, the idea that the world was hatched by a greater power, is a recurring theme in many societies; it was first written down around 1500 BCE in Sanskrit scriptures, and in origin myths from Australia to China to Greece. In the Persian Empire, the spring equinox was celebrated by the decoration, sharing and eating of eggs. A carved relief from the ruins of the capital Persepolis (c.500 BCE) depicts noblemen holding colored eggs. Later, Christian cultures adopted many of the pagan spring rituals as symbols of Christ's resurrection at Easter. Now, eggs at Easter are ubiquitous, from the elaborately decorated Ukrainian *pysanky*—eggs painted using beeswax and dyes—through to the *l'uovo di Pasqua* in Italy: large hollow chocolate eggs wrapped in colorful foil with a gift inside. Of course, there's also the endless mass-market chocolate versions, the most notable of which has to be Cadbury's Creme Egg, which celebrated its 50th anniversary in 2021.

In Egyptian mythology, the bird goddess Isis, the daughter of Geb, the earth god, who was represented by a goose, was known as the "Egg of the Goose". In Thebes, rendered on the walls of the tomb of Horemheb, the last pharaoh of the 18th Dynasty (1306–1292 BCE) is a painting of a man carrying a bowl of eggs, while a small sculpture of an egg-filled nest was found in Tutankhamun's tomb—an indicator, perhaps, of life after death.

In 2010, a cache of 60,000-year-old crushed ostrich eggs was found in South Africa. There was evidence that they had once been engraved and possibly painted, although what the marks signified is still unknown. There are so many tales of eggs in history that it's dizzying. What is clear is that, for centuries and across continents, their significance extends far beyond food.

Still Life with Eggs, Birds and Bronze Dishes from the House of Julia Felix, Pompeii, 50–79 BCE.



One of the earliest representations of an egg is a Roman fresco of a still life with eggs and thrushes, painted by an unknown artist on the walls of the Villa di Giulia Felice in Pompeii, which is still visible there today. But it was during the Renaissance that the creative possibilities of the egg really took hold. It appears again and again in various guises; in still lifes and allegories, as well as religious, historical and domestic scenes.

One of its most beautiful incarnations is in Piero della Francesca's *Brera Madonna* (1472–1474). A single ostrich egg, here intended as a symbol of creation and purity, is suspended from a shell above a group of saints and angels who surround Mary, the sleeping Christ Child stretched across her lap. The fact that the ostrich was a heraldic sign of the Montefeltro family who commissioned the tempera panel was undoubtedly a handy compositional prompt.

Many artists, of course, have decided to focus not on the egg's metaphorical possibilities, but instead on its day-to-dayness. In the German painter Georg Flegel's *Snack with Fried Eggs* (c.1600), an egg is an egg and no less glorious for it. The artist is displaying his

talents: he can paint a reflective glass, a red flower, a loaf of bread and a couple of oily fried eggs with such vivid realism that it encourages hunger pangs.

Similarly, Diego Velázquez's *An Old Woman Cooking Eggs* (1618) is also something of a celebration of the everyday. Painted when he was still a teenager, even at a distance of 400 or so years, the picture is as vivid as a film still. The cook holds an egg in her left hand; in her right is a wooden spoon that hovers above the two eggs frying in a terracotta pot. A young boy waits beside her with a flask of wine and a pumpkin. Velázquez's prodigious talents are highlighted in the textures he evokes with the most economical of means: the white plate, the silver knife, and the gleam of the frying eggs that you can almost hear spit and hiss.

Realism was not held in much esteem by some painters, however. One of the strangest works of the 16th century is a Flemish painting, *Concert in the Egg* (c.1561), painted after a lost picture by Hieronymus Bosch. Like a premonition of the egg-obsessed surrealism of Salvador Dalí, in the demented scene ten musicians (including a nun with an owl on her head) are crammed into an eggshell—perhaps a play on the familiar subject of a ship of fools. They perform a work by the composer Thomas Crecquillon that is inscribed in a large book; they sing, play a harp and a flute. Distracted by the music, a monk is pick-pocketed by a mystery hand while various animals, including a monkey, a cat and a turtle, lurk in the margins. Other worlds are intimated by a tiny crowd scene in the bottom right of the picture. The composition resembles other works by Hieronymus Bosch, for whom the egg offered endless creative potential. In perhaps Bosch's most famous painting, the triptych *The Garden of Earthly Delights* (c. 1490–1510)—which moves from depictions of Eden to sensual abandonment and then Hell—an unhatched egg floats in the dead centre of the middle panel, surely a symbol of unrealised hope, or potential, in the midst of human folly.

As in so many pictures, the egg often features not only as an everyday foodstuff but as a container of myriad meanings. To paint an egg is to fuse simplicity of form and shape with the resonances around mortality that lurk at the heart of still life.

Giovanni Battista Recco's *Still Life with Chickens and Eggs* (1640–1660) is case in point. It combines 11 eggs, one of which is broken, two live chickens and two dead ones. A knife hovers on the edge of the table, a nod to the precariousness of life.

In the 19th century, even as artists were pushing against tradition, the egg as a popular subject persisted. In Paul Cézanne's muscular *Still Life with Bread and Eggs* (1865), the motif of the single knife returns, linking a crisp white cloth with a crusty baguette, a glass and two eggs. That it emerges from darkness lends this everyday scene an otherworldly atmosphere. Just over 40 years later, Claude Monet banished any intimation of gloom with his *Still Life with Eggs* (1907), a pinkish, light-filled composition that blurs at the edges; it's like squinting into the sun on a summer's day. And it surely inspired the English artist Cedric Morris's joyful still life *The Eggs* (1944), which was painted during the dark days of World War II: its bright palette of blues, lilacs and yellows, and the 12 colorful eggs arranged in a basket, are a sign of hope for new beginnings. The great postwar cook and food writer Elizabeth David bought the painting in 1953,



Unknown
Concert in the Egg, c. 1561.
© DeAgostini Picture Library/Scala, Florence.

and in 1984 it was chosen as the cover image for the first edition of her classic book *An Omelette and a Glass of Wine*.

Despite its self-containment, the egg is the most pliable of subjects. In the 20th century, it was many things to many artists and designers. Constantin Brancusi mined the border between abstraction and figuration in his marble, nickel, silver an stone sculpture *The Beginning of the World* (c.1920), a simple ovoid form that he repeatedly returned to that was suggestive of fertility and infinity—a motif that Frida Kahlo also summoned in her feverish meditations on birth, life and death. In Man Ray's *Egg and Shell, Solarization* of 1931, two hands bring an egg and seashell together in a gesture that is both unremarkable and moving in its linking together of something very old and very new.

In her 1963 work *The Moment (Egg)* the artist Agnes Martin—who believed that "art is the concrete representation of our most subtle feelings"—employed the shape of the egg as the expression of limitlessness, and in 1969 David Hockney illustrated a story by the Brothers Grimm with a series of 39 etchings, including the enigmatic *The Boy Hidden in an Egg*.

For Salvador Dalí, the egg was a malleable metaphor for the strangeness of everyday life, an intimation of the erotic, and the rebirth of vision that surrealism promised. In the one-minute film *Salvador Dalí & Gala Born from an Egg*, two large eggs sit side by side on a sunny beach. As the artist and his wife burst out of one, he exclaims "Bonjour!" and then proclaims that he is born "without any kind of traumatism". He scatters "symbolic blood, milk and fish" around the base of the egg, "the blood of Gala and the blood of the Divine Dalí". In homage to the significance of the egg to the artist, large sculptures of eggs decorate the roof of the Dalí Theatre and Museum in Figueres in Spain, and a single giant egg sits atop the artist's Casa-Museu (House-Museum) in Port Lligat in Cadaqués.

It's unsurprising that the egg is such a popular motif in Pop Art, which reframed the everyday as something heightened and hallucinatory. Straddling painting and sculpture, one of the movement's stars, Claes Oldenburg, was fascinated with both the simplicity and the comic potential of eggs, and they appeared in many of his works.

One of the most prolific late-20th-century explorers of the egg was the German artist Martin Kippenberger. His final exhibition in 1997, the year he died, was *Der Eiermann und seine Ausleger* (The Eggman and His Outriggers) at the Städtisches Museum Abteiberg in Mönchengladbach, Germany. Comprising paintings, drawings and objects organised around the theme of the egg, the artist restlessly explored "rebirth, reproduction and the ideal of the circle", both as a serious cipher and as a "banal comedic device". More recently, the Swiss artist Urs Fischer took the joke and ran with it in his series of *Problem Paintings* (2013): giant photographic portraits in which the subject's face is obscured by photorealist painted eggs. The US artist Jeff Koons has also taken things to a whole new level in his dizzying, gleaming sculptures of blindingly shiny eggs cracked or wrapped in bows.

The echo of a breast in the shape of an egg yolk has long been remarked upon, and some of these works, including Vicki Hodgetts's *Eggs to Breasts*, are explored in this book. From the 1970s until her death in 2017, the Italian feminist artist, poet and curator Mirella Bentivoglio employed the egg as a stand-in for the letter "o": if her body was an "I", together they would make "io"—Italian for "I". In the 1990s, the French-American artist Louise Bourgeois created monumental sculptures of spiders—which she saw as a maternal figure—guarding their eggs, like the guarantee of something to come. The British artist Sarah Lucas, who has returned to the motif of the egg again and



Andy Warhol
Eggs, 1982.

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The Guardian



Dalí floats a chair against the sky, with *The Highest Egg in the House* behind him on the roof of his villa, 1970. © Salvador Dalí, Fundació Gala-Salvador Dalí / VG Bild-Kunst, Bonn.

again, created the participatory *One Thousand Eggs: For Women* for her 2018 solo exhibition at the New Museum in New York. A take on both the history of egg tempera and the pagan fertility rite of egg throwing, it involved women smashing 1,000 eggs against the gallery wall to make the work.

In the past few years, the popularity of the egg is as strong as ever. From Wolfgang Tillmans’s and Stephen Shore’s contemplative photographic still lifes to Christopher Chiappa’s hyperrealist sculptural work of 7,000 fried eggs installed on the walls and the floor of a gallery, and Heather Phillipson’s wonderfully bonkers commission for a London Underground station in 2018, the egg has become something of a one-stop shop for inference and ambiguity. Titled *my name is lettie eggsyrub*, Phillipson’s installation comprised a bouquet of giant unhatched eggs, eggs on a conveyor belt, farting eggs, a chick emerging from a cracked shell, a whisk, chicken feet, fried eggs and multiple digital screens that flashed statements such as “a gibbering omelette” and “a quivering splodge of protoplasm”. That Phillipson is a vegan shapes the work: she employs humour to highlight the absurdity—and cruelty—of what we often take for granted.

Over the past 25 years or so, it would seem that architects across the globe have also been endlessly inspired by the egg’s minimalist and metaphorical potential. The Japanese architect Tadao Ando’s 1995 Nagaragawa Convention Centre swells with the form of an egg. In 2017, his compatriot Shigeru Ban completed his auditorium La Seine Musicale in Paris: an ovoid-shaped building that appears to float on the water. In Zwolle in The Netherlands, Hubert-Jan Henket conceived the neo-classical Museum de Fundatie, which is topped by a golden goose and an enormous, egg-like superstructure adorned with 55,000 tiles. In Hong Kong, the science and technology park centres around the egg-shaped Charles K. Kao Auditorium designed by Leight & Orange.

In 2019, a photograph of an egg was posted on the Instagram account World Record Egg, the brainchild of advertising creative director Chris Godfrey. It was captioned: “Let’s set a world record together and get the most liked post on Instagram.” To date, it has more than 60 million likes. Godfrey said he chose the egg because it’s “simple and universal, and has no gender, race or religion”. Despite the popularity of the post, I have a feeling a lot of people, past and present, would disagree with him.

Jennifer Higgie is an Australian writer who lives in London. She is the author and illustrator of the children’s book There’s Not One, *the editor of* The Artist’s Joke, *and author of the novel* Bedlam.

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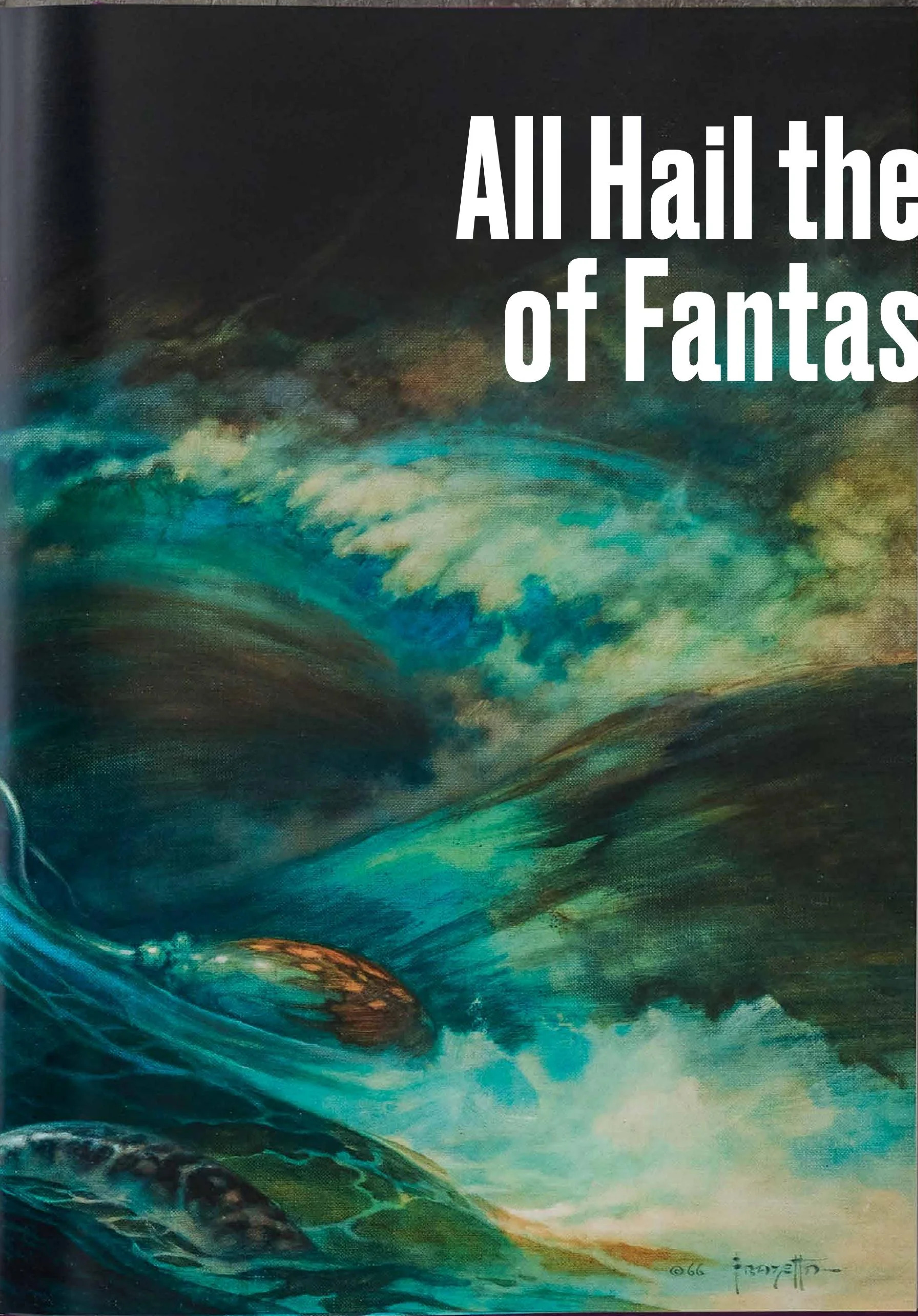
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All Hail the King of Fantasy Art



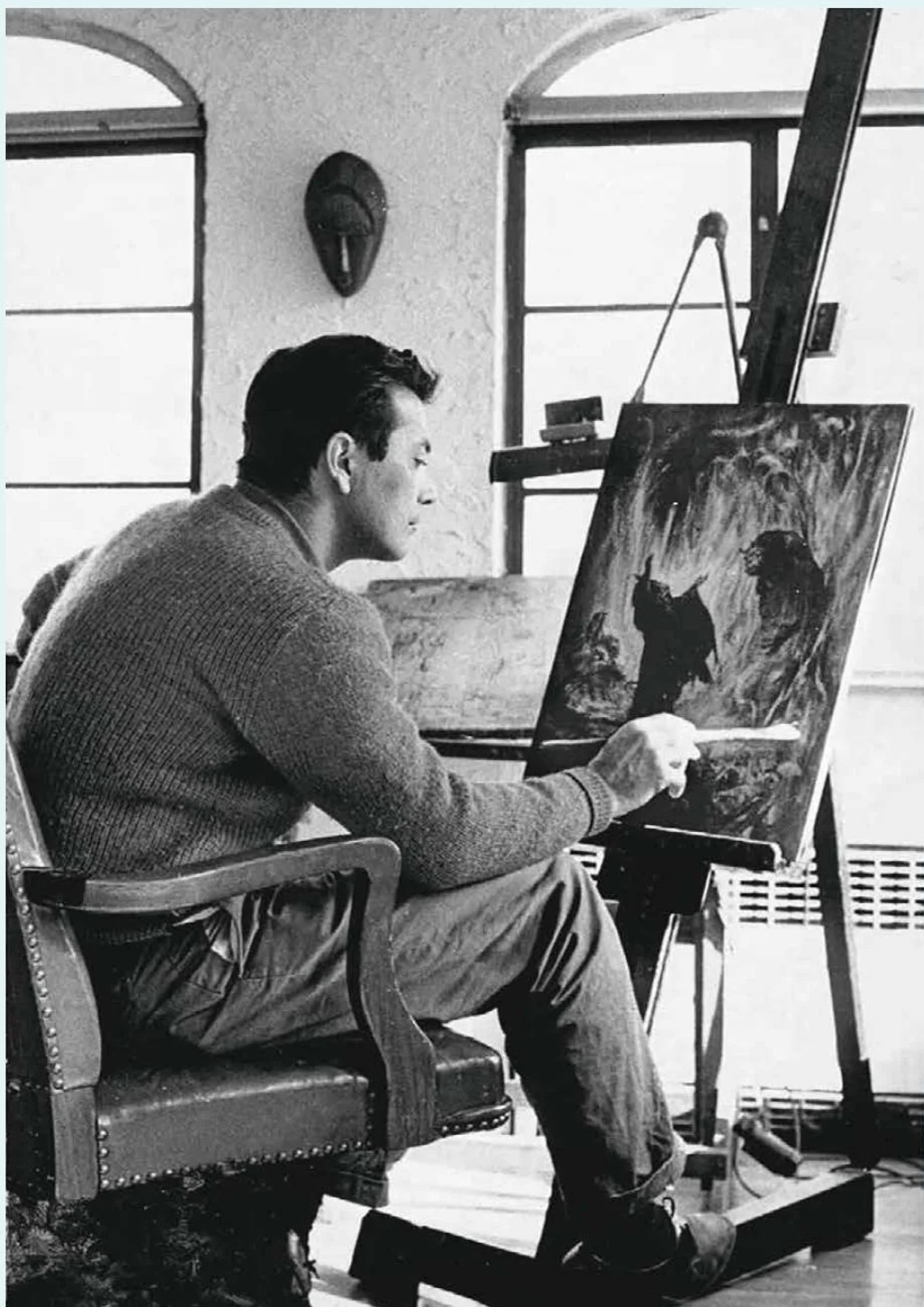

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Frank Frazetta: Hold and Release

By Dan Nadel

Opposite:
Dark Kingdom, for the cover of Karl Edward Wagner's *Kane in Dark Crusade*, sold for an astounding $6 million in 2023, setting records for the highest price ever paid for fantasy or comic art, let alone a Frazetta. The painting is best known as the album cover for Molly Hatchet's *Flirtin' With Disaster*, released in 1979. Oil on board, 1976.

Below:
Frank Frazetta in his Brooklyn studio, 1966.



BACK IN 1969, a few comic book and fantasy fans put together a magazine called *Promethean*. Psychedelic master Rick Griffin contributed a cover drawing, printed black on silver, of engorged eyeballs in mortal battle with a demonic Mickey Mouse stand-in. Above the carnage, instead of a logo, is the word "Frazetta" in Griffin's near-unreadable Baroque lysergic script. The image is a perfect transmutation of the Frank Frazetta project: a centralized image of otherworldly brutality composed in fluid darks and lights and rendered with precisely vigorous brushstrokes.

A Brooklyn-born hustler and brawler, Frazetta was not like his hero Hal Foster, a soft-spoken Canadian whose early-1930s *Tarzan* newspaper strip he called his "Encyclopedia Britannica." In 1937, Foster began the decades-long comic strip story of Prince Valiant, a noble, upright, and righteous adventurer whose medieval world Foster rendered with stunning accuracy and vigorous life. Frazetta took Foster's upstanding example, first urbanized it, and then blew it out into a landscape of forbidding darkness. If Foster was noble, then Frazetta was gloriously vulgar. But, like, say, Led Zeppelin, Frazetta was transcendently so. He didn't imagine narrative scenes so much as emotional and psychological spaces not so dissimilar from the psychedelic mind space in which no rules apply. Drawings like his 1954 *Weird-Science Fantasy* cover or his 1967 painting for *Conan the Conquero*r are pictures of unbearably intense, nearly animated moments. His figures do it all in those instants—they're lit purely for design purposes, bent, pulled, crossed precisely as he needs them, like the way a kid might abuse an action figure to get the pose he needs. This feel is enhanced by the eerie fact that Frazetta put his face on so many of his characters: conqueror, racist, sheriff, lothario. His face, his physical and mental states, are both text and subtext in his work.

Frazetta came by his coiled intensity honestly. He was born in 1928 and raised in a Catholic Sicilian family in a squat working-class home in Italian and Jewish Sheepshead Bay, Brooklyn. Surrounded by a supportive and female-dominated family, he was a physical prodigy in drawing and athletics. Edgar Rice Burroughs was some of the first (and per the artist, only) reading Frazetta ever did. He remembered finding a stack of six or seven *Tarzan* books at age four—among them *Tarzan of the Apes*, *Return of Tarzan*, *The Beasts of Tarzan*—left in his cellar by an uncle who lived downstairs. Fascinated by the J. Allen St. John illustrations, he eventually read them all.

While attending grade school, young Frazetta began taking classes with Michele Falanga, an Italian neo-classical painter who was the sole proprietor of a single floor all-ages school called the Brooklyn Academy of Fine Arts just on the edge of Brooklyn Heights. Falanga taught drawing and painting rooted in the 19th century Roman neo-classical movement, emphasizing painting from life and humble subject matter. It was with Falanga that Frazetta learned brush control for subtle gradients, washes, and thin, taut lines. According to Frazetta, Falanga believed the boy was a prodigy, and planned to send him to Rome to further his education, but died just short of Frazetta's 14th birthday, without having secured the travel plans. Frazetta never did make it to Italy, nor anywhere outside of the United States. For a couple years after, Frazetta and his classmates continued on their own, but it became "more like a club. I did life drawings and still lifes…we could go out in the field and paint some old church or whatever."

Alongside classical drawing, Frazetta was absorbing the curves and spaces of Disney cartoons, including his favorite *Fantasia*, (the "Night on Bald Mountain" sequence, designed by Baroque Surrealist Albert Hurter and art nouveau fantasist Kay Nielsen was an easily recognizable influence), E. C. Segar's *Popeye*, with its incredible energy





and violence, and Milton Caniff's *Terry and the Pirates*. In his boyhood drawings Frazetta was pulling and pushing Caniff's slim patrician figures into stout forms and exaggerated poses. He was making people as he saw them in his neighborhood: dark-eyed, full figured men and women. Like a lot of other artistic children of immigrants in New York, Frazetta was drawn to comic books, then still a young industry populated mostly by artists who fell on either side of the draft: teenagers and middle-aged men. At 16 a family friend introduced him to the illustrator John Giunta, who was working for packager Bernard Bailey assembling comic books to sell to publishers. Giunta inked Frazetta's pencils on the teenager's character "Snowman." Bailey placed it in *Tally-Ho* No. 1, December 1944, and at age 16 Frazetta was a published cartoonist.

From 1949 through 1953 he flourished as a cartoonist, producing comic book stories for Magazine Enterprises, National (now DC), and EC, including *Shining Knight*, *Ghost Rider*, and *The Durango Kid*. In 1951, he drew his own comic book for Magazine Enterprises called *Thun'da*, which he hoped might get him a shot at the Tarzan comic strip. *Thun'da* is a beautifully drawn jungle adventure story with plenty of panels swiped from Foster, and it did indeed make Frazetta's name in comics.

Working hard, for a guy who always claimed laziness, following *Thun'da*, Frazetta perfected his pen and ink drawings. First up was a year-long stint on a race car comic strip called *Johnny Comet* (known as Ace McCoy halfway through its run), which offered a chance to draw fast cars and beautiful women at impossible angles. During and after this run he produced eight Buck Rogers covers for *Famous Funnies* in 1954 and '55 that shaped the look of drawn fantasy art for decades. Each drawing, like his best paintings, resembles a sudden inhalation and long held breath: a giant alights on a spaceship overwhelmed by Mars; a monster blows through a hull, only its eyes visible in the chaos; an octopus viciously ensnares a woman as Buck Rogers glides to her rescue; and in a drawing first rejected by *Famous Funnies* and ultimately published as EC's *Weird Science-Fantasy* No. 29, a gnarled lone white man beats back dark brutes, bodies viciously splayed in every direction. These covers are drawn with not just evident relish, but the thing that is more difficult to pull off: real presence as both original drawings and printed objects. They radiate tension. Frazetta's compositions of impossibly contorted bodies set the tone but his linework creates an atmosphere—knotted muscles, billowing smoke, and cascades of hair. Every component of these images flows so that there are no resting points for a viewer's eye—the effect is vertiginous.

Frazetta never stuck with a title for very long. He'd make a splash, as with *Thun'da*, fall out with the art director or publisher, and move on. Some of it he would attribute to laziness: "Maybe [Hal] Foster didn't like to play stickball and chase girls and goof off. I know that many artists are totally devoted…they'd rather work than eat or sleep. But my art was something that I 'snuck in' from time to time, between living. I never really thought in terms of just sitting there and devoting my life to it…never. I did it to tickle my fancy from time to time, usually if there was nothing else to do, or if it was raining." Chasing girls was a consuming passion for Frazetta, who fetishized ankles, arms, necks, and liked a big round ass. In 1977, he recounted, "They told me 25 years ago, 'You don't put bras on your girls!' Now, today's

“Stop trying to paint like Frazetta! There’s only one Frazetta and he’s it!”

Burne Hogarth to his students

women are Frazetta girls, long witchy hair, tits. My tits move, they sway. It’s all instinct. I didn’t know what I was doing. Crazy. Funny thing about my girls—I’m an ass man. Not a breast man. Oh, I love incredible breasts. But I like ass; that brings out the animal in me. They told me, ‘Frank, you paint all those hairs. You just don’t have to.’ They don’t know I separate the camel’s hairs on my brush and laid each hair and just swirl on the hair—ha! Lizards, now I’m not vain enough to think I can do better than nature. I *echo* nature, a smidgen of it, trees, leaves, a saurian jaw. People who think I invent all these things, they’re crazy. I like *real* women.”

In late 1953, he got a call from Al Capp to assist with drawing the hillbilly satire *Li’l Abner*, then among the most popular comic strips in the country. From 1954 to 1961 he penciled the Sunday pages and completed a handful of related assignments for the Capp studio. Capp’s strip was bawdy and fun work: ample, and amply proportioned women, slapstick action, and new settings for the restless artist. Frazetta was paid $150 a week for what he said was a day and a half’s work, leaving ample time for the aforementioned goofing around. Capp and his studio offered a good landing pad for Frazetta—steady work as a cartoonist was not easy, and he was able to put down roots—he married Eleanor Kelly in 1956 and soon began a family.

But as the 1960s began, Capp’s popularity, and payroll, were in decline, so Frazetta struck out on his own again in 1961. He picked up work drawing illustrations for men’s magazines *Gent* and *Dude*, and a handful of romance paperbacks, but he had a bit of trouble getting mainstream illustration work. He was still working in his classic style, which a decade later was beloved by fans, but disdained by art directors in thrall to the refined expressionism of Bob Peak or the classed-up deco of Milton Glaser. Fortunately, running alongside



the beginning of cultural change in the 1960s was a boom in pop culture nostalgia, as the early generations of comic book, sci-fi, and fantasy fans grew into adulthood and began publishing ventures of their own. Comics strips started getting the reprint treatment and pulp writers and magazines were suddenly coming back in vogue—it helped that pulps offered cut-rate, or even free material for reprinting in cheap paperbacks sold in drugstores across the country, the more eye-catching the covers, the bigger the sales. It was in this old/new world that Frazetta, a virtuosic, wild traditionalist, found his footing.

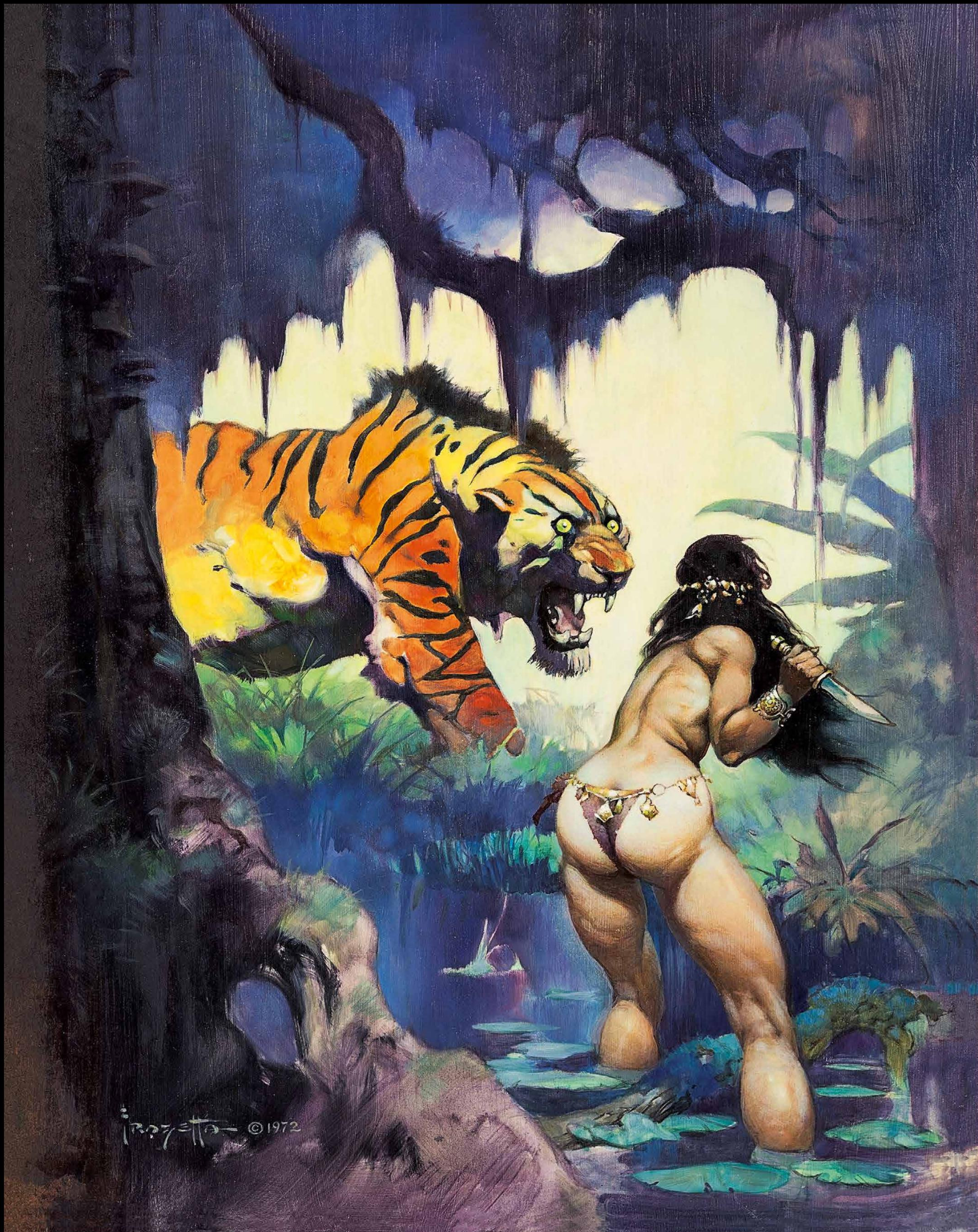
His old friend Krenkel ("He helped convince me that I could do great things. I didn't really need convincing, but he twisted my arm and pushed me a little. He called me a timewaster and a goof-off, and made me feel guilty about it."), was contracted for Edgar Rice Burroughs's cover illustrations by Ace Books, a dominant paperback publisher in those years. Unable to keep up with the demand, Krenkel put Frazetta forward, and his first cover, *Tarzan and the Lost Empire*, appeared in 1962, leading to many more. Thanks to another Fleagle turned *Mad* staffer, Nick Meglin, his grotesquely funny portrait of Ringo Starr graced the October 1964 back cover of the magazine. It rang a cultural bell like Basil Wolverton's "Beautiful Girl of the Month" cover for *Mad* a decade before, and suddenly Frazetta was in demand again. Movie poster requests came in, first for Woody Allen's *What's New Pussycat?*, and then many others wanting crowded slipstick scenes à la Al Capp and Jack Davis.

Then, tapping into his old fans, Frazetta began working for James Warren's EC-inspired comic magazines *Creepy*, *Blazing Combat*, *Eerie*, and *Vampirella*. He painted what he pleased for those covers, developing what became his mature style. His designs are as clear as 1930s advertising: single focus, deep spaces, and color ways that move the eye through the image without ever straying from the center. He was undistracted by fidelity to gravity, let alone costumes or narrative. Only the feel of the picture itself had to work. The quick brush strokes he used as shorthand shrunk to barely visible splashes of color, and the whole image was given additional punch by the absorbent paper stock. In a moment of pop gloss, Frazetta offered a hyper-sexualized, often forbidding fantasy world—energetic, immersive, private. This mode would reach a peak when he left Ace (he felt disrespected) for a smaller outfit called Lancer, run by a couple of refugees from the old-time comic book and pulp magazine world. At Lancer he launched the company's reprint editions of pulp journeyman Robert E. Howard's 1930s tales of Conan, a wandering warrior of little moral character but a voracious lust for life. "Conan came to me at exactly the right time …" he remembered. "I had something to prove…the pay was in a different ballpark, and they treated me fairly and with respect. I was ready to do much better work, which I did."

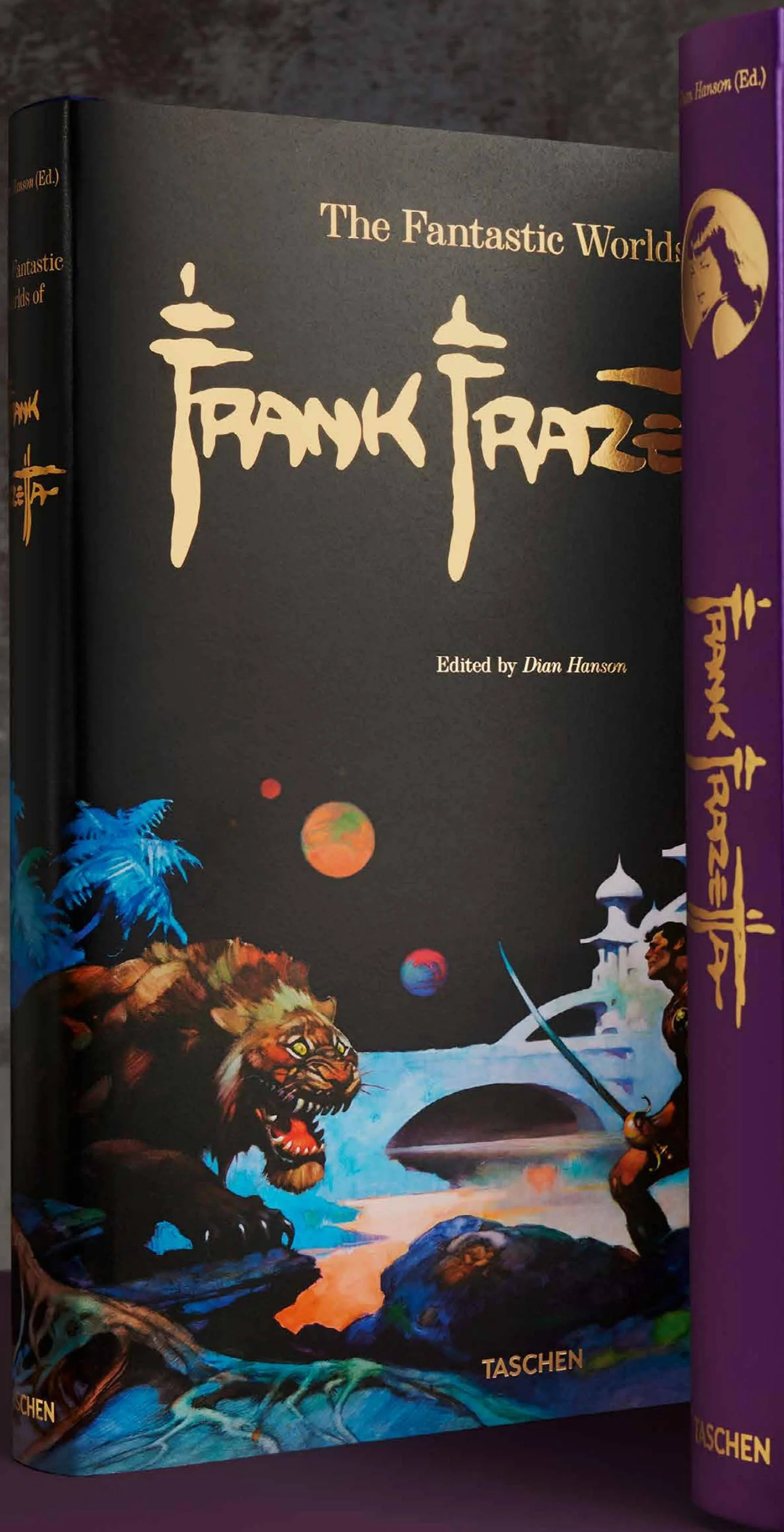
And the rest is fantasy art history.

Opposite:
Nobody did female flesh like Frank Frazetta, and no booty was better than Princess Duare's for Edgar Rice Burroughs' *Escape on Venus*. This painting, understandably, was used on several reprints of the novel.
Oil on board, 1972.
Courtesy of Edgar Rice Burroughs Inc.




Frazetta ©1972

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Porsche AG
10 laps
Prototype 3000

2nd
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Vic Elford (GB) /
Umberto Maglioli (IT)
Porsche 908/2
Porsche AG
10 laps
Prototype 3000

3rd
274
Rolf Stommelen (DE) /
Hans Herrmann (DE)
Porsche 908/2
Porsche AG
10 laps
Prototype 3000

4th
272
Willy Kauhsen (DE) /
Karl von Wendt (DE)
Porsche 908/2
Porsche AG
10 laps
Prototype 3000



Targa Florio, Sicily
Piccolo Circuito delle Madonie
72 km (10 laps)



1
Rudi Lins (AT) / Gérard Larrousse (FR), Porsche 908/2, passing Collesano, watched by the children of the village.



1

It's not just flashing, snarling Porsche cars that renowned racing photographer Rainer W. Schlegelmilch captures in these incredible shots from between 1963 and 1988—though his zoom effect lifts them dramatically off the page. It's his story over the years, it's the reality of the track, drivers' conversations, mechanics' dirty hands. You can almost feel the vibrations and smell the oil.


264
076
077



14



15



16

13 (previous spread)
Porsche 910, ...
... passing
the village ...

14 / 15
Pit stop for the Porsche 906,
Rudi Lins / ...

16
Porsche 911 S
Eberhard Sinde (DE)
Dieter Benz (DE)
Rallye-Gemeinschaft Ulm,
at a pit stop, fighting
for 13th place.



17

17
Porsche's race engineer Helmuth Bott takes the times, and Ferdinand Piech, the head of Porsche development, is about to jump from the pit wall. The Austrian journalist Helmut Zwickl studies his notes, while Porsche driver Brian Redman reads the schedules.

The driver teams, who were mostly familiar with the course and the Porsche mechanics, were once again reshuffled for the challenge. After 6 hours, 7 minutes, and 45 seconds, at an average speed of 117.4 km/h (72.9 mph) for Gerhard Mitter and Udo Schütz, Porsche managed a quadruple victory and another six places among the top 13.



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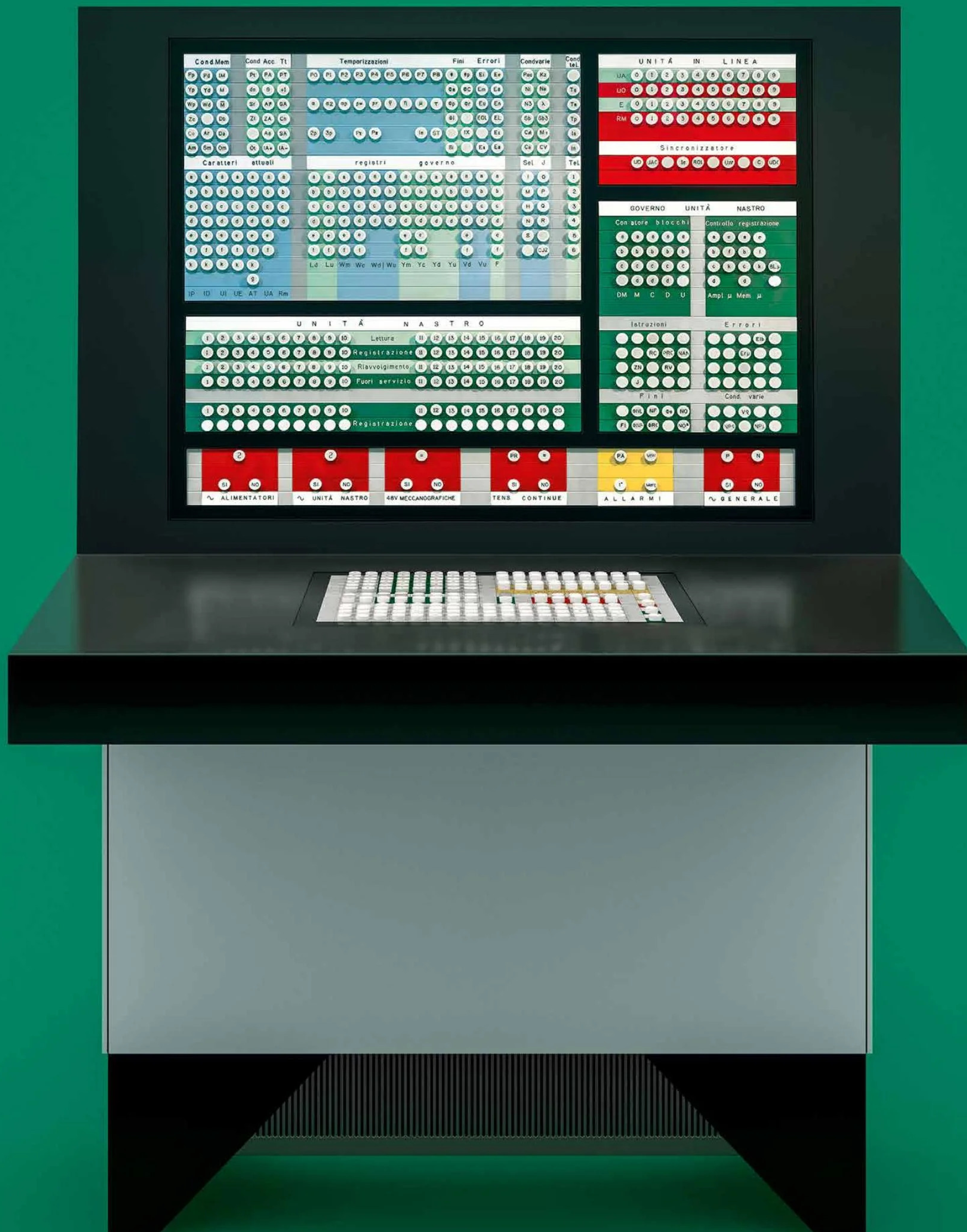
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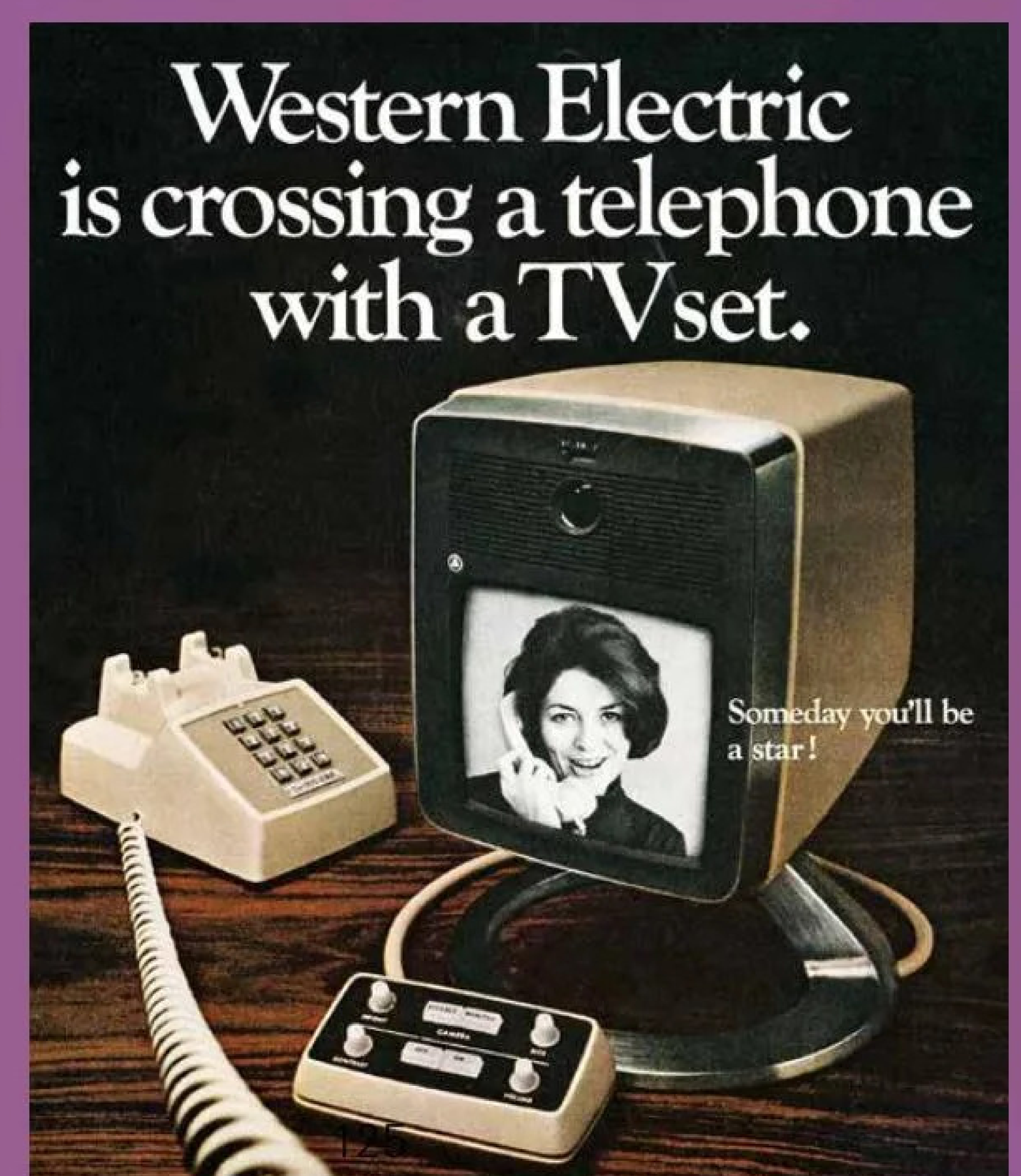


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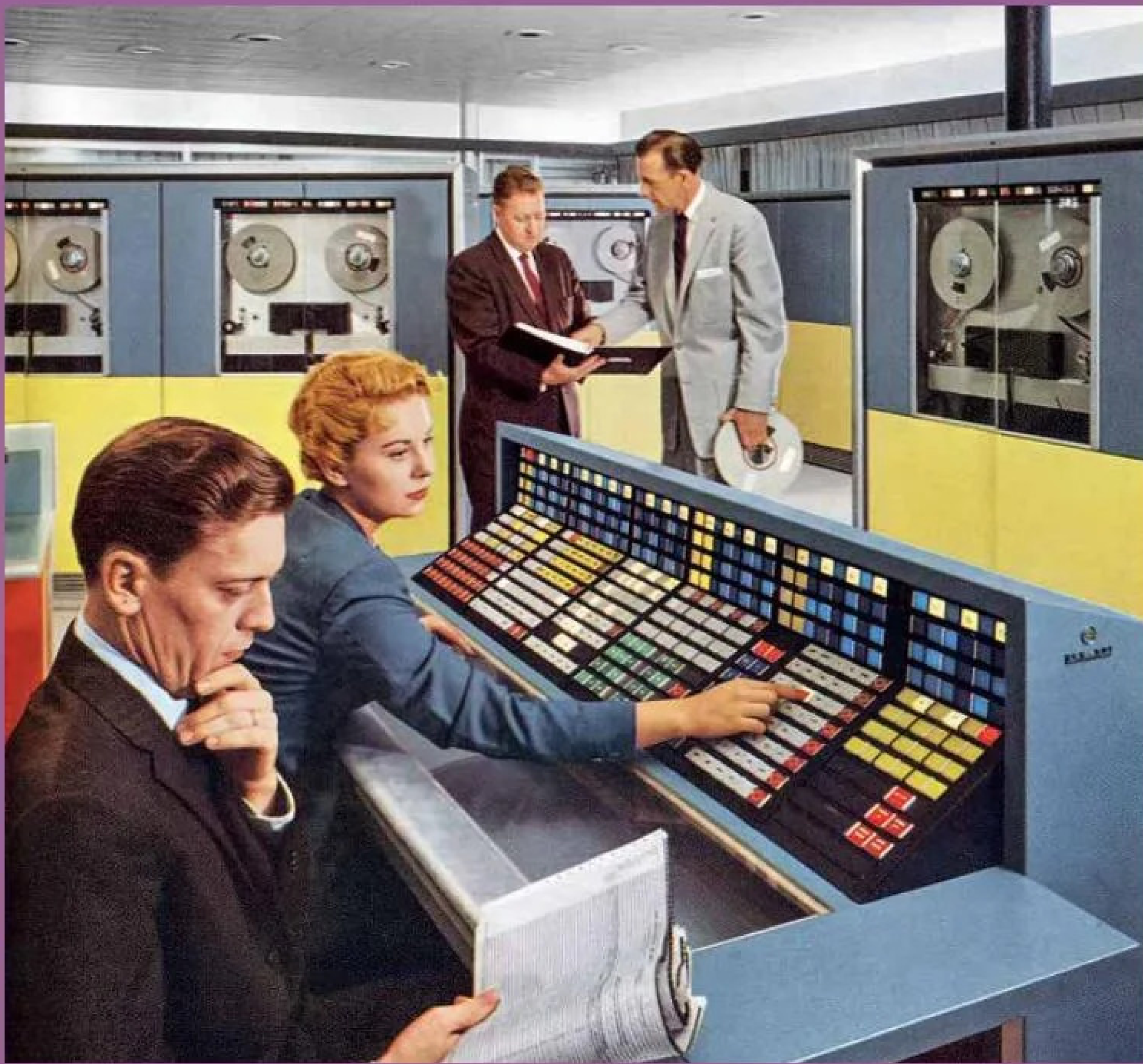
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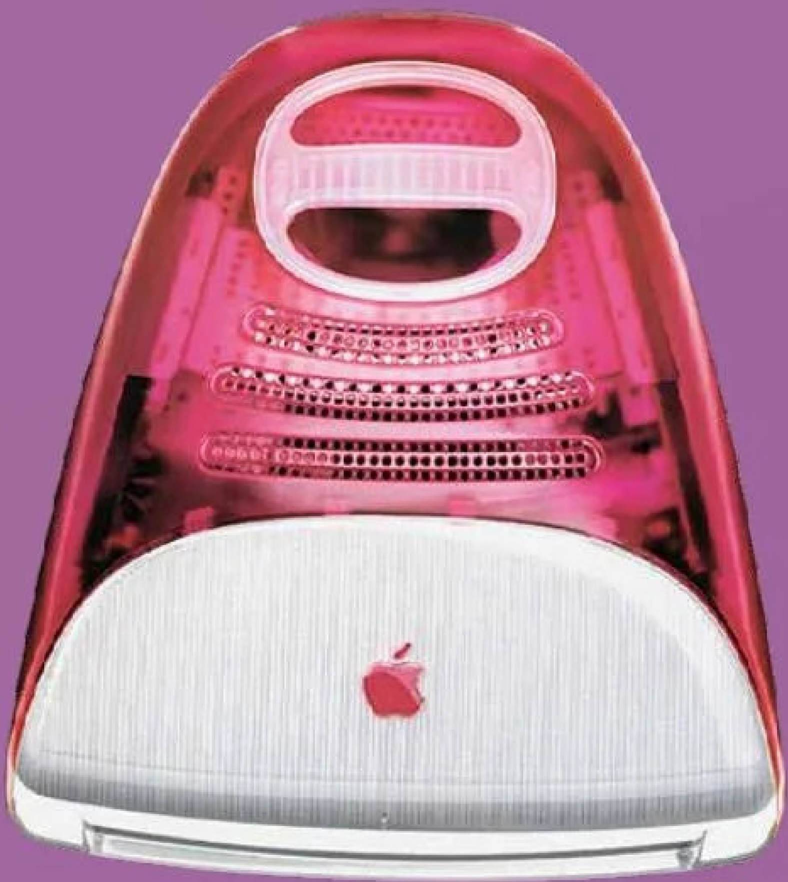


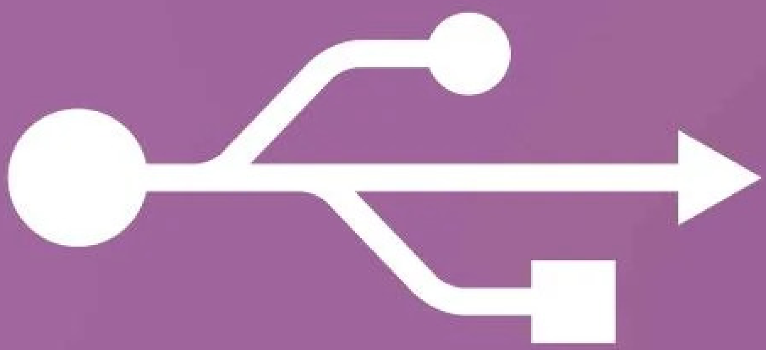


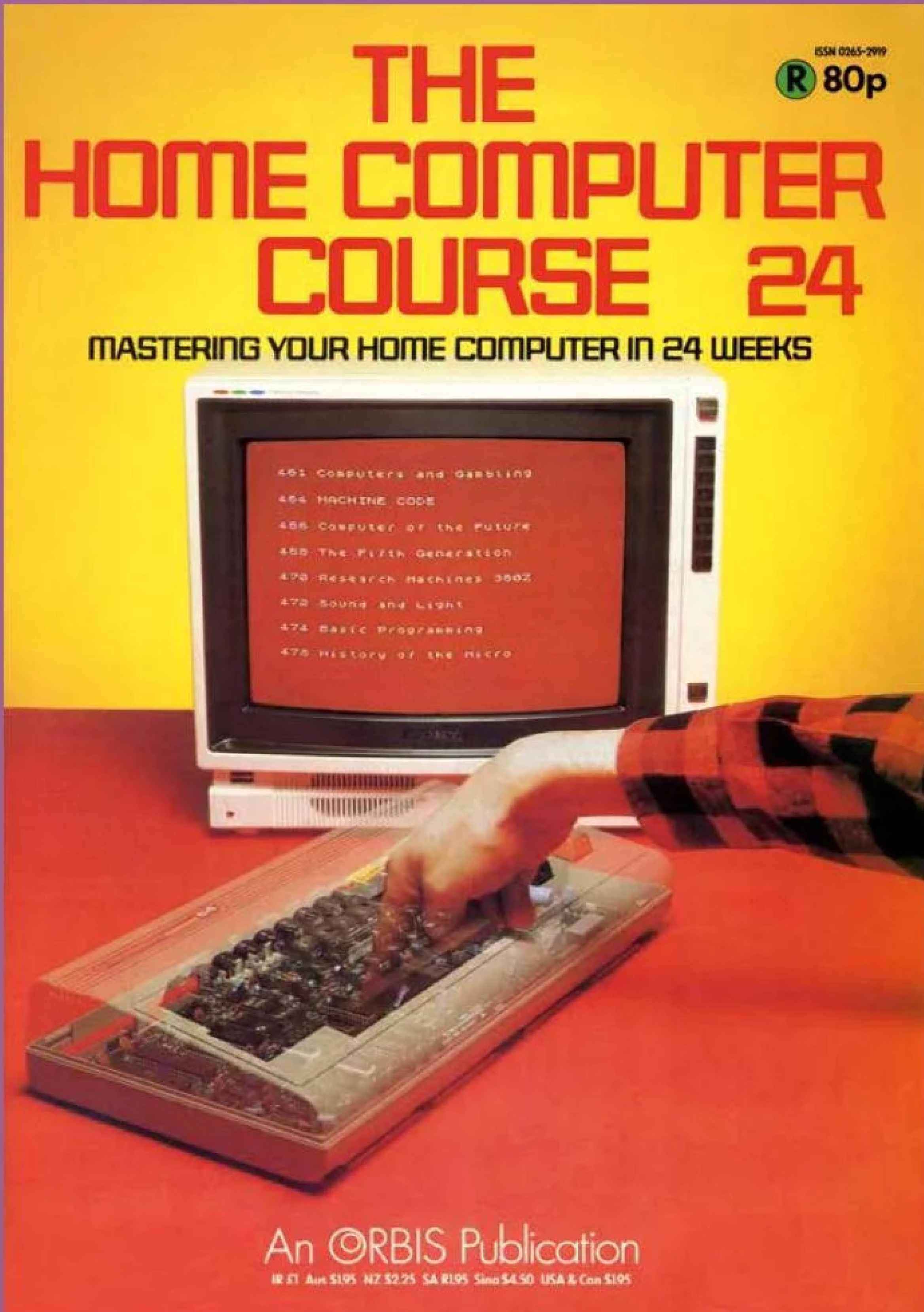


















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Norman Foster
A comprehensive exploration of his life and work

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Ahead of the Curve

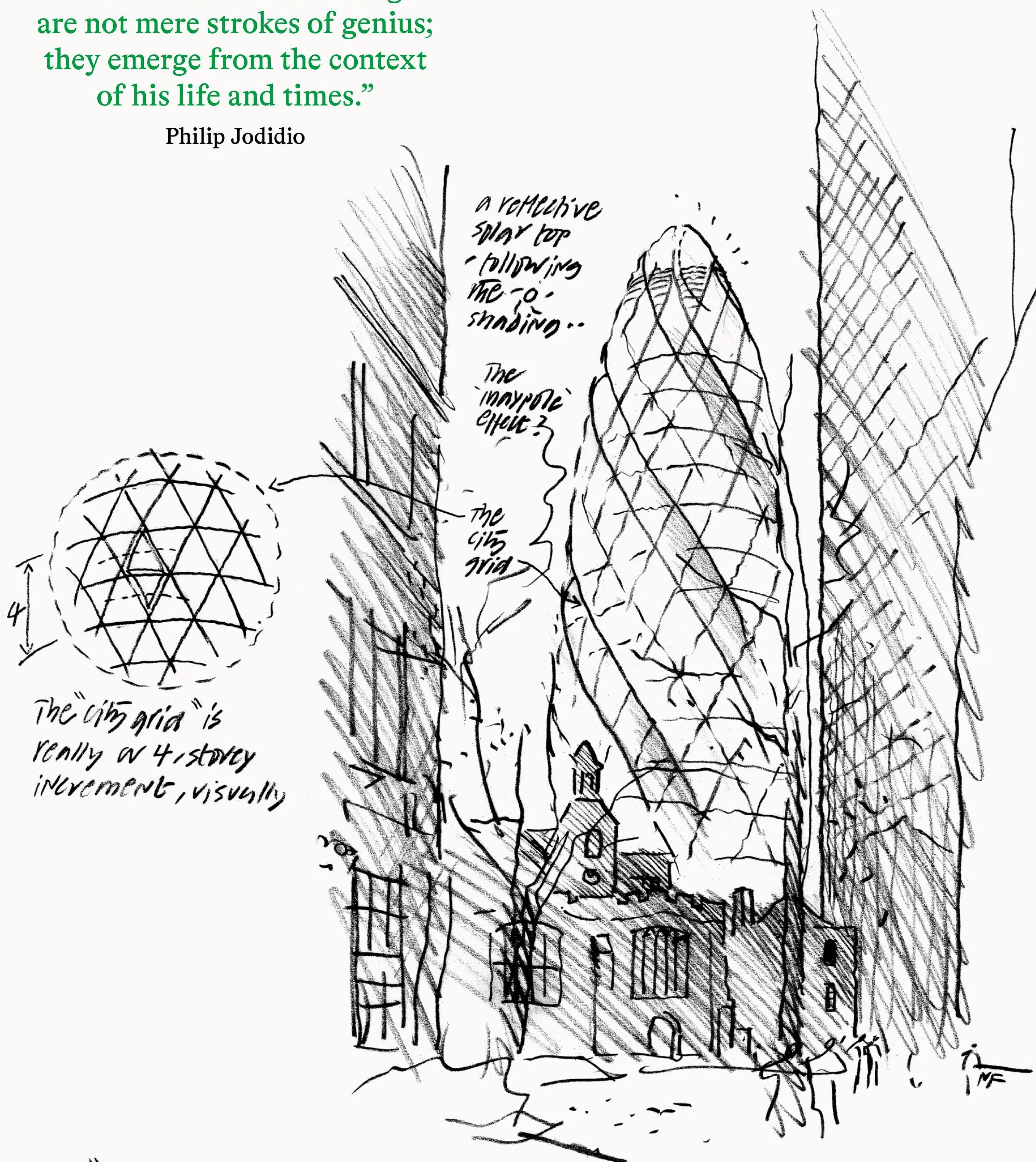
"Everything inspires me. Sometimes I ask myself if I see things which others don't."
Norman Foster

Millau Viaduct


THIS GREAT COURT

“Norman Foster’s buildings are not mere strokes of genius; they emerge from the context of his life and times.”

Philip Jodidio



The "city within a city" has always been full of surprises!

The Fruit of Modernity

By Philip Jodidio

Previous spread:
Great Court, British Museum, London, 1994–2000. The 478-tonne steel roof structure, which supports 315 tonnes of glass, was built like a giant jigsaw puzzle and creates the largest enclosed public square in Europe. © Nigel Young/Foster + Partners.

Opposite:
Norman Foster's concept sketch of 30 St. Mary Axe seen behind St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, London, 1999. © Norman Foster.

Norman Foster with a copy of *Networks*, the second volume of his monograph containing eight essays he wrote detailing his personal approach and inspirations. Chemosphere House, Los Angeles, 2023.



In a 2007 conference, Norman Foster stated: "As an architect you design for the present, with an awareness of the past, for a future which is essentially unknown." That talk was about the green agenda, which he termed the most important issue of the day, affirming that it is "not about fashion but about survival." Admittedly, the rise in public interest in contemporary architecture that followed the creation of the Pritzker Prize in 1979 (Foster was the 1999 winner) has been focused on forms and personalities more than on substance. Philip Johnson, the first winner of the shiny award, made his view clear: "Architecture is art, nothing else." Essays, magazines, and books have delighted in the foibles, verbal and sartorial, of celebrated architects, the hats, and eyeglasses of genius. Of course, figures like Frank Lloyd Wright and Le Corbusier did not wait for a prize to be famous, and it seems fitting that Wright's literary alter-ego, Howard Roarke, would say: "Art is a selective re-creation of reality according to an artist's metaphysical value judgments." The modern architect/artist as demiurge, responsible for fashioning and maintaining the universe: "…how like an Angel in apprehension, how like a God?"

FROM SELF-REFERENCE TO INCLUSIVENESS

But was any architect capable of resisting the underlying forces of modernity? What of the "awareness of the past" that Foster affirmed? Was that idea not swept aside more than a century ago by Le Corbusier's Maison Dom-Ino (1912–16), with its *tabula rasa* of open-ended floors and slender columns? The removal of ornament and the introduction of industrial processes had the power to make modern architecture almost purely self-referential. What if the modern architect imagined not art, but, instead, the *ex nihilo* creation of space itself?

Though grids and modern materials are his forte, Foster also chooses not to spin off empty space—his buildings are inhabited by a world of references and concerns; they flow and curve with their sites and their environment; they do not impose the barrenness of much modern architecture. Nor are Foster's buildings imbued with the posturing gesticulation seen elsewhere. Their form and their substance are there for reasons that go far beyond contemporary economic constraints to reach back to the soul of architecture, to inclusiveness and responsibility, which equally reject sterility.

In the 2nd volume of this book, Norman Foster writes of the forces and themes that have shaped his career and his creativity, and in his words, there is the outline of a truly contemporary way of looking at architecture. He has taken from his own past a fascination with space and the art of building. He has built on a world-straddling scale, from Los Angeles to Beijing, and nearly every point in-between—not in a cold, calculating mass production of empty space, but instead by informing himself and his architecture with such basics as a deep interest in how people get together and interact, how the presence and preservation of nature enriches and sustains life. From his early projects, such as his work for Fred Olsen, Foster challenged social hierarchies, willfully breaking down the architectural barriers between employers and the employed. His unrealized 1975 scheme for Gomera in the Canary Islands was no less than a fully developed blueprint for eco-tourism and development. In this, he seems much less a spokesman for any political philosophy than an enlightened observer of human interaction and the relations between the built and natural environments.

BEND IT LIKE A NIGHTHAWK

A pilot of almost every imaginable flying machine, helicopters, gliders, and jets, Foster explains in these pages how his very first sketch imagined his position in an airplane cockpit. And from his experience,



“Now Foster reveals, for the first time and in a comprehensive overview, rare insights into his creative process. This XXL-monograph leads us through a life filled with originality and dynamism…together with Philip Jodidio, Norman Foster has created—with great passion—a true *Gesamtkunstwerk*.”

Atrium

soaring through the air, he has surely retained the sense of lightness, the cloud-like hovering feeling of many of his buildings, but so, too, has he examined the material innovations that have allowed aeronautics to advance so rapidly and so far with an attentive eye. The foot of his Nomos table grips the ground like the landing pad of the Lunar Excursion Module and that, too, is no coincidence. In the air and in his many automobiles, Norman Foster has embraced the beauty of speed and the machines that make it possible. Swept back like a Chrysler Airflow, folded like an F-117 *Nighthawk*, so much of his architecture is informed by the very real modernity of speed, and the designs that rapid movement imposes. Unlike Le Corbusier, and more like the Futurists, he sought the future, not in industrial repetition, but in speed and technology.

One celebrated architect spoke in his own Pritzker acceptance speech of being jealous of the liberty of his friends who were artists. He did, indeed, create many sculptural and unexpected buildings that sought to claim artistic freedom for architecture itself. Foster, instead, has looked extensively into modern and contemporary art, seeing the movement captured in Brâncuşi’s *Bird in Flight*, so similar in its basic form to a stylized airplane propeller. He frequently collaborated with artists like Richard Long and Sol LeWitt, not seeking to imitate them, nor to compete with them, but rather to give them the natural places that they have assumed in his homes and buildings.

RIPOLIN WHITE GOES GREEN

The original Dom-Ino design was a radical exercise in simplification and reproducibility; it left room for nothing but economics and space.

Le Corbusier, who like Foster was fascinated with machines and speed, went on to become more lyrical in his modernity with late works such as the Chapel of Notre-Dame du Haut (Ronchamp, 1955), perhaps contradicting the concept of the "machine à habiter." Thoroughly contemporary in his process, Norman Foster is at the other end of the spectrum from the arid emptiness of endlessly repeated industrial forms painted in Ripolin white. Instead, he succeeds in fashioning modern shapes that are intrinsically informed by the world as we know it—from its social implications to technical and cultural ones.

What Foster calls the "green agenda" is a clear example of his practice. He took on an approach which is fundamentally inclusive and speaks to the green agenda quite simply because it is necessary to be aware of the impact of architecture *on* the world. Environmental awareness makes the people who use and are impacted by architecture healthier, more productive, and fundamentally happier. These words may sound cloyed, but like the social implications of architecture, they are deeply inscribed in what an architect can and should be able to do.

From his earliest work, Norman Foster has sought ways to make modern buildings physically fit into their environment. This is a matter of scale, color, and sensitivity that has frequently eluded other professionals in the "art of building," in part because *tabula rasa* theories implied that a new building should define its own space rather than fitting into what already exists. By suggesting that the new somehow must supersede and replace all that went before, by setting aside the social and environmental functions of architecture, by looking only at building rather than the broader technical and artistic worlds, architects somehow lost their soul. This is why Foster matters.

Even as he traveled the world conceiving and supervising increasingly large projects, Norman Foster developed another parallel line of thinking, by no means unrelated to ideas employed elsewhere. Spending time in Switzerland, he worked on how a local tradition of building in wood, and often using larch shingles, could be adapted to modern architectural design and construction. His Chesa Futura in St. Moritz is a case in point, blending into this mountain town as its shingles have turned gray with the normal weathering process, broadening the often small and closed wooden buildings of the Alpine past into a generous, modern, and efficient structure.

FOSTER BY FOSTER

In a modest way, the methods used by Norman Foster to work on this monograph reveal his approach. He drew every double page of the first volume *Works*. He wanted to explain his designs so that readers can understand them, just as the second book, *Networks*, reveals his sources of inspiration. Every image in this book was chosen and placed by Foster in a process very different from that of some other architects who are bent on giving the impression of artistic innovation—his buildings are not strokes of genius; rather, they emerge from the context of his life and times. The Ring Building of Apple Park carries within its form the unstated echo of a circle by Richard Long, like the one that graced the rear wall of Foster's La Voile residence in Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat, France.

There is no denying that there is an aesthetic element in Foster's architecture, even in its lightness and frequent simplicity. There are recurring shapes and solutions, usually dictated by forces that go beyond





Architecture giant Norman Foster walks us through his most significant projects, from the Millennium Bridge to Apple Park. Presenting his architectural œuvre, the first volume of this XXL monograph brims with unpublished images and sketches, handpicked by Foster, while the second contains eight essays he wrote explaining his sources of inspiration.

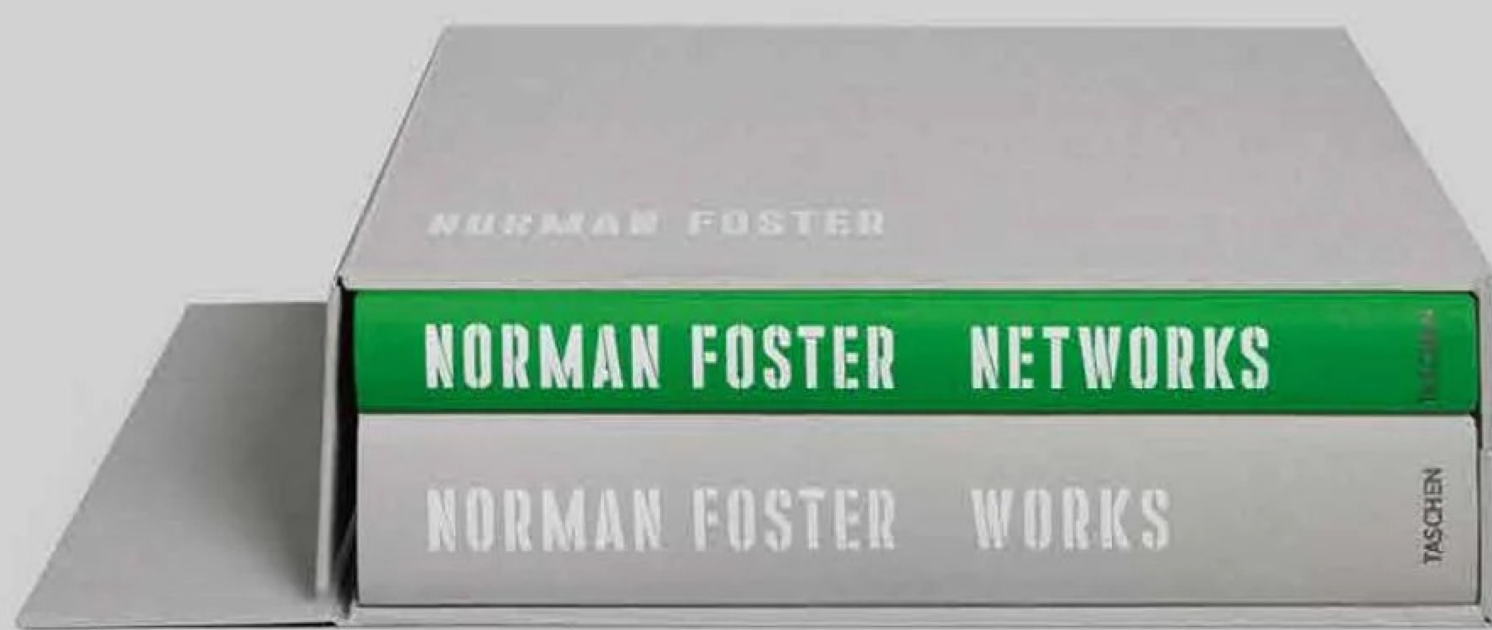
appearance. An airport design implies highly codified technical requirements, but that may be precisely where the architect shows an unusual mastery—in giving an aesthetic life and presence to a structure that must already respond to hundreds if not thousands of requirements, ranging from fire safety to energy consumption and traffic flow.

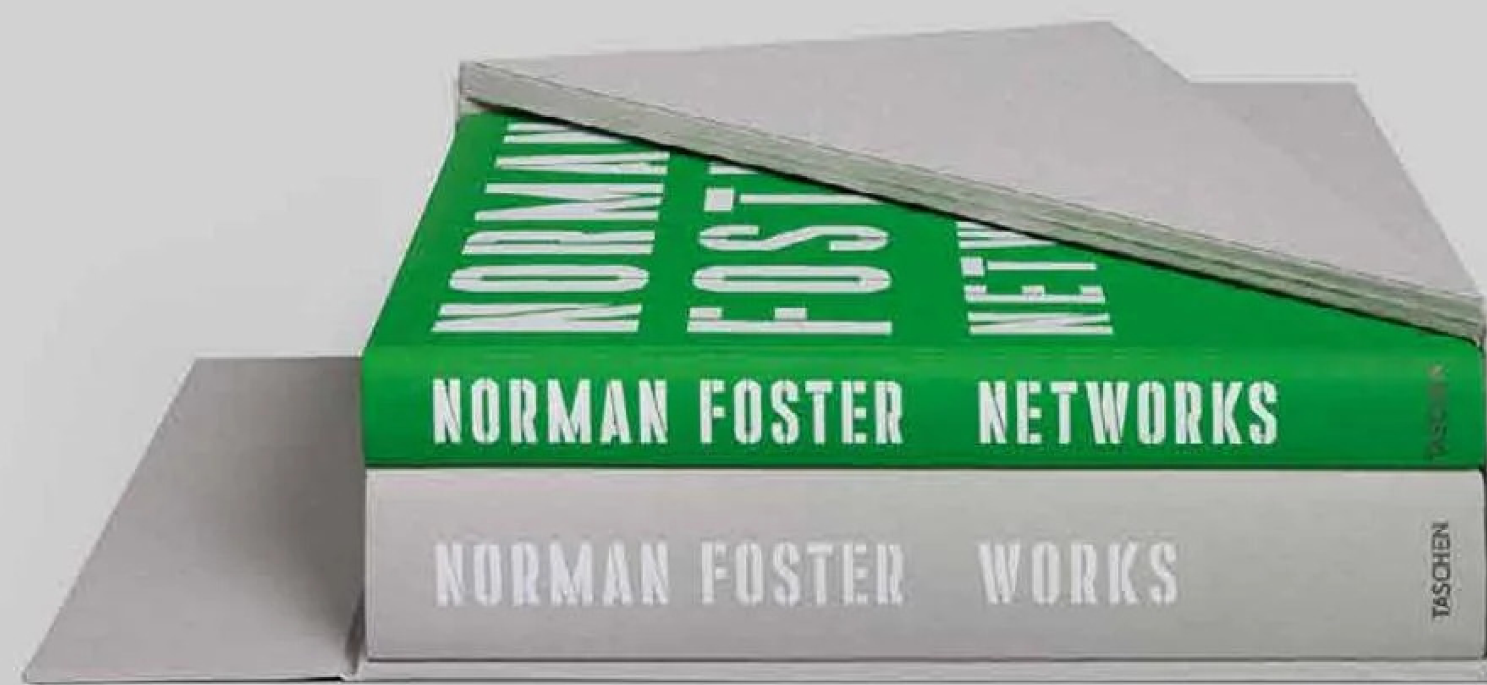
AWARENESS OF THE PAST

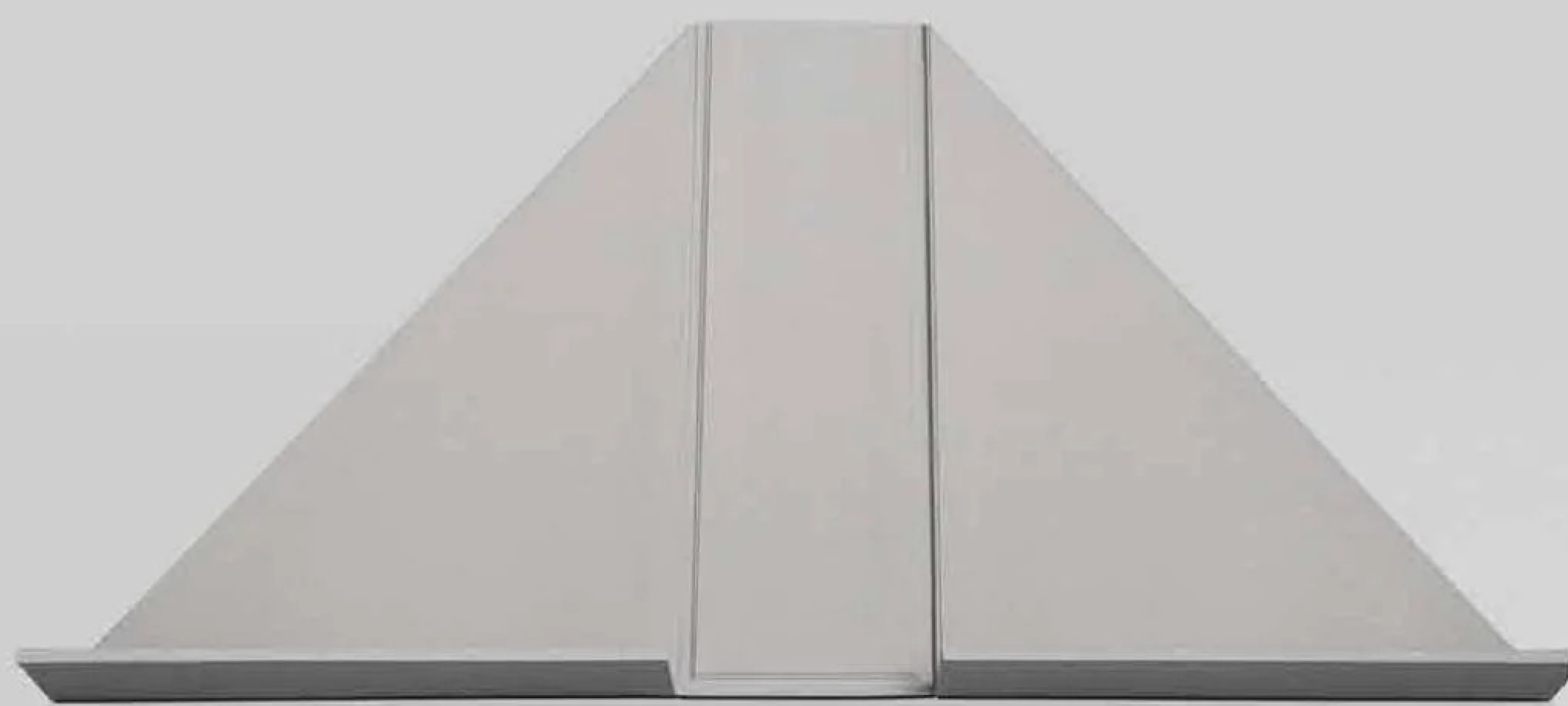
It might not be said that Foster has a specific style, except for his interest in the environment and his very comprehensive, extensive awareness and incorporation of the forces that have driven modern technology (particularly those associated with speed) and modern culture, from the Futurist Boccioni to the master of Pop Art, Andy Warhol—two of the artists represented in his collections. It is by integrating such a variety of elements, most prominently his concern for the environment and for alleviating social disequilibrium, that Foster stands out. Nor does he stop at designing airports and towers, of course. The pedestrian experience of moving through central London, for example, has been transformed by his renovation of Trafalgar Square and by the construction of the Millennium Bridge from St. Paul's Cathedral to the Tate Modern. Apparently simple in their actual presence, almost invisible to those who did not know Trafalgar Square before, these projects were the result of an enormous investment of time and effort. The British Museum and the Royal Academy live and breathe again after long periods of successive architectural intrusions. This respect extends even to such a historically complex building as the Reichstag in Berlin: seat of power, symbol of much unwanted history, yet totally awakened and brightened by Lord Foster's touch. A glazed dome, where the people can literally stand above their representatives and which glows from within at night, exemplifies how to retain an "awareness of the past," while addressing the present and the future.

It is by accepting all the positive influences, all the potential values of each project that Foster has made a place for himself as the most significant living architect. He has always felt clearly that nature (daylight and respect for the environment) is part of what architecture must include, but he has gone further—to bring the inspiration of machines and art into his buildings. If the Futurists imagined riding a roaring fiery machine into the future, Foster, instead, assimilated the presence of airplanes, cars, space craft, and other aspects of modern technology by making many of their ideas, forms, and materials an integral part of his work. This assimilation goes hand in hand with his interest in the environment and in the urban settings of his work—the modern building, in his hands, is not an object divorced from its time and place. It is part of both.

Today, Norman Foster participates in ventures to empower poor countries with energy sources and other technical solutions, such as drone delivery of medicines in Africa. From myriad sources of inspiration and information, he has been at the commands as coherent, fully contemporary buildings have emerged. These are much more "complete" buildings than any driven exploration of personal artistic flair would permit. He is apt to be sure that his sketches carry his trademark "NF" signature, but walk from the National Gallery directly into Trafalgar Square without risking life and limb and remember that this, too, is his architecture. His museum renovations from Boston to Madrid inevitably express a will to reinstate the former entrances, to make the old buildings communicate and fit with the new. There is an "NF" carved somewhere, surely, but this architecture also exists and functions properly because it does not bear an unsufferable weight of ego. The man does have an ego, and a very strong will to get things done, but also a gift of openness, which is the secret of his success.



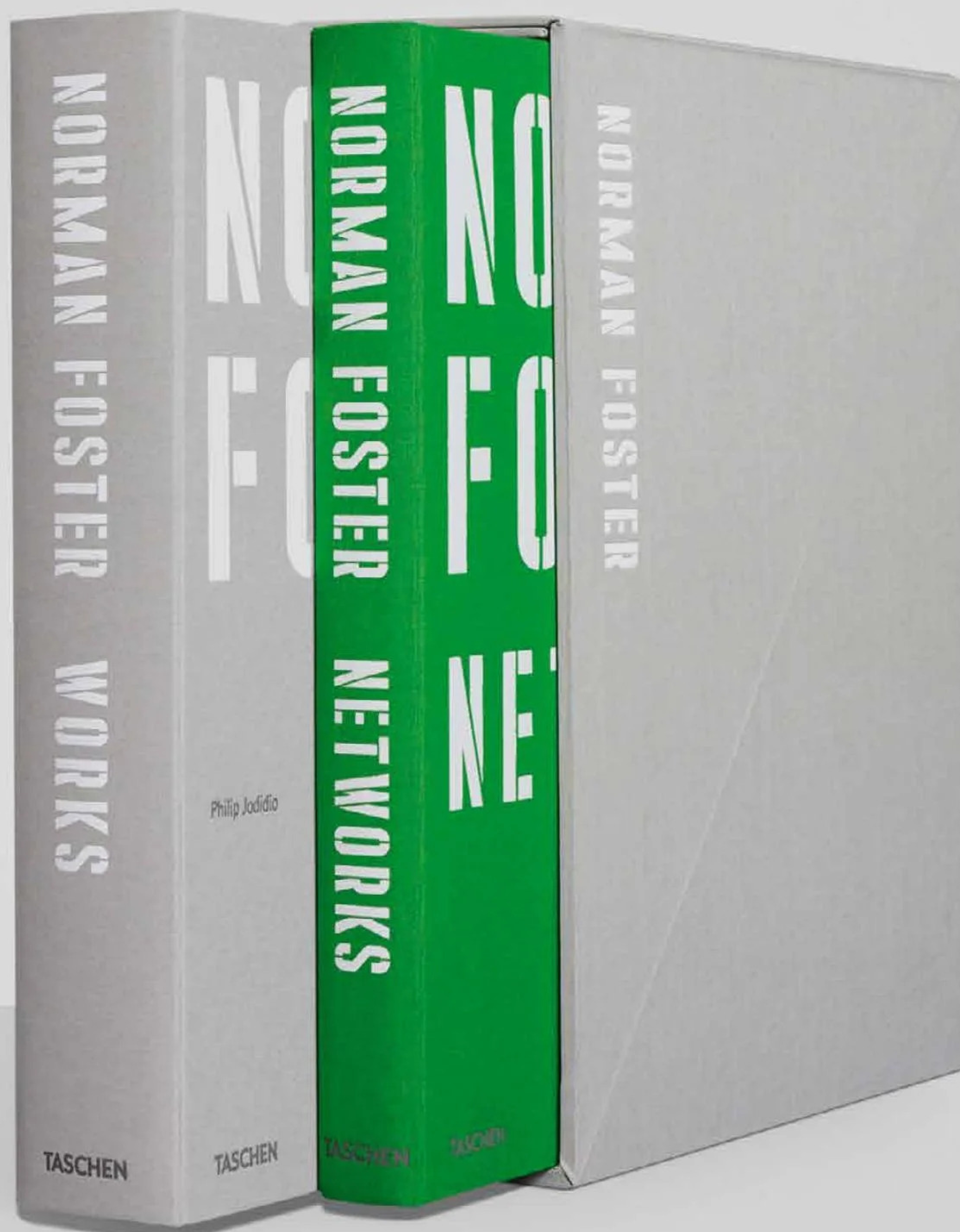






"The work on this book is my first experience of acting, not just in terms of providing information, selecting images, discussing what is important and why it is important, but to actually group together images and find visual relationships between drawings and photographs, to get below the surface and to graphically explain what makes the projects tick—the stories, the values, the passions behind the various projects."

Norman Foster



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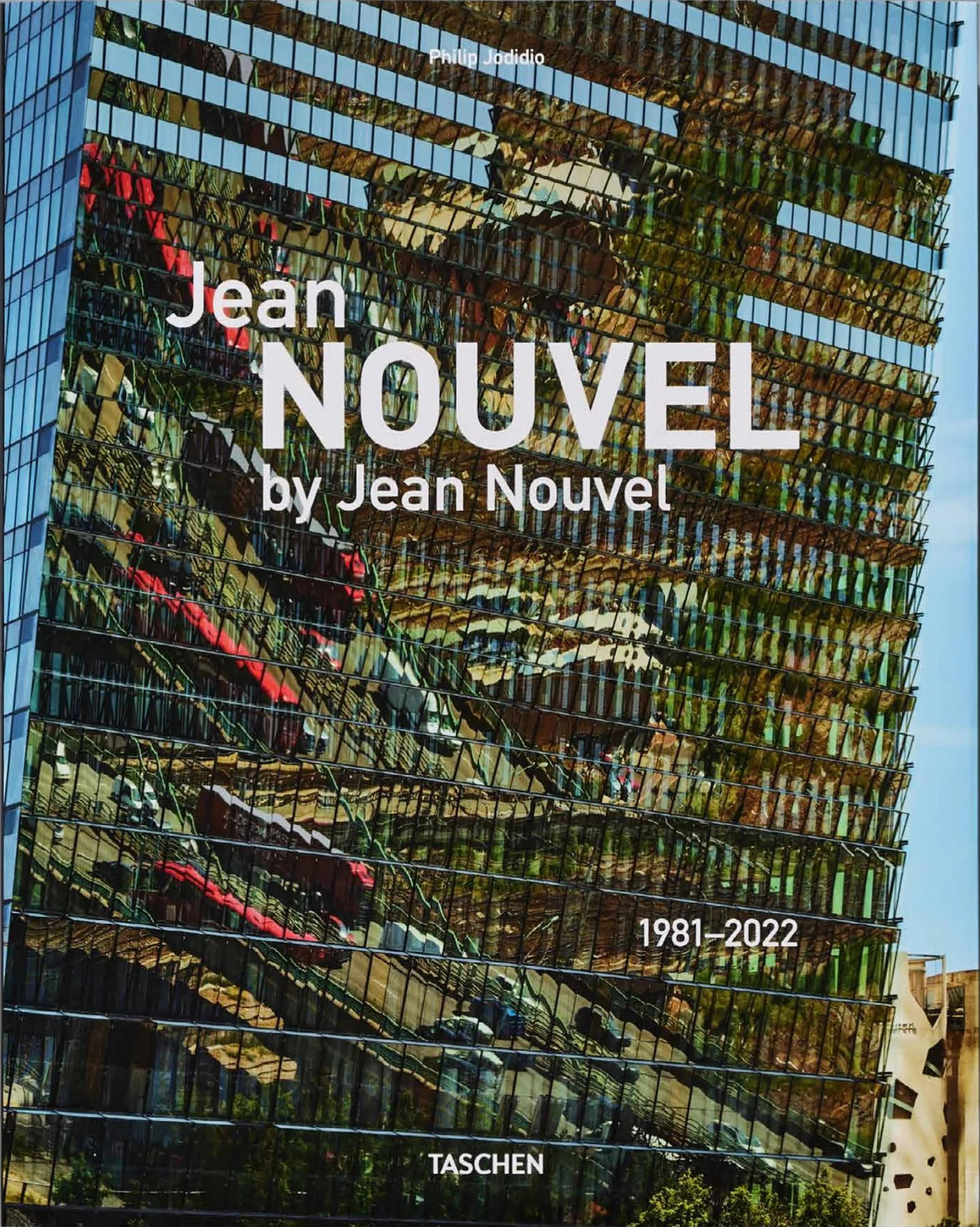
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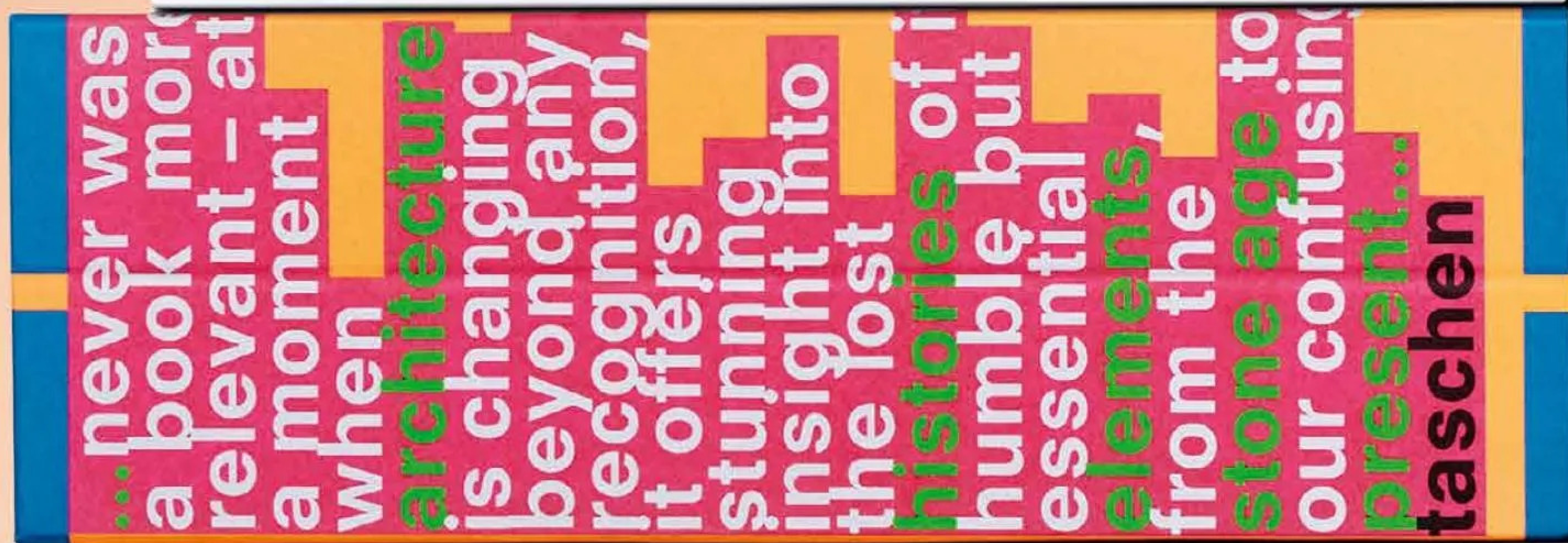
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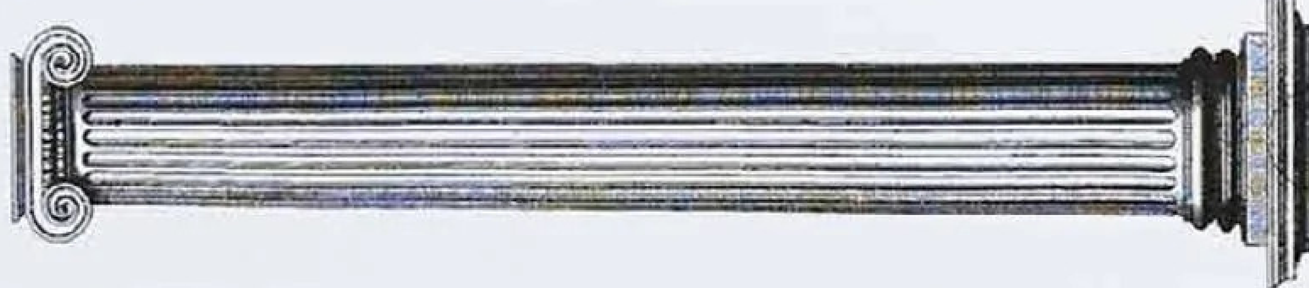
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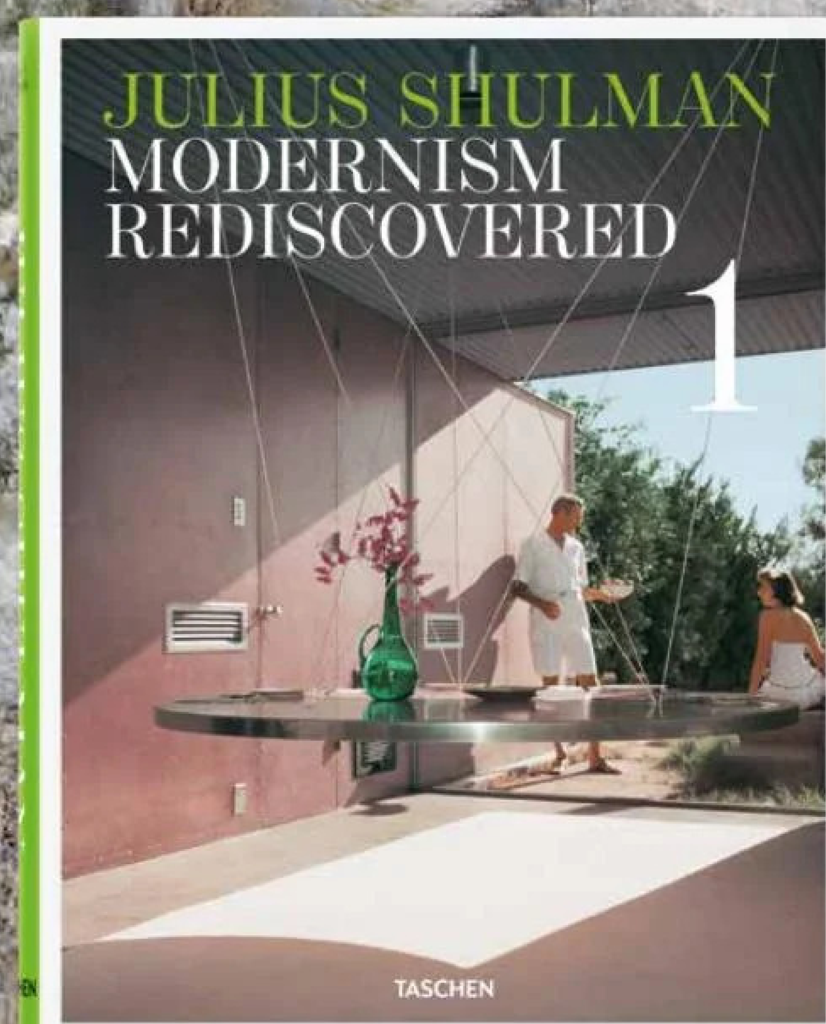
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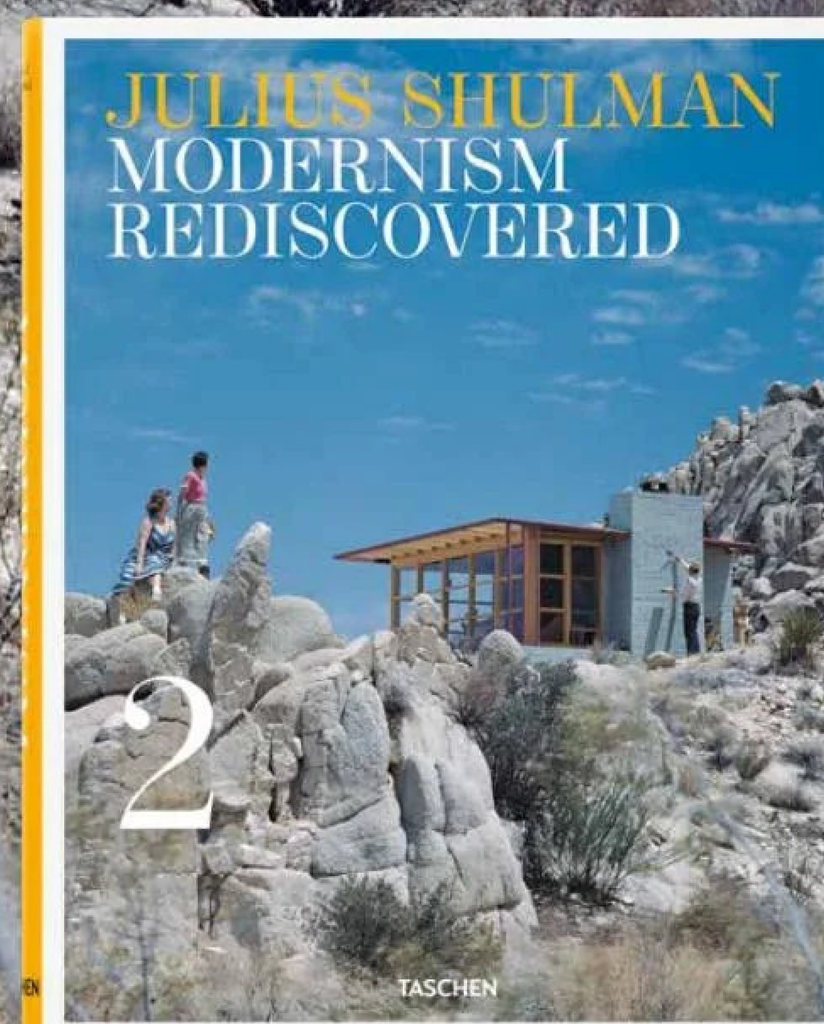
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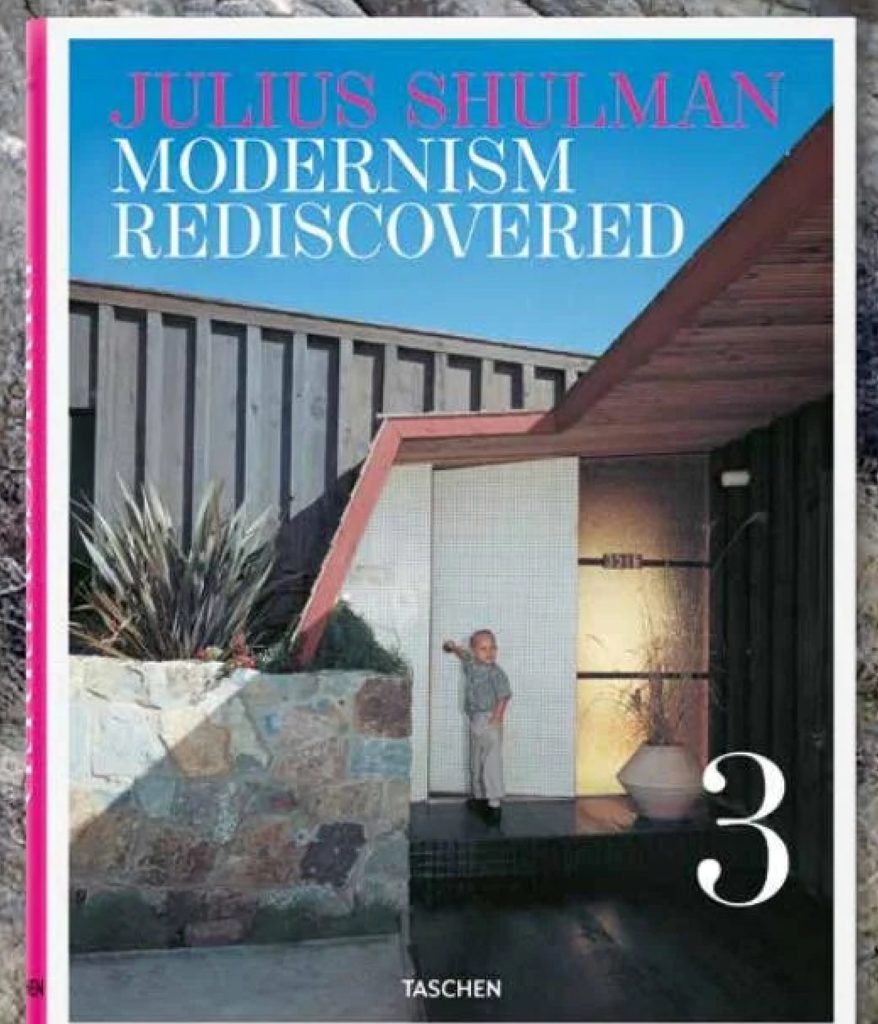
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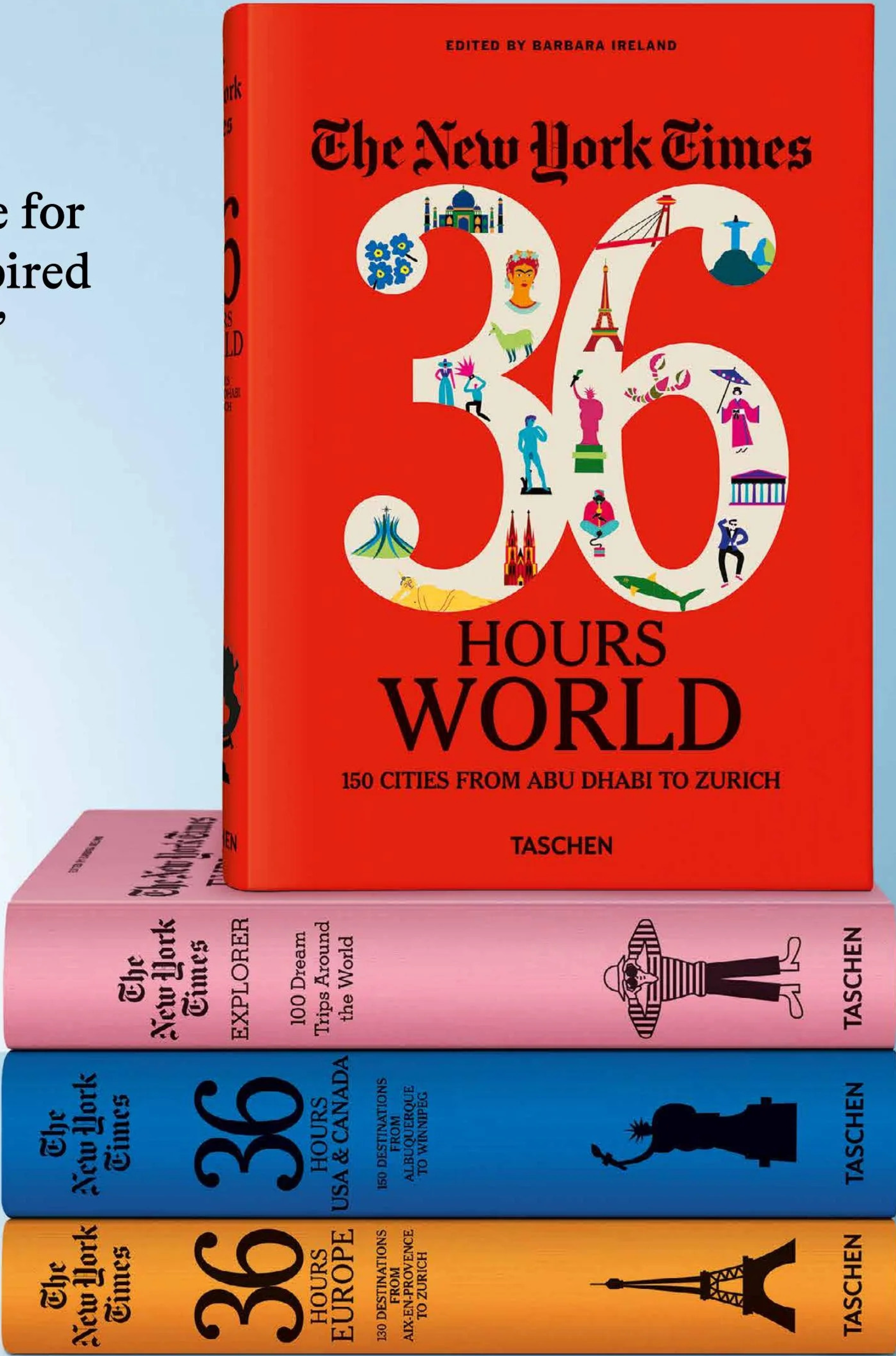




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The Man Who Drew the Cold War

Christopher Frayling in conversation with Ken Adam, the greatest film production designer of all time

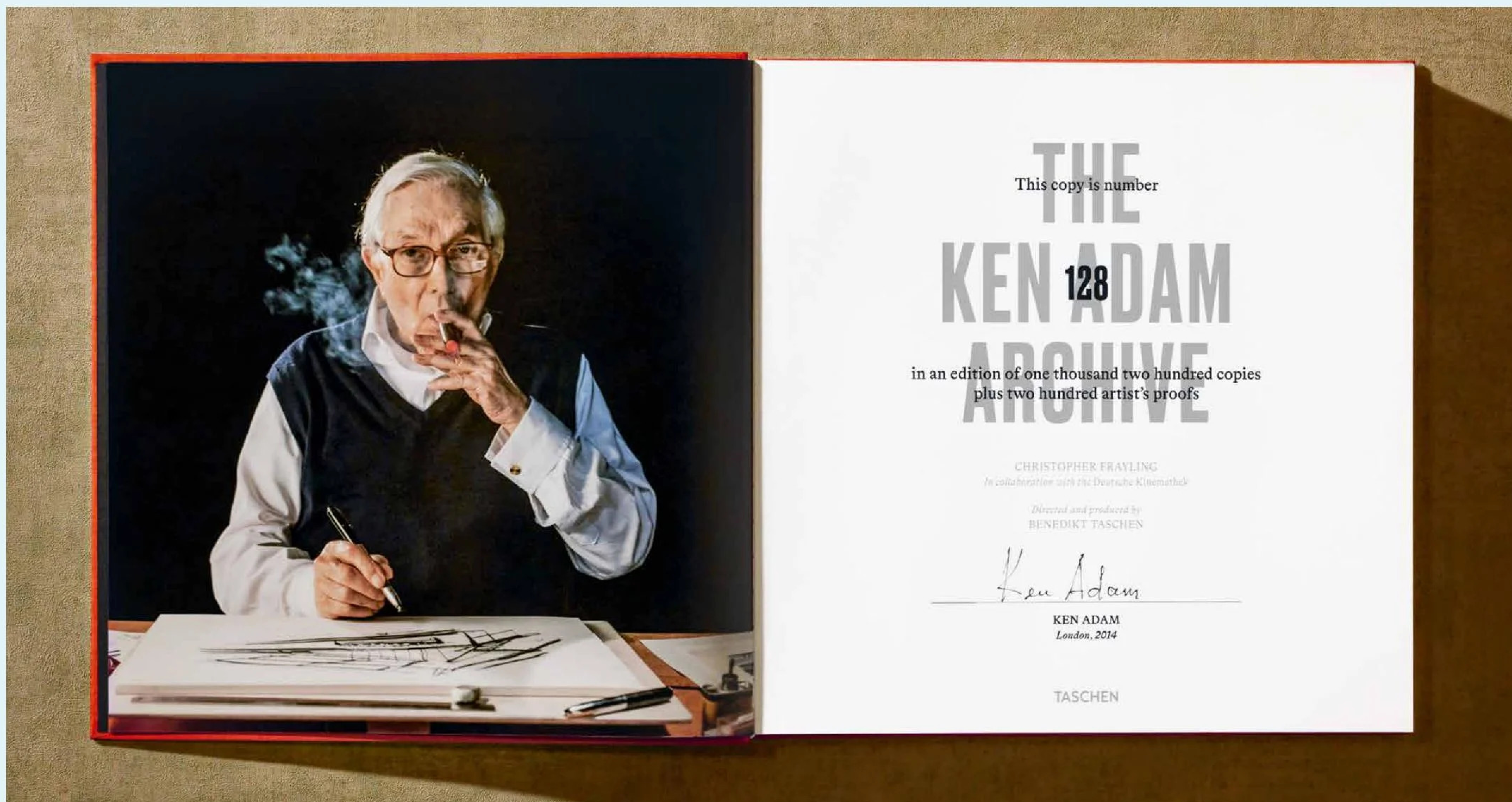
IT IS SOMETIMES FORGOTTEN that spy films in the early 1960s were far from being either popular or fashionable. Alfred Hitchcock had made *Secret Agent* and *The Lady Vanishes* in the 1930s, Eric Ambler's stories had been adapted by Hollywood in the 1940s, there had been one or two 'red menace' thrillers in the 1950s. And a Bond adaptation, as well as *The Avengers* and *Danger Man*, on television. But in 1961/62, when *Dr. No* was planned and filmed, spy *films* were in danger of looking out of date, despite the rising temperature of the Cold War. So in movie terms, *Dr. No* was a huge gamble. Ian Fleming had already cut loose from the literary worlds of Somerset Maugham (*Secret Agent*) and Eric Ambler (*The Mask of Dimitrios*) with the nine Bond novels from *Casino Royale* to *Thunderball* he had published by the time of *Dr. No*: exotic locations, consumer goodies, colourful villains, sexy *femmes fatales*, a cool clubland hero, journalistic writing—in short, as Fleming himself confessed, reading matter customised for use in 'railways, trains, aeroplanes or beds', closer to *Bulldog Drummond* and *The Thirty-nine Steps* than to stories about professional spies. But there was no movie equivalent. So when Ken Adam received the first hundred pages of the treatment of *Dr. No*, in October 1961, he was not sure how to react.

How did you first meet Cubby Broccoli?

It was through Irving Allen. And Cubby was involved in all those films too; I had the art department set up at Soho Square. And I met Irving Allen through Mike Frankovich again, who was in charge of Columbia's British office at that time. He made all the right moves, and he really helped my career along. In fact, he did more for my career at that time than anyone else. And remember that Columbia distributed Warwick Films. Anyway, Irwin Allen was enormously abrasive, really tough and very American. Another one of those monster moguls. Very explosive. He knew about films because he grew up in editing, and had done a bit of directing in the 1940s. And he was a good showman.

Opposite:
Dr. Strangelove, 1964.
Publicity composite of Dr. Strangelove (Peter Sellers) trying to control his arm, and beneath him the War Room in session.





When Cubby came over to London from America—where he'd been an agent—he got into a partnership with Allen, through a friend. In a way, Irving was the nasty guy and Cubby was the nice guy, but there was more to it than that. Irving was a nasty guy, very tough and vulgar.

It was Harry Saltzman who brought to Cubby the Ian Fleming books. And Harry was another showman, you see. He was brought up in the circus. In some ways typical: well-dressed, stout, cigar-smoking, typical sort of New York American showman. He came to Cubby with an option on the Bond books, that I think was about to run out, he needed more resources. And it worked out well for Cubby, because although Cubby had to put the brakes on Harry sometimes, it turned out to be a good partnership. I knew Harry Saltzman from before; he had asked me to help him with a television series in Rome, which I turned down, when I was working on *John Paul Jones*. So when Cubby and Harry were planning *Dr. No*, the first person they approached to design it was me. You could never be bored with Harry. Cubby was much more stable, calm in a way. And since Harry was so like a volcano—*explosive* is the word I'm after, again—if you said the wrong thing he went 'Boom!' But he backed talent and followed his hunches. He was much more intellectual, cerebral, than Cubby. I started working on *Dr. No* on 23 October 1961, and was contracted for 16 weeks at £125 a week.

With all the sets on several stages at Pinewood, for Dr. No*, and with all the expense…*

You're saying it was an *expensive* film? It was below a million dollars!

Did Harry and Cubby sign off the sketches—did they even see them?

No, no, it was complete chaos really because we all went to Jamaica—Harry and Cubby and [director of photography] Ted Moore—and I remember Harry particularly wanted me to look at a marsh-buggy which he thought was fantastic—you know, those things with large propellers built on the stern—he must have been thinking already of *Dr. No*'s dragon or something. And we all went out there to this tropical paradise which is very beautiful and I had Syd Cain, my art director (uncredited), with me, because I knew I had to come back to Pinewood and he had to stay on in Jamaica. And we had very little money to spend, and we didn't have a great deal of time because we had to start shooting.

Back at Pinewood, you were using several sound-stages for more sets than you had ever designed before—simultaneously. While Terence Young's unit was filming in Jamaica, they seem to have left you alone to get on with it.

Yes, after I had supervised the main location in Jamaica I flew back to London to work on the sets. I kept trying to discuss concepts with Terence but all he would say was, 'Ken, I leave it up to you.' All he wanted was a rough plan of some of the sets so he knew where the actors had their entrances and exits. The design was my business. He trusted me, even though I'd never worked with him on a film before. And we got on like a house on fire! But nobody had a precise idea of what the sets should look like.

Did you talk about design with Richard Maibaum and Johanna Harwood, the scriptwriters?

Not at that stage, because Dick was in Jamaica. Nor with Johanna Harwood. But I was by myself, with my department, which was fantastic. No one looking over my shoulder, which is how I like it. Here I was calling in all the heads of department—the construction manager, chief plasterer, chief painter—Ronnie Udell the construction manager, who became my closest associate, and so on—and I said, 'I'm not going to go through the usual schedule—you must forget how the old studio sets were built—and we'll be playing around with new materials, new techniques, anything you can think of.' For Dr. No's apartment, for example, we used an American process I'd picked up from working on *Helen of Troy* in Italy five or six years before. You could metallise any

smooth surface by spraying a nitric acid solution on to it. After four or five sprays it was like a mirror finish. Then you could put a lacquer on top of it to make it look like brass, steel, copper or whatever the colour and texture we wanted. And the people in my department were fantastic. They rose to the challenge. They were all on my side. And I said, 'Anybody coming up with new ideas we'll listen and incorporate them.' And new ideas stimulated my imagination.

You must have realised by then that this could be a big opportunity…

Yes, a showcase for my ideas. I had never had the opportunity to really work in this way before. It was very exciting. Suddenly everyone was coming up with ideas. The studio became a democratic debating society and remained that way throughout the later Bond films. Each of the heads of department would come to me with ideas, with Ronnie Udell's encouragement.

And then, on Friday 23 February 1962, the crew arrived back from Jamaica—to see sets they had never set eyes on before. It must have been a nerve-racking scene.

Yes, they came back on the Friday and we started shooting at Pinewood on Monday 26th. Luckily, they liked what they saw! The first person to walk on to the stage—I'll never forget this—was Terence Young. He loved it all. And Cubby and Harry—who might well have been thinking, 'How much money is he going to ask for the next movie?'—they agreed with him. When Cubby saw Dr. No's underwater apartment, he said 'It's like Leo Carrillo's ranch house!'

The Cisco Kid?

Yes. I'd built Dr. No's apartment. And that was way out, mixing contemporary design—slightly ahead of contemporary—with antique furniture, some of it from our house in Knightsbridge. And the magnificent aquarium! And the casino, which was loosely based on Les Ambassadeurs club. But when you consider the risks one took! Filling three or four stages at Pinewood with sets that the director hadn't even seen yet! Whether I'd done the nuclear water reactor yet I'm not sure. It must have been a bit later because Harry had a contact at Harwell in Oxfordshire, and so two young scientists came over and spent a couple of hours with me at Pinewood. Because, you see, I knew *nothing* about reactors! And we had to borrow some bits of reactor equipment as well. It was an enormous set that took up the whole of Stage E.

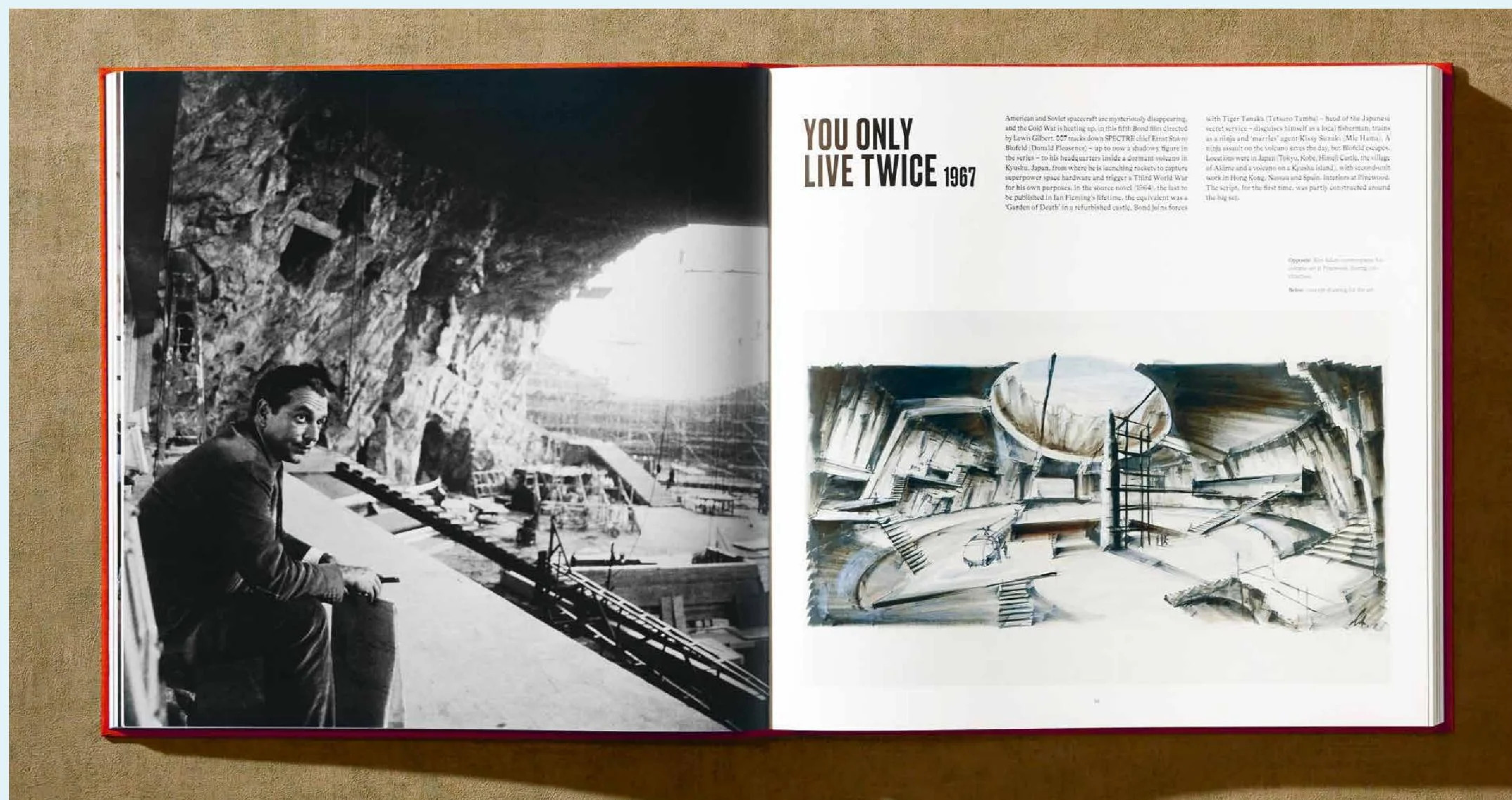
The first of your big climaxes…

And it had to work. Even though we didn't use radioactive material! We used photo-floods or whatever to light up the water, to show the nuclear material shining beneath. The lift with the nuclear core. It was really frightening, actually! We knew so little about it.

Of course, the water reactor had nothing to do with Ian Fleming's novel. In the novel, Dr. No is drowned in tons of bird-shit—a slightly different concept!

Right! But the amazing thing, which I still remember so clearly, was the reaction of Terence when he first came on the set. He was literally speechless. Not the reactor-room but the set for Dr. No's apartment—real tree inside, aquarium, everything in real materials, real wooden floor and so on; antique furniture mixed with modern stuff, copper doors. So he flipped. 'Ken, this looks great!' Cubby and Harry came in shortly after him, and so they felt they also had to love it.

What about Dr. No's anteroom, which appears 35 minutes into the film—the one with a grille in the ceiling like a spider's web, where Professor Dent talks to his off-screen boss Dr. No? It's only visible for a few moments, but it is a very strong, Expressionist image…



YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE 1967

American and Soviet spacecraft are mysteriously disappearing, and the Cold War is heating up, in this fifth Bond film directed by Lewis Gilbert. 007 tracks down SPECTRE chief Ernst Stavro Blofeld (Donald Pleasence) – up to now a shadowy figure in the series – to his headquarters inside a dormant volcano in Kyushu, Japan, from where he is launching rockets to capture superpower space hardware and trigger a Third World War for his own purposes. In the source novel (1964), the last to be published in Ian Fleming's lifetime, the equivalent was a 'Garden of Death' in a refurbished castle. Bond joins forces with Tiger Tanaka (Tetsuro Tamba) – head of the Japanese secret service – disguises himself as a local fisherman, trains as a ninja and 'marries' agent Kissy Suzuki (Mie Hama). A ninja assault on the volcano saves the day, but Blofeld escapes. Locations were in Japan (Tokyo, Kobe, Himeji Castle, the village of Akime and a volcano on a Kyushu island), with second-unit work in Hong Kong, Nassau and Spain. Interiors at Pinewood. The script, for the first time, was partly constructed around the big set.

Well, that was done quite late in the day when they had almost run out of money. So I came up with that idea. I built the set on a raised platform in false perspective with that big circular grille, and Terence, who was very art-minded, said: 'If you want us to see the whole grille, you have to give me at least a six-foot extension to the ceiling piece.' And Ted Moore did a brilliant job with the lighting. The set was dressed with just one table, one chair and one spider, and it is my favourite scene in the film. Very stylised. And another exciting thing I remember is this never-ending conveyor belt where Sean and Ursula were supposed to be in the nude being decontaminated.

At what stage did you realise that Dr. No *would be something special? Much more than just another Warwick-style film. Was it during the shoot? Which began on 16 January 1962, in Jamaica, and wrapped at Pinewood on 30 March 1962?*

When we were filming, we had no idea it would be such a success. But the location was good. Exotic, at the time. Terence brought a quality to the film. And then the game-playing with the sets, especially the underwater apartment and the reactor. In Paris they asked me a while back for some 10 x 8 photos of Dr. No's apartment and there's one sketch which was very ahead of its time. Where I had bars which go all the way to the ceiling and I purposely did it because I thought, 'let me design *against* what people will expect.' Like a prison or whatever. This luxurious apartment which felt like a prison. And the contrast between the antiques where the villain lives and the ultra-modern reactor-room. That was me. It wasn't in the script. But nobody really expected the explosion of success that *Dr. No* had.

And then came a phone call from Stanley Kubrick.

Yes, he was staying at the Westbury Hotel. He'd seen *Dr. No* the night before, and then he rang me. He said he had been very impressed by the design of it, and would I be interested in doing a film for him? 'It's about the atomic destruction of the world,' he said, 'a sort of comedy. Come over to the Westbury, I'd like to talk to you.' The film was *Dr. Strangelove*...

This extract is taken from one of a series of interviews held between Christopher Frayling and Ken Adam in 2012 and 2013 for The Ken Adam Archive. *Hand-signed by Ken Adam in 2014, this limited edition is realized in collaboration with the Deutsche Kinemathek, which holds his personal archive of sketches, concepts, and photographs. Many of these works are published in this legacy edition for the first time.*

"A good film production designer must be an architect, engineer, painter, decorator, draughtsman and visionary. Sir Ken Adam was all of these and more."

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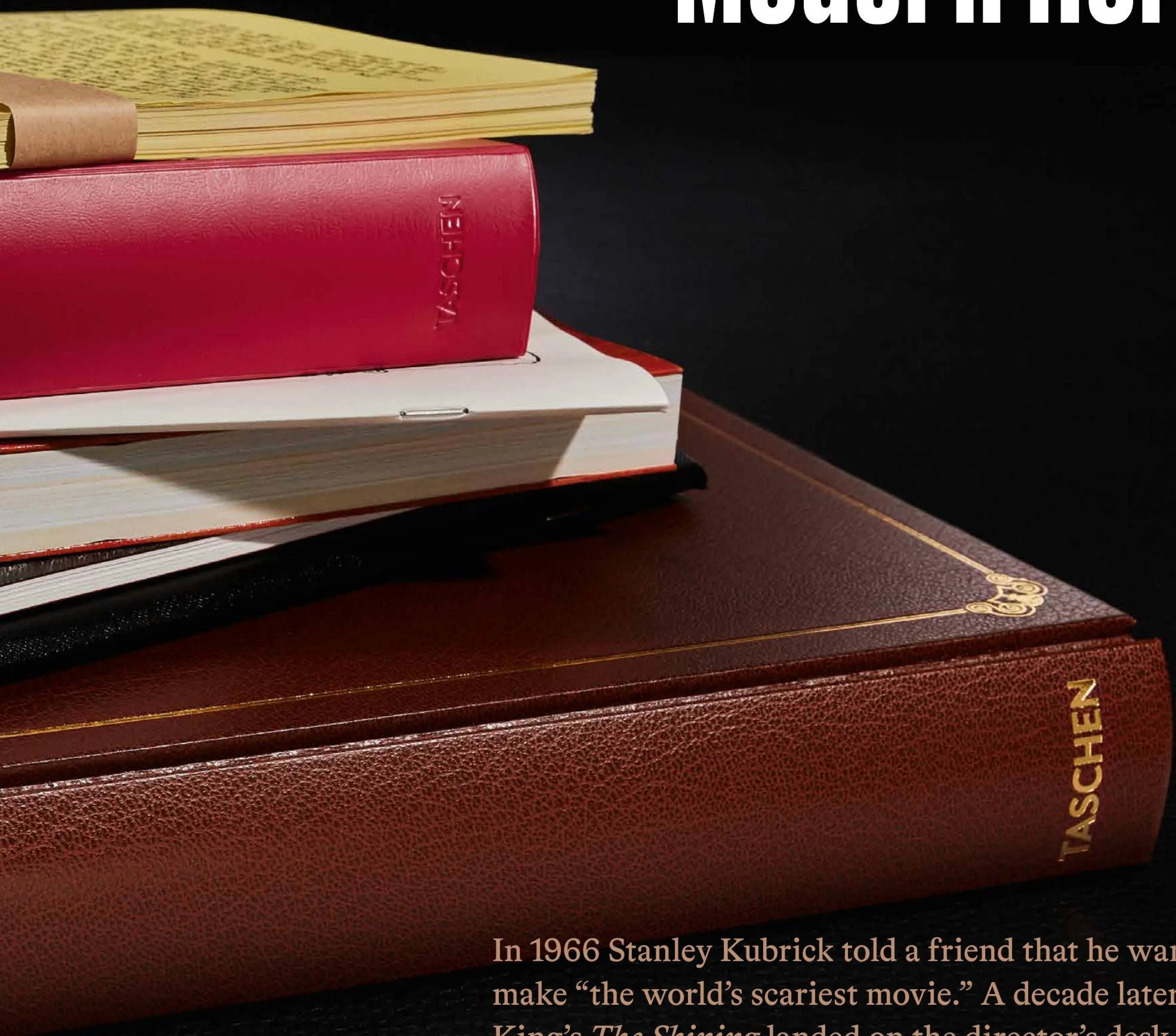


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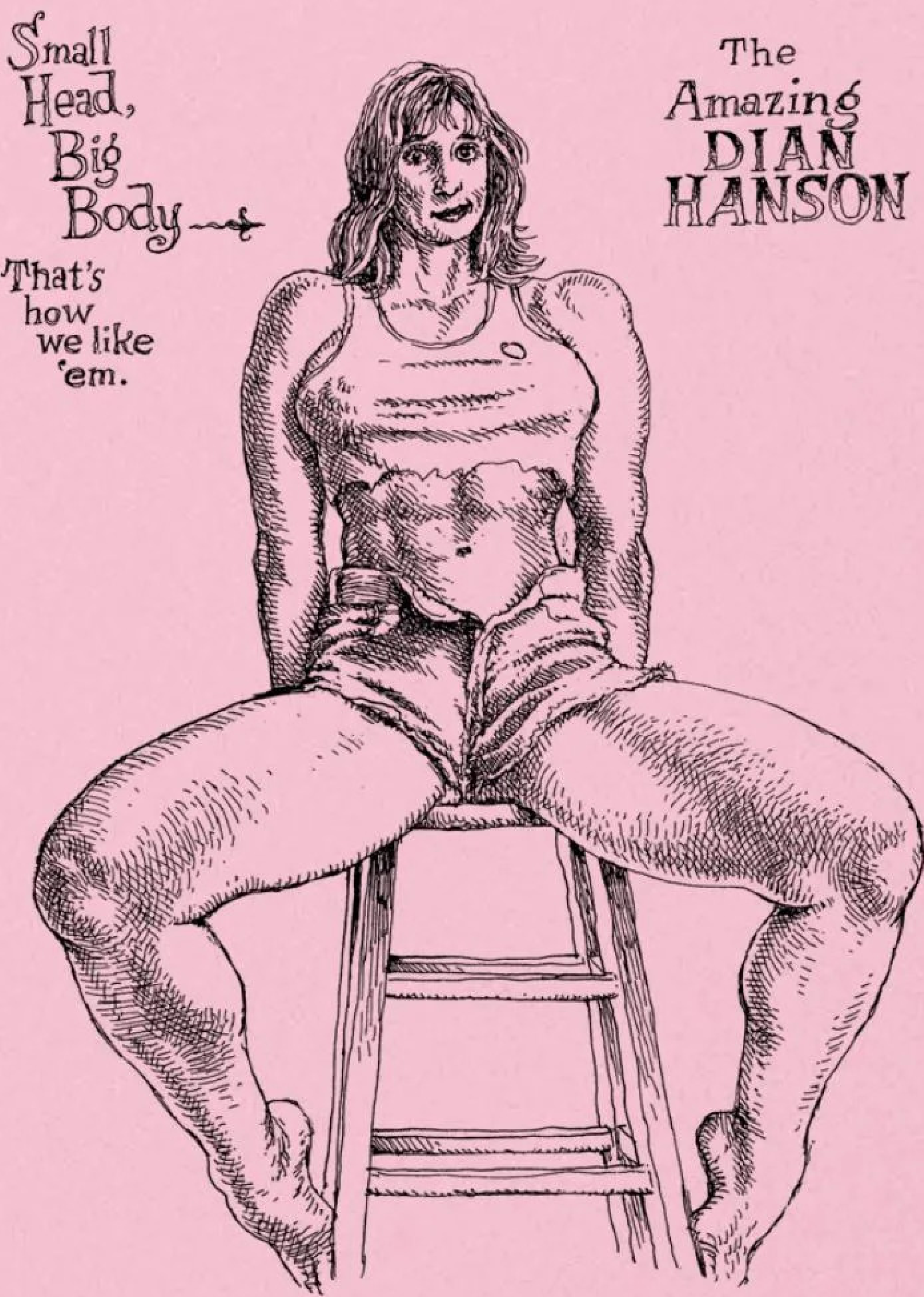
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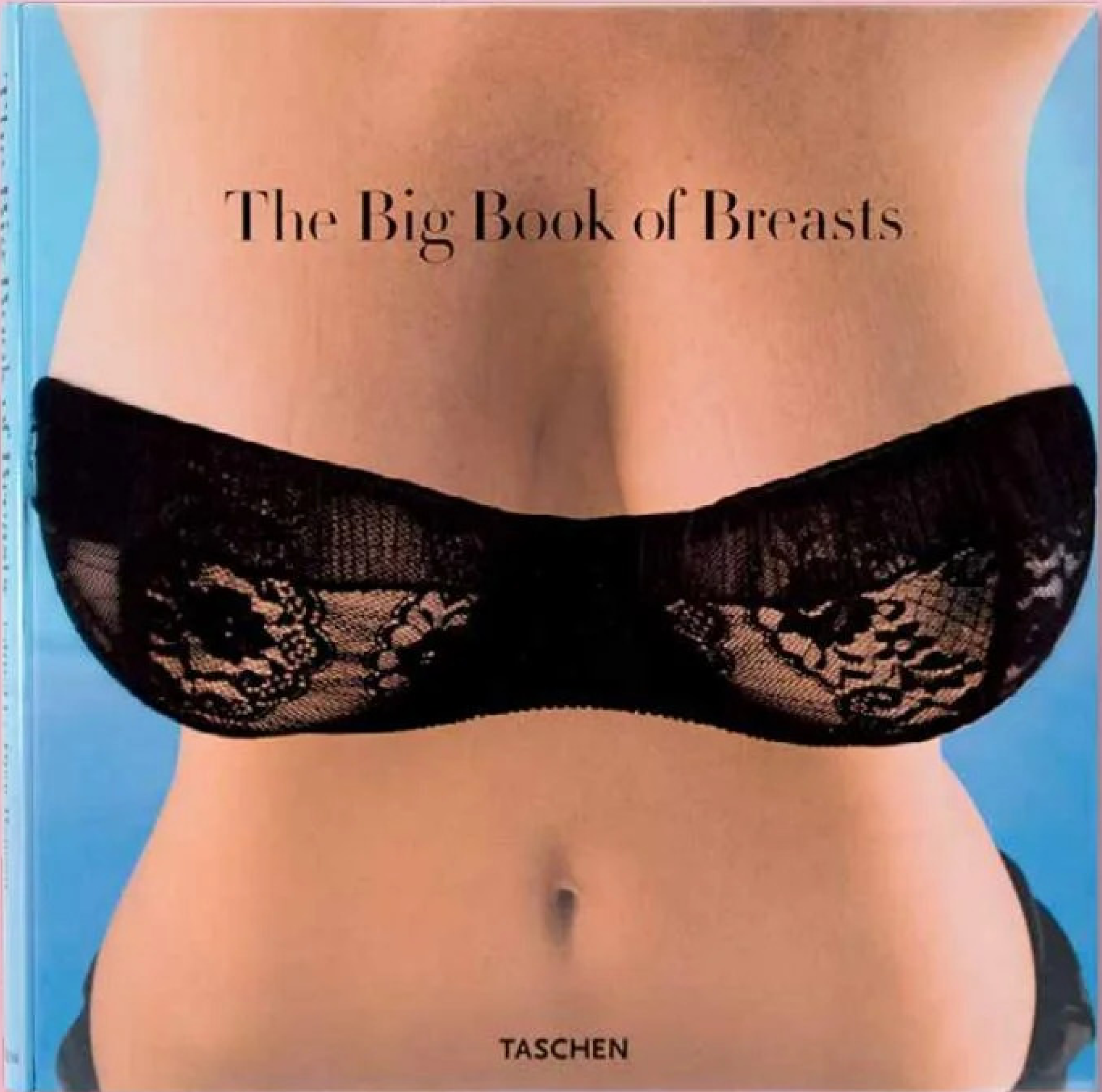
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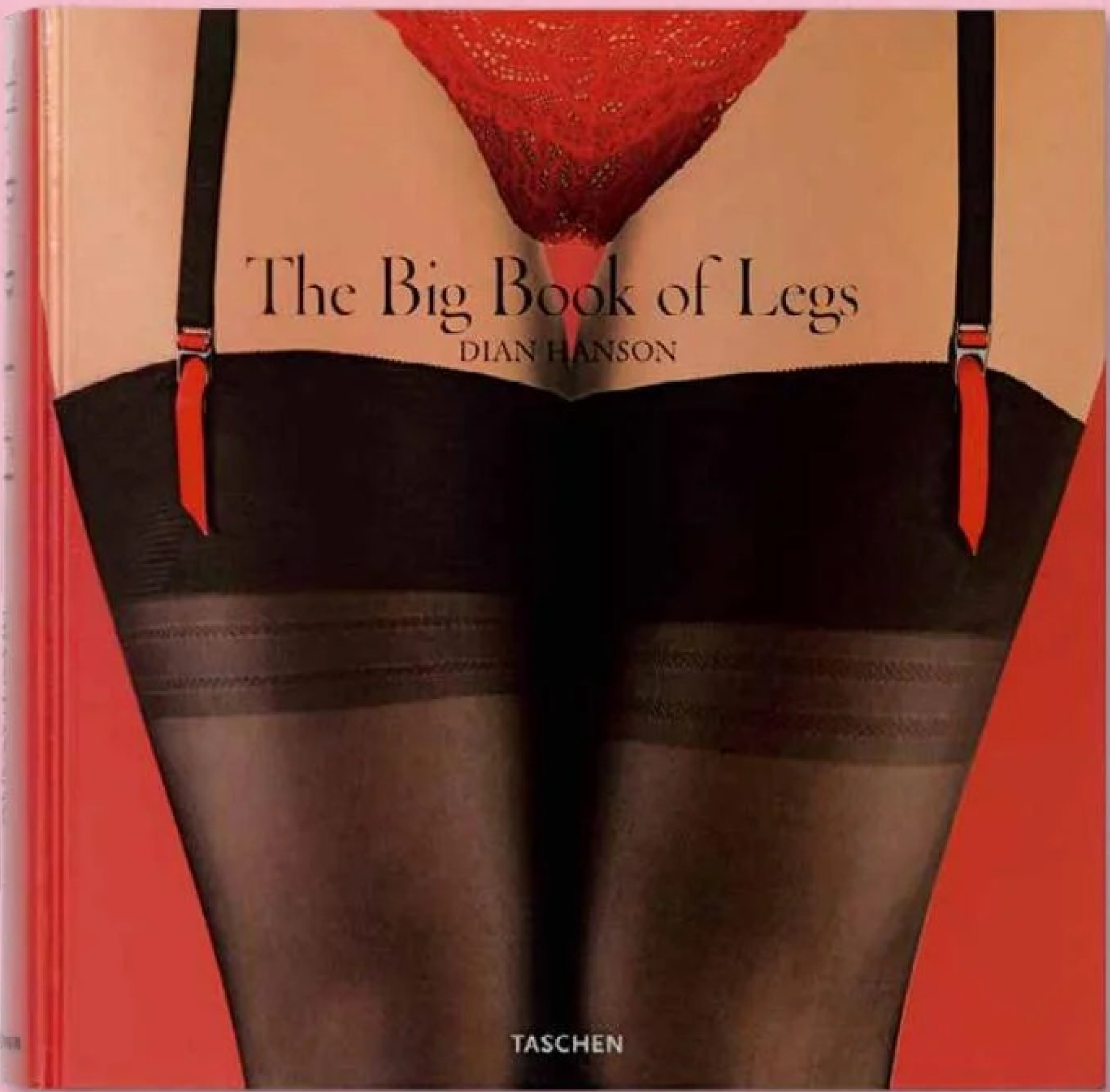


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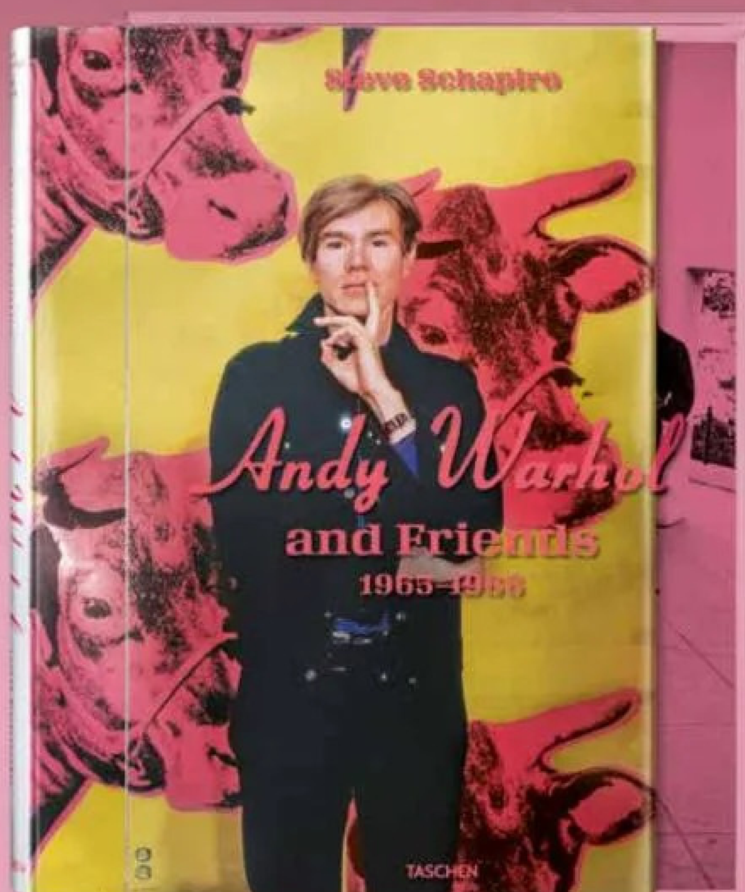


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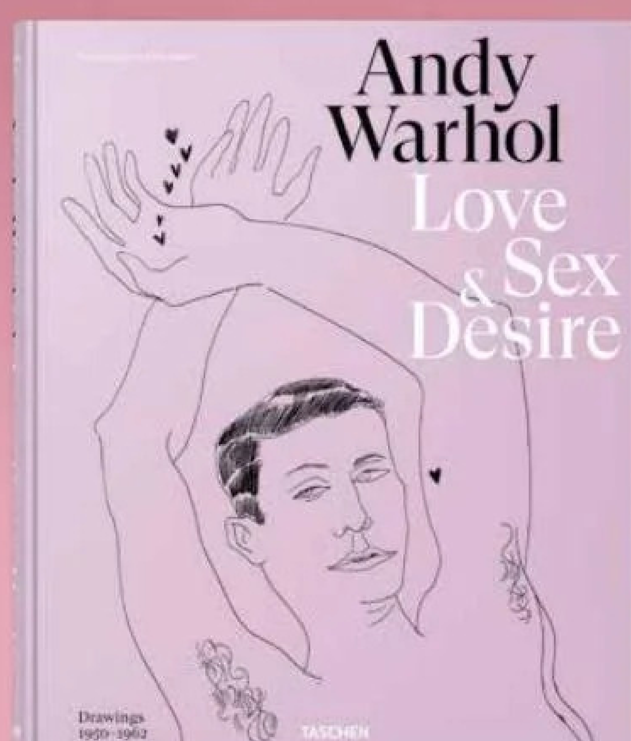
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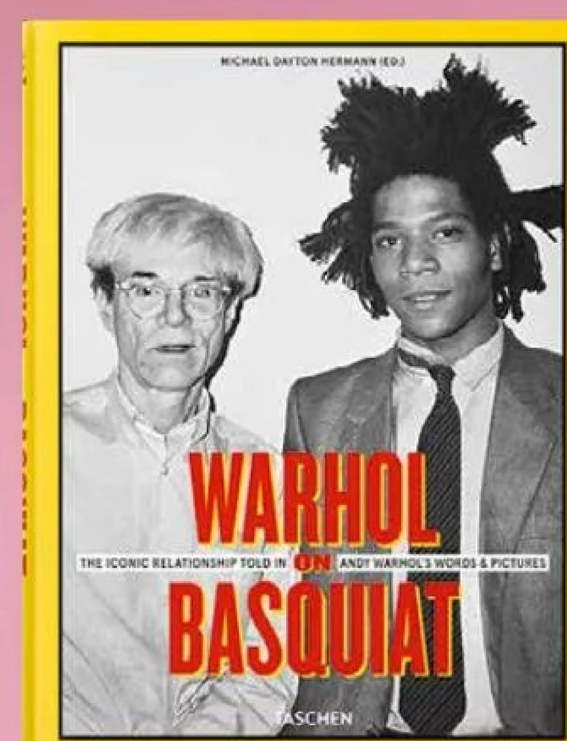


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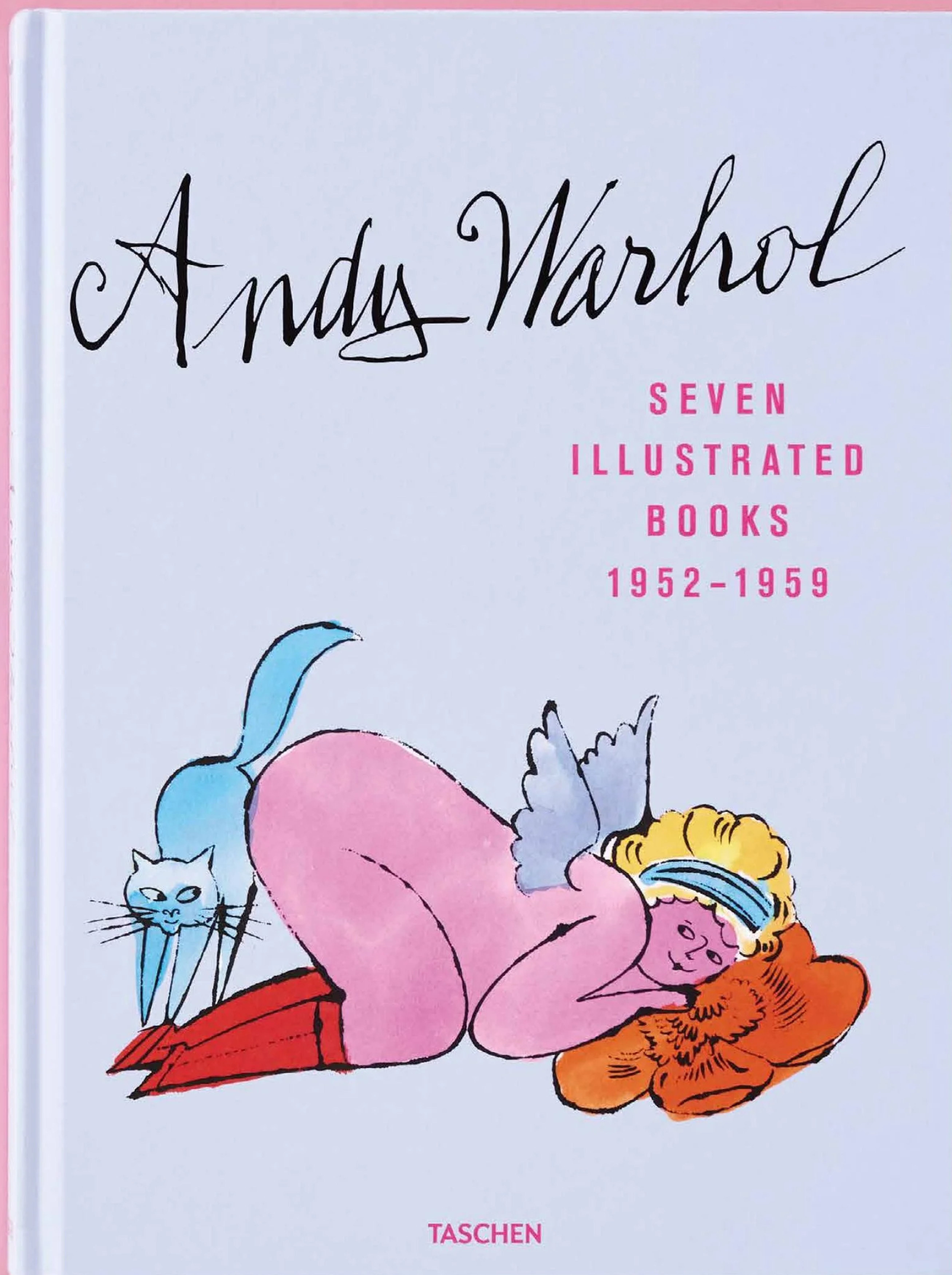
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A graduate of Central Saint Martins College of Art and Design, McQueen showed his first eponymous collection in 1993. He was appointed head designer at the French haute couture house Givenchy only three years later. Although his tenure was short, McQueen infused Givenchy with his darkly romantic aesthetic. In 2001 McQueen sold a share of his business to Gucci Group, ultimately transforming his label into a luxury fashion house.

Through his designs, Alexander McQueen aimed to empower women, and footwear formed an integral part of McQueen's imaginative silhouettes. "My shoes form the foundation of the look, and the way a woman walks in [them] exudes power," he said. His designs included savage boots with a horn-shaped heel, biomorphic pumps, and men's boots laser-engraved with galleons and other classic nautical imagery. Collaborating with the sneaker company Puma, McQueen also created conceptual sneakers inspired by human anatomy. McQueen's footwear provoked visceral responses like the garments he created. His spring 2010 "Armadillo" shoe explored an entirely new silhouette in footwear and is arguably one of his most revolutionary creations.

After McQueen's untimely death in 2010, longtime associate Sarah Burton assumed the role of creative director. She has continued to explore the imaginative footwear designs that were fundamental to the McQueen aesthetic. Today, McQueen shoes continue to be highly coveted, both as fashion items and as valuable collector's pieces. —*M.M.A.*



Alexander McQueen (1969–2010)

"People find my things sometimes aggressive. But I don't see it as aggressive. I see it as romantic, dealing with a dark side of personality."
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Manolo Blahník poses with his creations in his salon. Ian Cook for *LIFE*, 1988.

Right: The Spanish designer sketches while holding a last. Michael Roberts, 2007.



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Michael Specter, *The New Yorker*

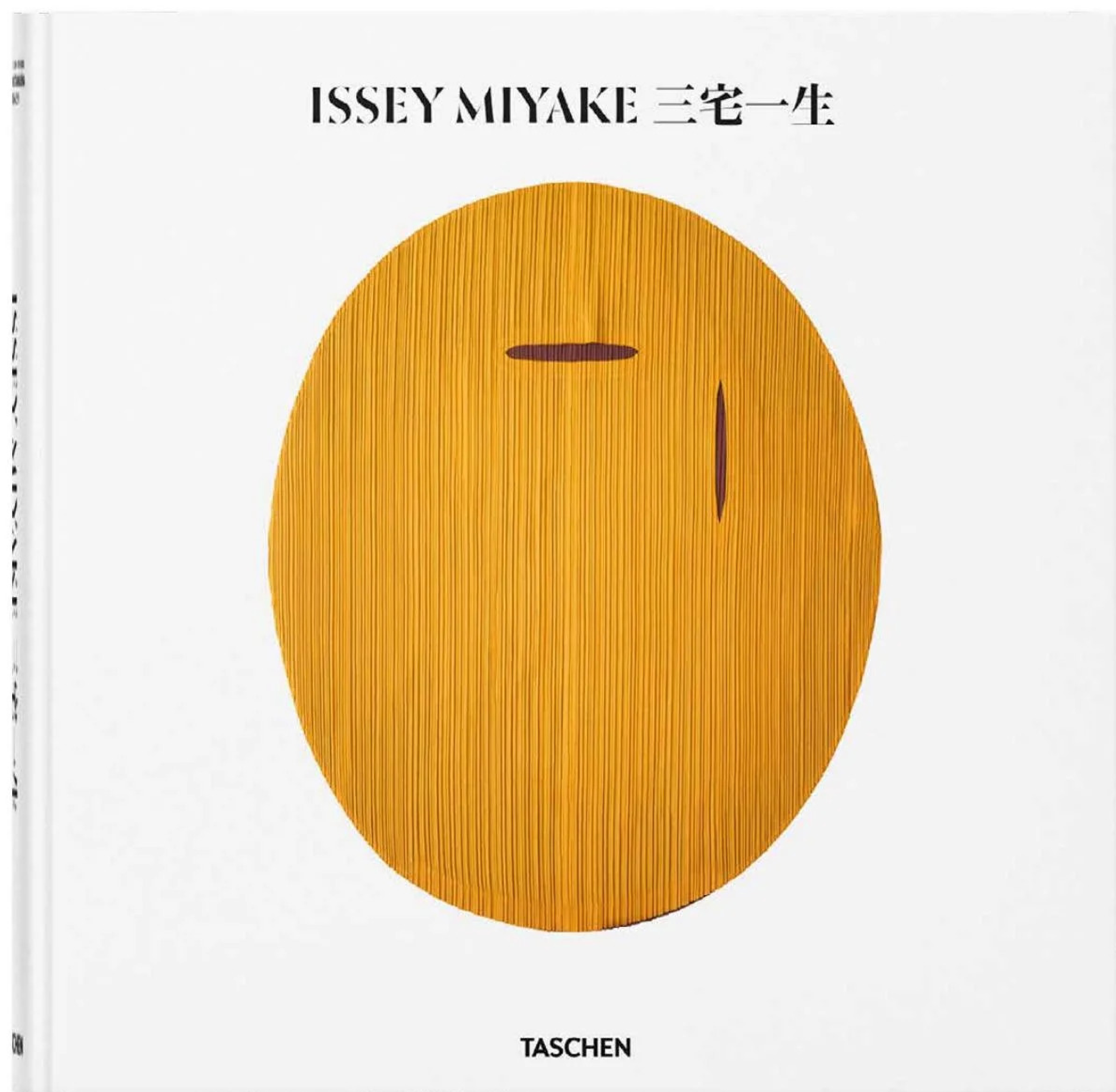
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The Art of Sneaker Collecting

As Editor-in-Chief of *Sneaker Freaker* magazine, analysing the art of sneaker collecting has been a pre-requisite of my day job for the past 20 years. Over that time, I have quizzed dozens of devotees to illuminate the forces that have shaped their obsession. Schoolyard rivalries, 90s TV shows, hip hop videos, hoop dreams and lady luck all conspire to play their part in this pop cultural bonanza. This is not just about putting big numbers on the boards, though accumulating hundreds – and sometimes thousands – of pairs is the natural progression.

The *World's Greatest Sneaker Collectors* are motivated by a completist mentality that separates them from mere fans. They are *always* fiending, scheming and dreaming of 'the one' shoe they don't yet own. They are also prepared to make untold personal sacrifices, can survive without food for days if necessary, spend hours deciphering lazy eBay listings, travel the world in search of mythical sports stores, stay up all night watching Yahoo Japan auctions and turn themselves into nervous caffeine-addled wrecks in the process. When you care this much, the stress is real. And like Indiana Jones, they are never satisfied until the holiest of Holy Grails is in their possession.

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NATE WALLACE

Having powered through two decades of creativity, the Nike Skateboarding catalogue is now a sprawling era full of different box colours, models, styles and countless samples. We figure there are well over a thousand SB releases to date – a realisation that shattered *Sneaker Freaker's* dream of compiling a complete retrospective. While the thought seems ludicrous in hindsight, Nate Wallace has given it a fair crack since he started fiending in 2004. With the Dunk as his model of choice, this passionate Scottish sneakerhead has amassed over 550 pairs that span every generation.







1984: Nike Air Ship

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How to… Manage the Chaos

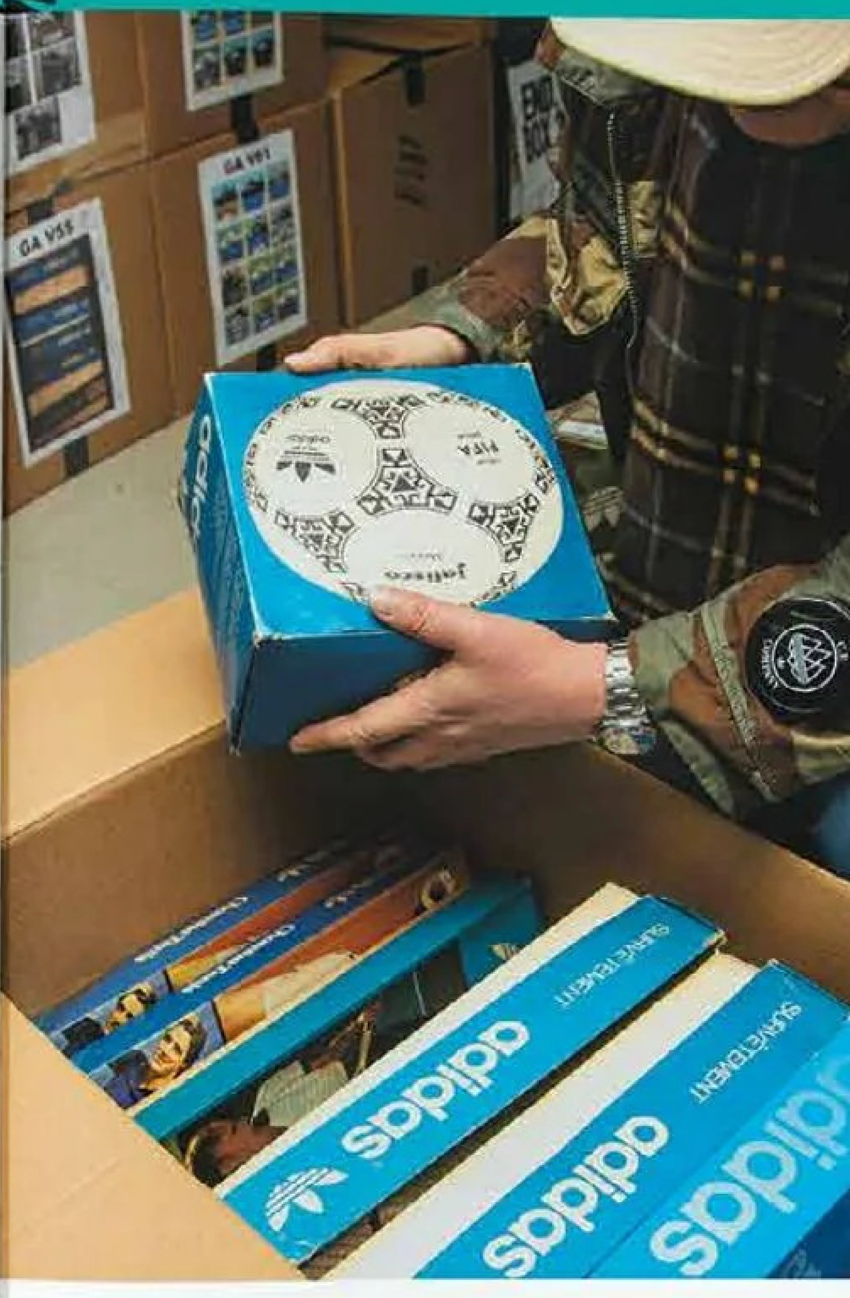
If you're packing over 100 pairs in your collection and things get tight in your crib – which they inevitably will – effective sneaker storage is no joke. Beyond managing the day-to-day chaos, how and where you park them is also vital to ensuring their long-term survival prospects. Here are a few tips that cover all sizes and levels of storage options.

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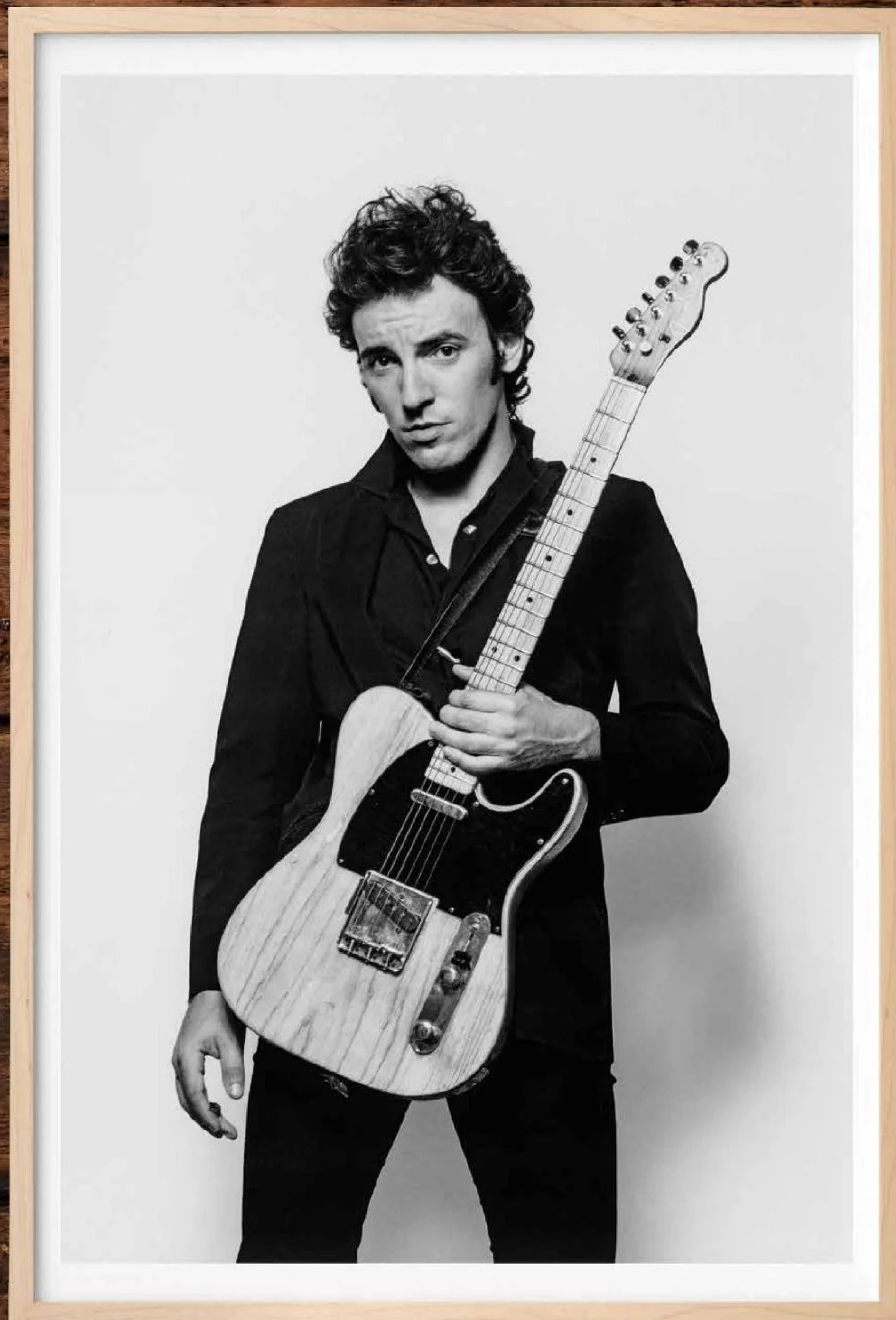
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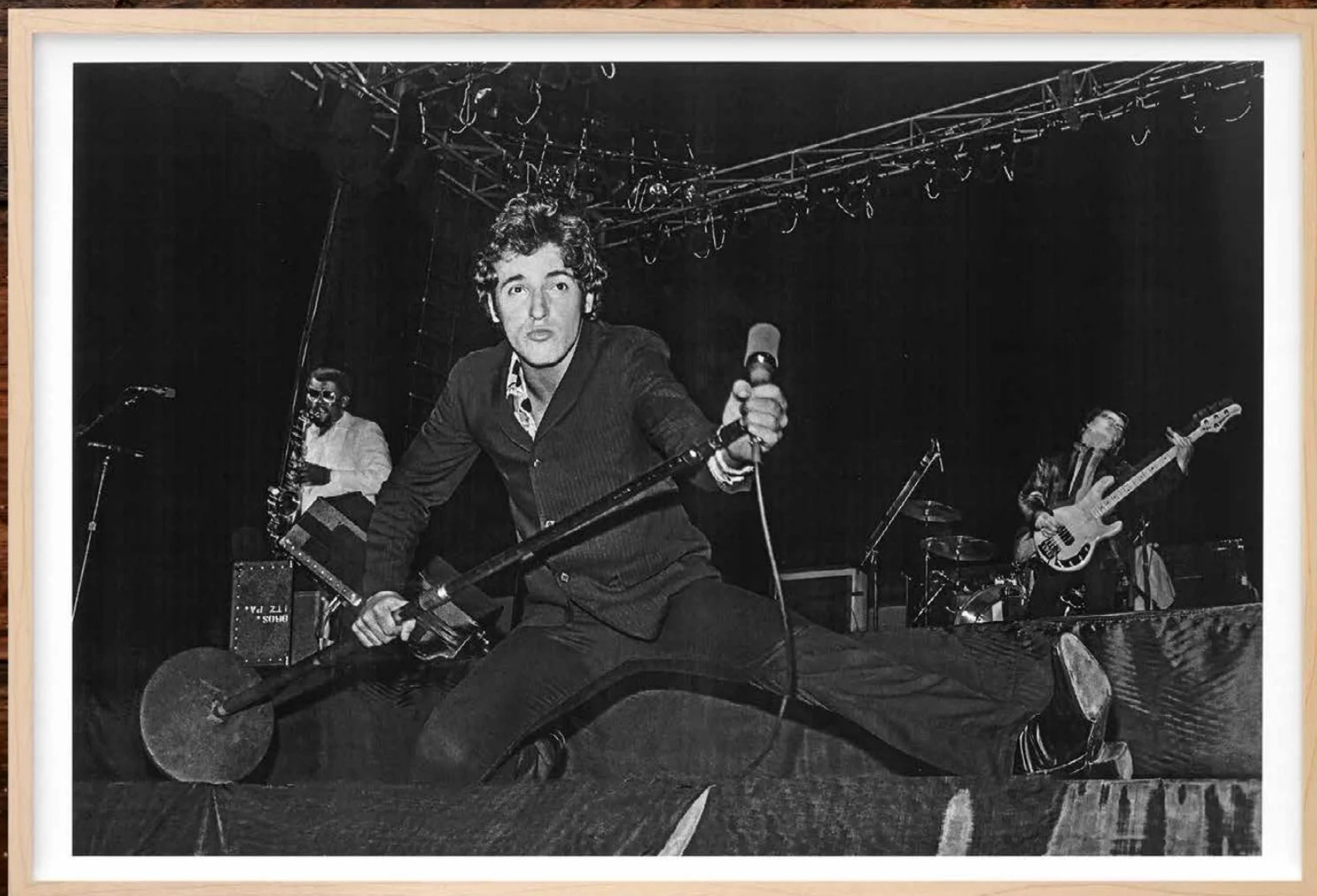
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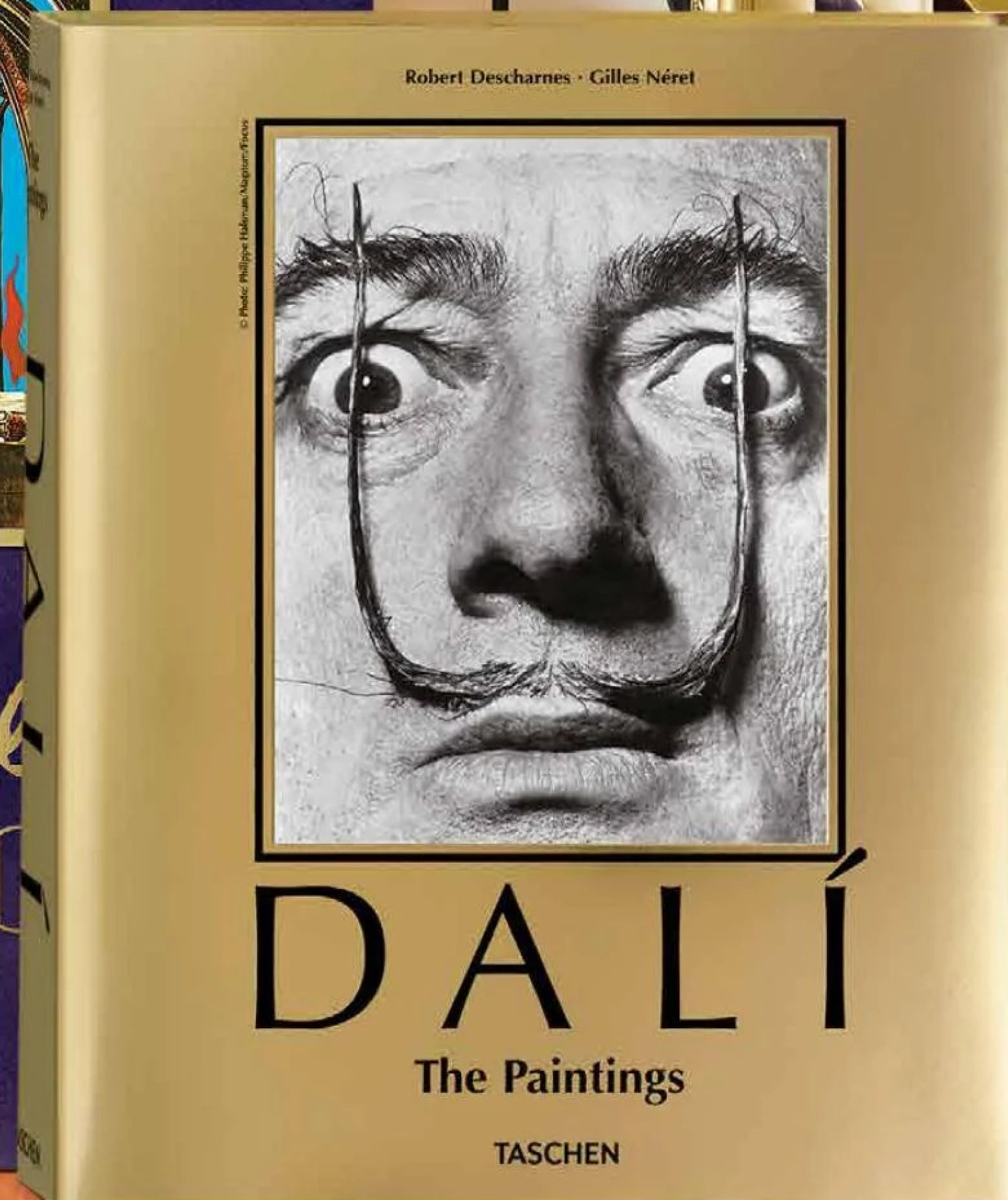


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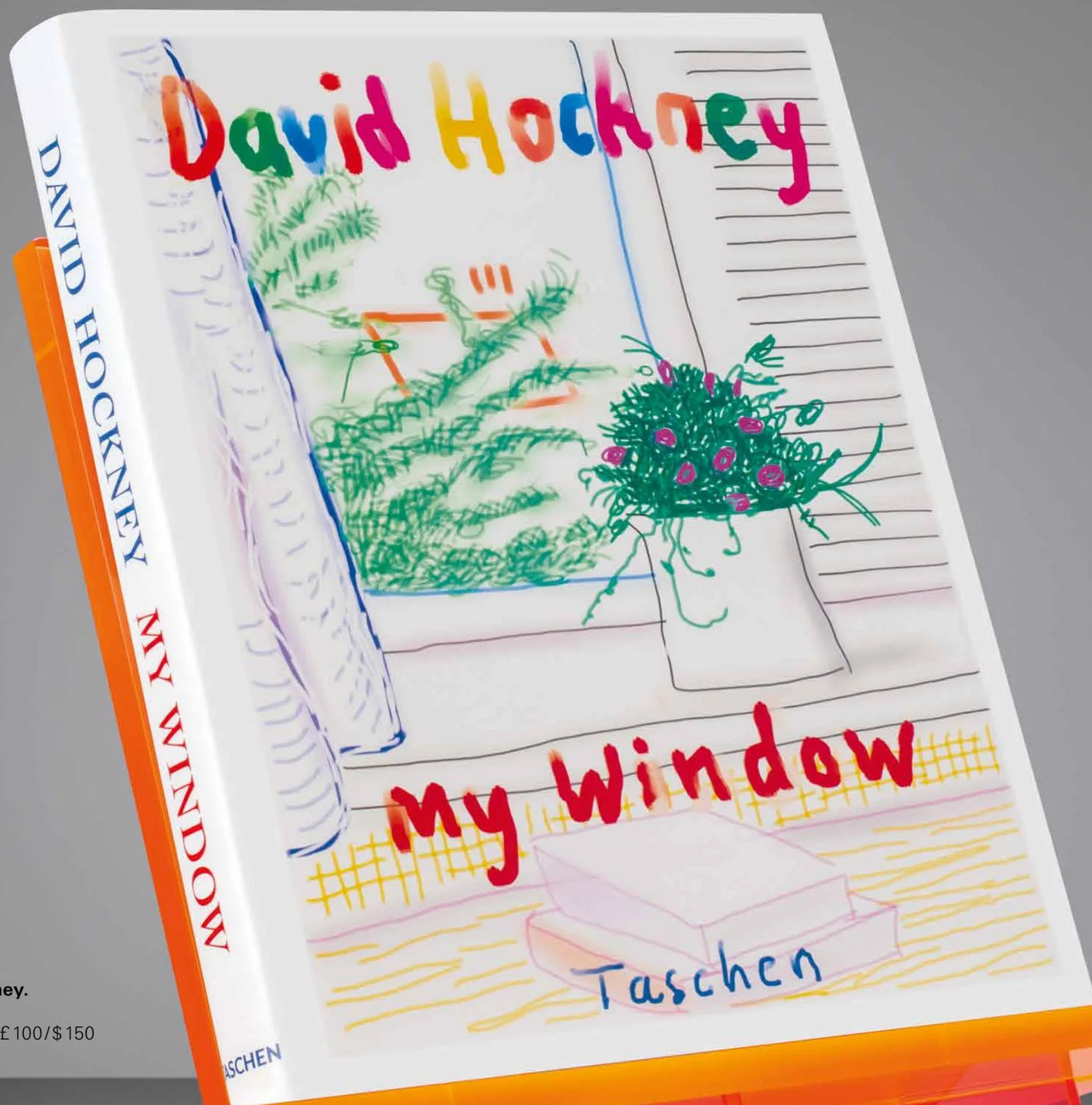
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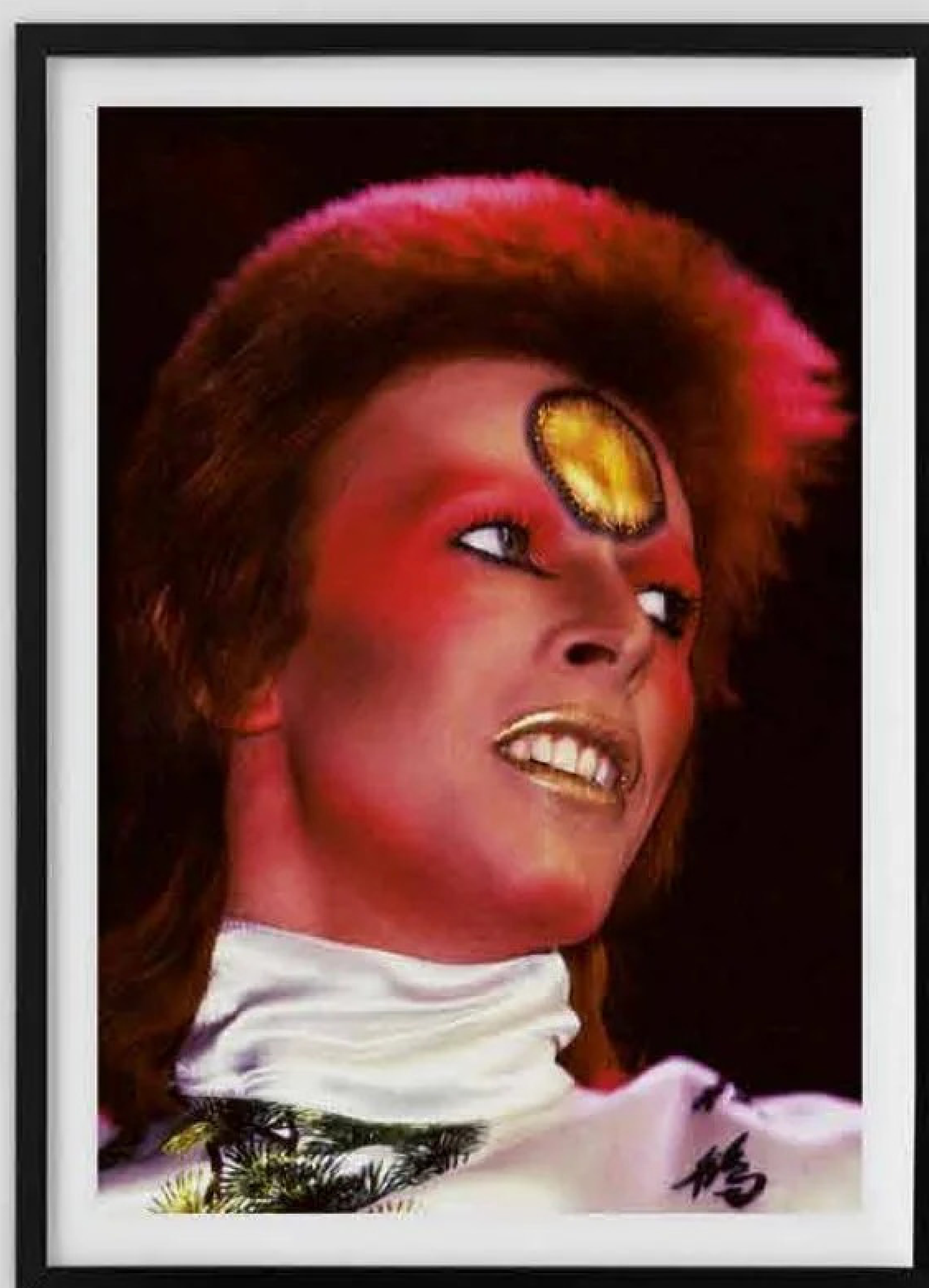
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